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ROSE AND ELZA.

SONGS AND STORIES

OF

BYGONE DAYS IN FAYETTE COUNTY

AND

ELSEWHERE.

By E. C——.

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"The storied past.
True tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of eld."

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1884

TO

THE MEMORY OF

The Dead,

THE GODLY FOREFATHERS, THE BRAVE PIONEERS

OF

FAYETTE COUNTY,

NAMED AND NAMELESS,

WHOSE TIMES ARE SWIFTLY RECEDING FROM OURS; WHOSE LABORS PRIVATIONS, JOYS, AND SORROWS GROWING YEAR BY YEAR MORE DIM AND LEGENDARY, MUST SOON BE LOST IN OBLIVION,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

OF

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE, VERITABLE RECOLLECTIONS, TRUE SONGS AND STORIES,

IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED

BY THE GRANDCHILD OF A PIONEER.

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CHAPTER I.

"Far away, far away, the emigrant ship must sail to-day;
Cruel ship, to look so gay; bearing the exiles far away."

Every reader is familiar with the history of the fierce persecution that raged against the unoffending Huguenots at and after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,* when amid Papal rejoicing Protestantism was proscribed in France, when its churches were destroyed, its ministers banished, its children made fugitives, till despairing of all hope, vast numbers of them forsaking home, country, everything, fled to foreign lands, rather than submit to the cruel bondage of Rome. By this act, as impolitic as base, France lost thousands (some say 600,000) of her best citizens, and has not to this day recovered from the suicidal blow. But these facts need not be repeated here, except as an introduction to one who, like themselves, seems to appear, only to disappear, and be seen no more—M. Jean Leslie Jenniens. This French Protestant, like thousands of his fellow-refugees, escaped to England, and, after spending a short time there, and in Scotland, sailed for America, and landed at New York, where he seems to have remained for a long period, if not permanently. Tradition affirms that he belonged to a wealthy family in France; but if true, his possessions must have consisted of real estate, or of something else equally useless to him in his hurried, secret flight, for there is no

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* This famous Edict, favoring the Protestants, was issued at Nantes, by Henry the IV., April, 1598, and revoked by Louis the XIV. Oct., 1685.

account of wealth connected with his history in this country. On the contrary, his descendants appear to have inherited little from him except sound minds and bodies, and to have received little save good mental and moral training. And thus endowed (or, as some would judge, unendowed), they went forth, depending mainly on their own resources to gain place and fortune. Two, Jean and Leslie, entered the army, the one as captain, the other as lieutenant-colonel, and both were killed in battle; but in which war they fell, the French,* or the Revolutionary one, is (to the writer) unknown. A third became a minister and doctor of divinity in New York; and a fourth came to Pennsylvania and filled an editor's chair in Philadelphia. He afterward went to Boston, Mass., where he started a large publishing house and conducted it ably and successfully till death. Another located near Trenton, N. J., where he found congenial society among the sturdy Calvinists of the place, some of whom were descended from sires as loyal as his own. These latter were English, Scotch, and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians whose forefathers had suffered under "Bloody Mary," stood firm at the "Siege of Derry," and fought and bled in the wars of the Covenanters. But all this was matter of history now; Popery and persecution were here unknown, and though Prelacy abounded, Presbyterianism prevailed. Most of his intimate associates were of this faith and order, and he remained with them for years: where we leave him, while we glance at other characters. In this peaceful rural community, where sameness of sentiment, like interests, and frequent intercourse fostered close friendships, lived two pleasant families, the Robinsons and the Banleys, who in time were drawn still nearer together by a union between their children.

The high contracting parties were the first-born of each

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* More probably the French War.

house, Rowland R. and Bessie B., who soon after their marriage took a farm between the villages of W——d and S——s, and settled down contentedly in the midst of their kindred, and for seven years were happy. Two fair children, a son and a daughter, were given to their care, and filled the house with their prattle and glee. On November 8, 1750, a third child was born. The mother never rose again; but lingering fondly over her nursling a few days, expired. She died on the 29th of the same month—November—on a dark, tempestuous night : so wild and drear that few could be summoned to weep with the living, or minister to the dead ; and the trembling hands of her own mother aided in smoothing the shining hair, and robing the young form for the grave.

Of this wife and mother so early dead, little can now be known, except that her housekeeping was the admiration and model of the neighborhood, and herself a proverb for neatness and taste in dress. It was said that from the glossy lustre of her dimities and muslins, the crisp, snowy freshness and finish of her caps and frills, the exquisite purity that invariably invested her whole person, the old wives would playfully exclaim on seeing her approach some festive scene : "Ah! here comes Bessie R. just from under the iron, or out of the bandbox." However, judging from other and varied data, there is little or no doubt that Mrs. R., while excelling in these minor morals, did not by any means forget or neglect the weightier matters of the law.

. . . . . .

The young husband did not long survive his wife, and the three little orphans were taken to other homes. The elder children, Cordelia and Rowland, were taken by their grandma B., the young babe by its grandma R., and by her named for its lost mother, Bessie.

CHAPTER II.

"Life's checkered, changing scenes."

This loving friend and kinswoman of the orphans, Mrs. Mary Robinson, the grandame, mother, and guardian in one, deserves more than a passing notice.

She had an agreeable countenance, a tall, portly person, almost masculine strength of body, and equal vigor of mind. She had much decision and force of character, too; and when once convinced a plan was right, and ought to be followed, invariably went promptly and firmly to execute it if possible, in spite of all obstacles; yet all these strong traits were combined with true womanly delicacy and tenderness, and softened by Christian grace.

She had known many trials. Her husband had died in early life, leaving a family of young children to her unaided care, besides several colored persons mostly young also, who, according to the custom of the age, formed a part of nearly every household. Mr. R. had possessed a fair estate, and appointed as executor a friend in whom he and all the community placed the utmost confidence.

Squire M. was a genial, smooth-spoken, plausible man, a favorite with all classes, but one who, in the end, signally exemplified the oft-repeated line, "A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain." For while demeaning himself among his acquaintances with all that charming urbanity that made him so beloved, and treating the widow and orphans with sympathizing kindness, he was at the same time busily plotting their ruin, and in this succeeding only too well—eventually possessed himself of the greater share of

the property. Poor Mrs. R. knew not what course to pursue, for so deep and well had the plans of this devourer of widows' houses been laid, that little or no positive proof could be brought against him. The neighbors, too, beheld with pity and fierce indignation; but none dared advise her to risk the pittance left in the tardy and uncertain quest of justice by law. So, hated and despised by many and trusted by none, the wicked man went his way; and his victim resigned herself to her fate, and with anxious care began retrenching expenses, and in every way adapting her style of living to her altered fortune. But more sad changes awaited her still. Some epidemic (scarlet fever probably) was then sweeping through the country, and her whole family was soon prostrated, and four of her children died in quick succession. Only a few days, and four fresh mounds appeared beside the late-made grave of her husband. Of her own family of seven, two babes only remained; but all the colored children eventually recovered. These could not be made to understand the mystery of death, but, wandering round the forsaken playground, they would climb on some eminence and call long and loudly for their unanswering mates. Many a heart-ache their calling and questioning caused their gentle mistress, and many a tear they brought to the poor mother's eyes. . . . . The two surviving sons flourished and grew to manhood. Rowland became a staid, useful citizen, a faithful husband, a dutiful son, his mother's pride and joy; but, as has been related, she lost him too by death in early manhood. Jackson, now the last, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," was the prodigal, the trouble of all. He drank, neglected his business, wasted his property, contracted debts, sought evil company, and by his many irregularities filled her heart with grief and anxiety.

. . . . . .

At one time a recruiting party marched through the

streets with floating banners and sprightly music, and, as is usual, a band of idlers soon gathered round them. Mirth and jollity prevailed, liquor flowed freely, and before long several had taken the king's bounty and enlisted in the army. Among them was Jack R., and the news was soon carried to his mother. Here, then, was new trouble. With all his faults she loved him well. How could she give him up? for he was her all. And more than all else, what would become of him? If in a Christian home, amid all the holy influences pervading a Christian community, he had strayed so far, whither would he drift when far away, surrounded by all the temptations of camp life, freed from all restraint, and no man caring for his soul?

As soon as she could command her thoughts, she hastened to the captain in command, and urged all her pleas: "her widowhood, her son's youth, the unfair advantage taken in providing liquor and enlisting him when half unconscious of his actions," etc. The English officer received her politely, and consoled her after this fashion: "My dear madam, I am sorry to grieve you, but you are aware that we must take *somebody's sons*. His Majesty would have few soldiers if we waited for the consent of their mothers. There is your son's name. He has taken the king's bounty and belongs to his army." She turned to her boy,—thoroughly sober now, and remembering there was no invading foe to meet, no prospect of glory or even action—only the never-ending drill and wearisome waiting in the dull barracks; —there had come a reaction. The enthusiasm of the previous night, born of music, toasts, and flowing bumpers, when "each had felt himself a host," had begun to evaporate. Touched, too, with his mother's sorrow, he told her he would remain with her if the captain would release him. But "no, he could not lose his recruits because they were drunk when enlisted and their mothers cried." No, no, he was entirely inexorable. But Mrs. R. was equally firm.

Her woman's wit, not yet exhausted, suggested another plan. She knew that the civil law was above the martial law in time of peace. Jack had borrowed money of her, and had not yet repaid it. Quick as thought she flew to the nearest magistrate, entered suit against him, and had him promptly arrested and committed to prison for debt; and the irate John Bull, finding himself outgeneraled, gave up the case, and, no more recruits offering, summoned his "brave boys, struck his tent, and marched away."

The resolute dame had vanquished one foe and driven him from the field; but, alas! there was another, a cruel, a mortal foe still, over which she had little power. *Rum*, that accursed thing, that enemy to all good, that source of ten thousand ills, was ruining her precious child for time and eternity, and all her efforts against it seemed almost in vain. Many a time, as the sad years dragged on, she thought of those little graves, those earlier trials, with altered feelings, and wished he too had died at that blessed period, when, without doubt or fear, she could have said, "It is *well with the child.*"

CHAPTER III.

"We loved each other tenderly, ... and all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown."

"In such an hour as ye think not . . . . he shall come."

But for the greatest crosses, Christian resignation, and Time, the great consoler, will bring easing; and by the time her little ward Bessie could converse rationally, she had be-

come a pleasing, and even a cheerful, companion. Through the base executor's schemes, they were far from rich, but they had a small farm still, and, by thrift and economy, managed to live within their income, comfortably and respectably. They had many kind and valued neighbors, with whom they often exchanged hospitalities; but the greater part of the time, from year to year, the loving pair lived in their pretty cottage, desiring no company but each other,—and exceedingly happy, though quite alone. Often, as the two sat by the round work-table, before the blazing wood fire, the grandame would beguile the long winter evenings by tales of the olden time; recollections of her own life or the lives of others; incidents that had occurred long ago, in her day, or in her parents', in that country, or in some distant one. Sometimes she described the aspect of the country in her girlhood: the rude log-cabins, and primitive dress of the early settlers; the severe winters,—the deep snows; the immense forests, infested with wild beasts, especially wolves, that occasionally pursued the natives to their very doors. These, and a thousand other things, she would relate to the one bright little listener, who never grew weary; but verily thought her granny the wisest, best, most charming woman in the world. During those long winters mentioned, she said snow sometimes fell in such quantities that (excepting the ends of the stakes) fences disappeared for weeks at a time, and so much would fall in a single night that whole flocks of sheep that had not been folded were completely buried. In the morning their owners, armed with spades and shovels, would struggle out to the field, and ascertaining their whereabouts by the small round vent their breathing had kept open, would dig and drag them from their chilly prison. These were the palmy days for sleighs; a wagon or a carriage scarcely being seen from December till April. Sleighing was *the* amusement for the season, and almost the business. The ladies were

not deterred from taking their share of the pleasure by the extreme cold, but in heavy cloaks, close-fitting hoods, and velvet or silk masks to protect their fair countenances, and thick overshoes and tiny stoves to keep the frost from their feet, ventured out night and day. But the pleasure was by no means without alloy; sad accidents often accompanied it. One day when the sleighing was very fine, and the weather very, yes, bitterly cold, a couple started to a friend's, a ride of a number of miles, and over a rather unfrequented road. . . . . Near evening the master of the house, seeing a sleigh approaching, hastened to replenish his fires, and make all bright and cheerful for his guests, and then stepped to the door to receive them. They were not there, though. The horses had stopped at the gate, but the visitors, muffled closely in their wraps, still kept their seats. The host passing down, threw open the gate, and cheerily hailed, and invited them to alight and enter; but they neither moved nor answered. Suspecting a jest, and yet wondering a little at their behavior, he walked briskly forward, and offered his hand to welcome and assist them, but suddenly drew back with a cry of horror. Cold and rigid as marble TWO CORPSES SAT BEFORE HIM. They had frozen to death; yet the driver still held the whip and reins, and with so tight a grasp that they could not draw them away, but were obliged to cut them from the unyielding fingers, clenched so firmly and frozen so hard.

At another time, a terrible accident, that made nearly half the community mourners, occurred. Some gay young friends, five or six couples, agreed to meet on a certain evening, and, all together, start out for a long, delightful ride. At the appointed time all were at the rendezvous, and several sleighs, filled with "the brave and the fair," sped away in the moonlight over the glittering snow. The frozen river, with its miles on miles of smooth, level surface, formed an agreeable, easy drive, though not always a safe one.

Even when frozen very deep, there would occasionally be weak, thin places, which, entirely hidden by the snow, proved dangerous snares to the traveller. Still it was considerably used by many, and was an especial favorite with pleasure-parties wishing to show the mettle of their teams, and their own skill in annihilating time and space in driving. To this fashionable resort the happy party came, entered the beaten track, and giving loose reins to the eager steeds, dashed away. Up and down, back and forth, hither and thither, the light barks glanced and skimmed along. Hour after hour passed, and still the merry music of the bells rang out on the midnight air, mingled with joyous laughter, jest, and song. It was growing late now, and, close packed together, they prepared for one — only one — more glorious race. At the given signal all swept away like the wind. But in the midst of hilarious mirth and headlong speed, there came a crash! a shriek! a plunge! The ice was breaking in! Then a wild chorus of shrieks, and prayers, and wails, pierced the air, and froze the blood of the listeners. In village and farm-house, quaking with terror, they started from their beds, and rushed to the scene. But the river was wide, and deep, and swift; and long before any effectual aid could be given, the last cry was hushed, the last young heart stilled forever. And the fair, treacherous waters closing over youth, life, and hope, rolled on, cold and unheeding, above the dead.

CHAPTER IV.

"Hist! hark! Is that the owlet's cry, or wolf's long howl?"

Such incidents as the last two, ending so sadly, affected the sensitive child too much. And then the kind guardian would relate something of a different kind, less exciting, or that ended pleasantly. One winter's night was made forever memorable to the little maid by a wolf story, in which the narrator herself was the heroine. Said Mrs. R.:

"Not long after your grandfather and I were married, one day late in November, or perhaps in the first of December, I went two miles from home to visit my cousin, Jane G., and also assist her in some household matters. Between chatting and working, the time passed swiftly away—indeed, rather too swiftly—for, on rising to leave, I found the sun not more than half an hour high. But I was young and brave, and withal an excellent walker; so, bidding a hasty good-night, I set out. I thought I had abundance of time; still I walked briskly, as was my wont, and then the road was lonely, and I knew the wolves commenced their nightly serenade soon after sunset, and I did not care even to hear them in that solitary place. I got on very well. Nearly a mile was passed; almost half-way home. But hark! what sound is that,—away, deep, deep in the forest? I half pause to listen, and soon hear it again, far, far away. And now again and more distinctly it falls upon my ear. I know it now. It is the 'warning cry of an outpost wolf.' I can not be deceived; I have heard it too often; and yet, though familiar, the sound is a little startling here. He has scented something, leagues away perhaps, and is summon-

ing his mates. There, one has answered him away in Kirby's Gorge ; and now another from the Ridge. The concert is beginning early this evening ; there will be a grand chase somewhere. But I wish I were home ; sitting by Malcom's side, I could enjoy the thrilling chorus ; but not here, alone. Of course, there is no danger ; the cowardly curs seldom venture into the settlement, and never in pleasant weather and by daylight.

"Thus commenting and reasoning with myself, I yet, inconsistently enough, began to feel a little nervous, and to walk very rapidly. And now, for the fourth time, the wild cries came booming dolefully through the dark woodlands ; not two, or three voices now, but a dozen or more answering from all quarters, and no *further off* than before. Was it mere fancy, or did it really sound NEARER? I started faster still, and still listened as I ran, for a contradiction to my foolish fancy ; but no, again the dread sound echoed on the still evening air, louder and more fearful ; for a host of savage howls now joined in chorus, and yes, the chase *was toward me ;* undoubtedly they *were* coming *nearer!* True, they were at quite a distance yet, but every successive roar sounded *less* distant. The careful sentry had done his duty well. The whole gang was roused, and for *what?* I dared not ask. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer came the deafening yells. They were—yes, the wolves WERE on MY trail. Doubt was past. Assurance had come. I was the destined prey,—I the promised feast. *Mine,* the *warm blood* to *lap ; mine,* the *quivering limbs to tear.* My marrow froze at the thought. My hair stood up with horror. But it was no time for womanish weakness. Commending myself to heaven, and summoning all my powers, I started—a *race with death!* . . . . But what was my strength to theirs? In spite of my utmost speed, they gained on me every moment. All at once I thought of Jennie's gift of fresh pork, and dashed it from me. This would gain me a respite. Yes,

very soon the cry of pursuit was hushed, and I knew the whole pack had halted to growl and fight over the precious morsel, and shuddered to think how lately my feet had pressed that spot.

"But soon—how fearfully soon it seemed—the long howl, the howl of the chase, arose again. On, on they came. I had one more help,—the cloth that had wrapped the meat; I dropped it, and sped on. Again they halted, snarling, grumbling, snatching from each other the greasy, flesh-scented linen. It took scarce a minute to dispose of that, and again the unearthly yells burst forth, and the long gallop echoed over the frozen ground. I tore my apron from my waist. They paused again to snarl and fight over that, and then again rushed on. What could I do more! Madly snatching my shoes* from my feet, I flung them behind me, and for the fourth time succeeded in stopping their career, and gaining a few rods on them. Here my heart gave a bound: I saw my husband running to meet me, and seizing my hand, we almost flew over the remaining distance. We had nothing more to tempt the gaunt villains to delay, and they were gaining on us fast, *so fast*. But now, home, home is in view; and every nerve is strained afresh; but shall we ever reach it,—for on, on, howling, screeching, tramp, tramp, *so many, so near*, come the fiends behind us. We are in the yard; we reach the threshold; we burst in at the door; and scarcely can we close and bolt and bar it till the house is surrounded by our baffled foes, and the whole valley resounds with their infuriated yells of rage and disappointment. From our sure refuge within we hear the wild tumult without, and watch the maddened mob leaping against the door, glaring with fiery eyes, gnashing their teeth and lashing themselves into fury for their loss.

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* Low, slipper-like shoes. Had the high, laced, or buttoned shoe of to-day been used, this story would never have been told.

"The race for life is ended, and we are saved. Kept by the God of Daniel, not one of our bones is broken, not a hair of our heads has fallen. Surely, His mercy is wonderful, and if ever we felt unfeigned, unutterable gratitude for His goodness, it was on that never-to-be-forgotten night."

CHAPTER V.

Queen Fashion is a tyrant born.

"And now, my brother, as to business and recreation, take thou one safe rule: See that thou dost go no whither, engage in no work or sport, where and wherein thou durst not pray, '*God be with me and bless me now.*'"—*Old English Tract.*

But in that locality all this was among the things that were. The mighty woodlands with their shaggy denizens had been swept away by the advancing tide of civilization; and even the log-cabin was obsolete, or so nearly so that at the age of twelve Bessie had never seen one. Some visitor happening to mention that there was a veritable *round* log-cabin still standing on the bank of Dodd's Creek, some four miles away, she at once asked leave to visit it. The indulgent grandma humored the harmless whim, and laughingly bade her go, and look at the old ruin to her heart's content.

She started on her walk very gaily, but returned from her researches a little disappointed, saying, "Why, granny, I don't think, after all, that that old log-house was worth going to see. I thought it would look real curious; but it's a'most just like the play-houses I used to build out of cobs."

Other things had changed too, dress included. The comfortable homespun of the past generation had given place to foreign fabrics of various kinds, the lowest being very dear. Cotton prints were a dollar and often more per yard, yet

were much used; and white dresses of dimity, and stuff gowns were also common; and rich silks were occasionally seen. They were made up elaborately, too; the sleeves, tucked, ruffled, frilled, and wide-flowing at the hand, were so extravagantly full and wide, that a lady in full-dress sometimes had her sleeves reach to her knees.* The waists were ornamented too, more or less generally, and many of the skirts were flounced, and nearly or quite all were trained. Stays, tightly laced, and hoop-skirts were universal, and often worn at home at work, as well as abroad; even small girls wearing them at every-day work and play. Great attention was paid to the hair also, many styles prevailing at different times. At one time a cushion was placed on the top of the head, and the hair all drawn over it, and tied very tight; often a coiffure of lace and ribbon or flowers surmounting all. Many ladies of that day became bald, owing, it was thought, to this fashion of dressing the hair. It was painful too, but few dared to rebel and disregard Dame Fashion.

Though considerable style and culture prevailed, there was little stiffness, the manners of the people being generally, in that section at least, very free and hospitable at all times; and especially during their long, snowy winters, they indulged in a bountiful measure of sleighing, visiting, feasting, and many innocent recreations. Around the larger towns racing and gaming were very common, and balls and parties frequent, and quite popular with the young and the gay. Some professors of religion joined in all these pursuits too, and even seemed more at home and more active in reels, cotillions, cards, etc., than they ever had been in the prayer-meeting, in instructing the anxious, or visiting the sick and dying. The more spiritual-minded, working members, la-

* A fine white cambric, the wedding-gown of her mother, was made in this style, and was long preserved by Bessie, not only as an heir-loom, but as a curiosity.

mented the careless lives of the unthinking crowd around them, and still more the levity and evil influence of those professing godliness; and often conversed with each other on this subject of lawful and unlawful sports and games, and also with their children and young friends, endeavoring to instruct and prepare them for the temptations awaiting them on every side. They dwelt especially on dancing, because it was more common and fascinating than most other pleasures, and, in the judgment of many, was one of the most ensnaring and dangerous.

"Dear children," they would say, "the worldling will tell you that this is a healthy exercise, and a most graceful and charming recreation. The gay professor will go still further, and assure you that it is not only all that, but it is a *perfectly harmless* amusement, and must be right, for the Bible says 'there is a time to dance,' and mentions its being frequently practiced by God's chosen people of old. But we can convince you that in the two most *important* points the assertions of both are entirely erroneous. Dancing as practiced now is neither healthy nor Scriptural. The mode of dressing for it, the great fatigue, late hours, excitement, and many other hurtful concomitants of the ball-room are exceedingly injurious to health, and the fruitful source of many diseases.

"The second assertion is equally unsound. Every Bible reader willing to know the truth, can see that the dancing mentioned in the sacred record APPROVINGLY, was something very different from what is practiced now.

"It was not an AMUSEMENT * AT ALL, but a RELIGIOUS rite, performed only on joyful occasions, national or domestic, and expressive of pious joy and gratitude to God for mercies re-

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* The exceptions are the "*children* sitting in the market-place"—Luke vii. 31, 32. Also those "vain fellows" mentioned 2 Sam. vi. 20; the ungodly rich families alluded to Job xxi. 11 and the dancing which caused John the Baptist to lose his head—Matt. xiv. 6.

ceived or dangers escaped. It was not held by night, or led by light music, in stifling, crowded rooms as now, where with laugh and jest both sexes mingle together in garish costumes, and God is not in all their thoughts. This Jewish dancing was usually performed in the 'open air, by day, and by ONE of the SEXES ONLY.' Search your Bibles, children, from Genesis to Revelation, and you will find *men* performing it or *women*, but not one instance in which *both united together* in this exercise, and ventured to degrade it into mere worldly, unseemly pastime.

"The timbrel, a kind of drum, was used to direct the movements, and DEVOTIONAL songs accompanied it. You know how Miriam and the other *women* with her came joyfully out with timbrels and dances after the wonderful deliverance at the Red Sea, chanting, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.' And how, when the Jews with gladness and costly offerings, and the sound of the trumpet welcomed the Ark of God to Zion, and their king blessed them in the name of the Lord of hosts; then it was that in *pious joy* David *leaped* and *danced before the Lord.* And in Psalms he calls on all living to give praise to God in this way. 'Praise ye the Lord. . . . . Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King. Let them praise his name in the dance; let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and the harp. Praise him with the timbrel and the dance; praise him with stringed instruments and organs. . . . . Let *everything* that *hath breath praise the Lord.*'"

Many other texts might be given, but these will suffice to show you that, except in *name*, there is slight similarity between this old Jewish dance and the modern one. Besides, you will observe in reading the Bible, and secular histories also, that these orientals were exceedingly demonstrative in everything, and had many singular customs. If right and proper for our cold-blooded northerners to attempt following *one* of *their customs*, why should they not *follow all these?*

For *instance*, to honor a superior, they bowed seven times before him, with their faces to the earth, or *fell prostrate* on *their faces*. To show politeness to a guest, they removed his shoes, and, after washing his feet, poured oil on them, and *also* on *his head*, to *drop over his garments*. One manner of showing joy was to anoint not only the head and feet, but the *whole body with oil*. To express grief or bemoan calamity, they cast aside all ornaments and ordinary dress, and wore sackcloth, fasted, covered their faces, smote their breasts, went barefooted, and sat on the ground with ashes on their heads. They mourned thus for the dead, neglecting and abusing their bodies from seven to thirty days, and once at least every seventy days. They also rent their garments, *plucked out their hair*, and *cut their flesh* with *knives* till the *blood gushed out*, etc. If such an ardent, demonstrative race had really danced for mere gladness, it would not have been stranger than many of their other customs. No, it would not have been as strong an expression of pleasure as rending the clothes, tearing out the hair, and cutting the flesh was of sorrow. After this manner the stricter parents and watchful elders taught the baptized children as opportunities occurred—line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. Nor was Mrs. R. a whit behind the very chiefest of these instructors. On this and most subjects she held decided opinions, and some of her "views" will appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

"How long halt ye between two opinions? . . . . My son, give *me* thine heart."

Grandma R. was not only a tender, loving parent to Bessie; she was a faithful guardian and a prudent, judicious

friend. Ever seeking the best interest of her ward for time and eternity, while instructing her daily in all necessary common duties, the all-important subject of religion was never forgotten. Sometimes she taught her lessons from her own experience, telling her of the danger and power of worldly pleasures, if once enslaved by them, and how difficult it had been for her to forsake them. Dancing had been her special temptation, there having been parties for it weekly; and so absorbing had she found the amusement and the company, that it kept her a long time out of the Church.

Once when counselling Bessie to beware of this and other snares, she said: "I will confess to you, my child, that in early youth, I too, like so many you see around you, was a gay pleasure-seeker; but I was never quite a thoughtless one. No, in my giddiest days the thought of an hereafter—a long eternity to come when this brief life was ended, and all its pleasures past—often haunted my pathway, and cast a shadow on my brightest hours; and darker and more frequent the shadow fell as I grew older, and saw more and more of the uncertainty of life and of the reckless folly of those whose only treasures were here. The careless, merry life of the sinner was pleasing to my carnal mind; but from his end, his dreadful end, I shrank back appalled. Many a time I resolved that such folly, such madness as his, should not be mine—that I would keep the great end in view. Almost was I persuaded to be a Christian, assured that religion alone could really satisfy the heart, and bring peace and hope to a dying bed. Like one of old I cried, 'Let me die the death of the righteous; let my last end be like his.' But if I wished his *end*, I must *live his life*, and was I ready for that? I was so young, the world so bright, its pleasures so alluring, its friendship and flattery so sweet. Could I give all up so soon? True, some professors seemed to give up little or nothing. They still practiced and defended their former sports—went from the solemn assembly to the

ball-room or the play-house, from the Lord's table to the card table, the races, and like resorts. But did this prove it right? Did they honor the Master, and recommend religion there? Did their fellow-revellers take knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus, and, seeing their light shine, glorify God? Did they not oftener mock and cry, 'What do these Christians here? Are these the soldiers of the cross? Is this enduring hardness and waging a good warfare? Is this the *peculiar people, separate from the world, living among us, but not of us?* What do *they more* than others? If this is denying self and bearing the cross, why, it is an easy thing, a light burden indeed.' Yes, I reasoned, if this class of Christians are safe, really in the way, then the upward path is not very difficult after all. But I had read long since, 'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.' And though I longed to tread the broad flowery road, I feared it would never lead to heaven. . . . . Still I passed on with the stream: mingling in gay company, yet not fully enjoying their mirth. I would not have conscience seared, but more accommodating. Why should it check me—for what was so fashionable and respectable, and I so young, and no professor either? I did not *wish* or *dare* to *neglect religion entirely*, but neither was I willing to *give up all for Christ*, not quite convinced that such sacrifice was required.

"Wavering, and undecided, months sped by. It was night, and I was preparing for another party, but with the same sense of unrest that had marred my happiness so often before. It was rather late when we arrived, and almost immediately we were shown up-stairs, and ushered into the brightly-lighted room. The music was pealing forth in joyous strains; a 'smiling crowd were met.' But almost the first thing that struck my attention was a little coterie of old, gray-headed gentlemen, seated in a cosey recess, and look-

ing on the merry scene with smiling approbation. This was rather an unusual occurrence, and gave me a pleasant surprise. It was balm to my wounded conscience, and my spirits rose at once. 'How silly I have been; I, a girl of eighteen, doubting, debating, demurring, about the propriety of a dancing party; when here I find, fearless and unconcerned, these aged pilgrims, with dim eyes, and heads whitened for the grave. The young may surely enjoy it awhile in safety.' But scarcely were these soothing ideas conceived in my mind, till, quicker than lightning,—sharper than an arrow,—the sword of the Spirit pierced my ear with 'The sinner an hundred years old shall be accursed!' Trembling and amazed, I glanced around,—no angel from the skies,—no spirit from the dead appeared. No human voice had breathed these words; no, only the 'still small voice' had spoken them; but had they been uttered in tones of thunder, I could not have heard them more distinctly, or been much more deeply impressed and awed. I looked around again. The scene was all the same, and yet to me how changed. Everything around me seemed unbecoming, irrational, reckless, for beings born to die, and yet to live forever, and whose brief day of probation was passing so swiftly by. How light and vain fell the music that a moment before had thrilled my heart; how senseless, how mad looked the dancers, whirling like so many painted puppets through the room. How worse than senseless, how almost contemptible appeared those trembling forms and hoary heads. What a fool had I been to place trust or safety in their presence. Possibly they might be pious men, and so experienced, so firmly fixed on the Rock of ages, that these waves of vanity dashed harmlessly around their sure foundation; but I could not urge that plea, so what did their safety avail me? But that they were flourishing Christians, bearing fruit in old age, almost ripe for the joys of heaven, was all uncertain,—indeed rather improb-

able. It seemed to me far more likely that they cared for none of these things; but that having made earth their God, from youth to age, they knew no other; and were now nearing the bounds of life, still clinging to their crumbling idol. As for myself, I felt that I dare halt and trifle no longer. I must choose whom I would serve, God or the world; had not His Spirit followed me even there, and warned me in tones more terrible than ever before? I might not judge the conscience, or question the liberty of another; but as to all this class of amusements I felt that (whatever they were, or might be, to others,) to *me* they were *sin*, of the earth, earthy—inconsistent, if not entirely incompatible, with a stranger and a pilgrim's life. By infinite grace I was enabled then to decide for Christ and Heaven. That night my resolve was recorded on high. I left that ball-room never to enter another, and soon in sweet peace with God, and joy in believing, found bliss I had never known while living in pleasure."

CHAPTER VII.

The memory of the just is blessed.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

. . . . . .

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

The incidents and counsel related in the last chapter were never forgotten by Bessie, but often pondered over and related in after years. Probably they impressed her all the more deeply from their being among the last ever given her by this devoted, loving friend. For though all unknown, and

unexpected by all, this most tender, endearing intercourse was soon to be interrupted; these happy days were drawing rapidly to a close.

Mrs. R. was now about sixty years of age; still hale, full of life and energy, with every prospect of filling her seventy, or probably fourscore years, and seeing her grandchild grown and settled in life; but it was not to be. This well-knit, vigorous frame was soon to be laid low, and seemingly by a singularly trifling ailment. While busied with her usual household cares, she was seized with a pain in her left foot;* only so small a part of the body; so far from the seat of life; apparently so slight a thing, yet it was enough to baffle human skill. The pain constantly increased in violence from hour to hour, till it culminated in such agony that the half-frantic sufferer could not be kept on her bed, and scarcely in her room, so intolerable were her sufferings. But through mercy, the conflict, though fierce, was not long. Only a few hours, and "the pains, the groans, the dying strife" were ended; and the late tortured frame sank to unending repose, and the freed spirit ascended to its heavenly home. A great poet tells us that—

"A death-bed's a detecter of the heart."

And many seem to consider this an infallible rule, and judge a person more by the last utterances of his dying hours than by all his former life. True, "an abundant entrance" is sometimes granted the dying saint, when, with every sense perfect, prayer and praise fall from his lips, and heaven seems begun below. But all this is, perhaps, quite as often withheld, and should not be expected, when, amid the weakness of expiring nature, the senses are stupefied with opiates, fired by stimulants or maddened with pain. Judged by the former standard, the death-bed of Mrs. R. was barren in-

* The pain began, and mostly continued, only in the great toe.

deed, for there is no record of prayer or exhortation, of holy ecstasy, or even a parting blessing or farewell word to her darling child. It is not probable that she was at all aware of her situation, or knew that (for her) time was ended, till ushered into eternity. But whether conscious or not, she "died and gave no sign."

But to those who for forty-two years had witnessed her walk with God, her love for His house and cause, her strivings against sin, her faith and good works; to these the evidence was all-sufficient, but they found it in her *life, not* in her *death*. . . . . With holy rites and Christian hope they ordered the funeral. Tenderly, reverently, they smoothed the shroud, and spread the winding-sheet, and bore her to the country church-yard, to sleep with kindred dust till the last, great day shall dawn. Most, if not all, of the widow's near friends being dead, or far distant, the little orphan, through all these sad scenes, acted as chief mourner, as she truly was. And the deep, unutterable love and grief of her desolate heart were a more precious tribute to the dead than the half-hearted mourning of a whole retinue of common friends.

Childish love, grief, and joy are said to be but transient; gone like the dew: but this is not always the case. Bessie never forgot, never ceased to love and honor this dear guardian and guide of her infancy and childhood. To the latest period of her own long, eventful life, she would talk of the sweet, peaceful years she spent with Granny R. She dwelt on her piety, her love and care; repeated her maxims, rehearsed her holy counsel, and as a sacred trust, handed down her memory and example to children's children.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Time with its changes has over us swept,
Blushes have brightened, tears have been wept,
Friends have been scattered like roses in June,
Some at the bridal, and some at the tomb."

Mrs. Robinson died in 1763, leaving Bessie in her thirteenth year; and the funeral over, a new era commenced in her life at once. She had but just bidden farewell to her first and dearest earthly friend; and now the home that had sheltered them both so long, and been the scene of so much happiness, must be forsaken. Another place was provided among her maternal relatives, the B.'s; but here she was not so happy. She always considered the new home less pleasant than the old; the new grandmother less kind than the first had been. But this may have been partly fancy, or the result of different circumstances. No new place, however pleasant, can be quite as dear as old, familiar scenes. No new friends so near as those we have always known. Then at Mrs. R.'s she had stood alone, without a rival in the widow's heart; while Mrs. B. had children of her own still with her, and many objects to claim her care besides the young stranger. She thought these grandparents, uncles, and aunts, not only less fond of her, but also less strict in instructing and training her aright. But of this matter, and of all else pertaining to her life there, scarcely anything is known now, except that in the early part of her stay she was taken a considerable distance to some other relative's house, to visit her sister Cordelia, who was four years her senior, and now in a swift decline. They sent her up-stairs to the sick-room, and when only half way up, she heard the hollow cough, and on entering, found the late blooming girl with attenuated form, thin, white face, transparent hands, exhausting

hemorrhage : all the doleful tokens of sure and quick decay. It was a sad meeting for the young orphans, and a more sad parting. Bessie went weeping and heavy-hearted back to her home, and Delia went swiftly and surely to *hers*,—her long home. They never met again.

. . . . . .

Through her first years, Bessie, like her grandma R., possessed a most excellent constitution ; had seldom, if ever, known a day's illness up to her sixteenth year. It was about that time that her cousin, Mary N., after a year's absence at J——, returned home in perfect health, and the news of the arrival soon spread among the circle of her friends. She and Bessie were very intimate, confidential mates ; and no sooner had the latter heard of her return, than she determined to go at once to see and welcome her home. It was in February or March, at what they called the "breaking up of winter." The ice in creeks and rivers was loosening, and moving off ; the heavy snows melting, and the ground covered everywhere with slush and water. As soon as she mentioned going, her aunt Susan began to object and dissuade her, saying : "The roads were in a shocking state, the weather quite unfit for visiting," etc. Her uncle added his protest too ; assured her there was neither sense nor necessity in the case ; it would be a useless exposure of her health ; and granting no conveyance, advised her to wait for a better time. But the wilful, impulsive creature declared she could not wait. The roads might be no better for weeks. She must see dear Mary ; hear all the news before it was stale ; see her new gowns and presents ; see and hear and talk about everything, right away. She could walk and pick the best road. It would not give her any cold. She was so hardy nothing ever harmed her, and so on. The wise, elderly folks shook their heads, and still dissented and warned; but smiling at their fears, the foolish Miss hastened her preparations and set forth. Her uncle N.'s house was

three miles distant, but she reached it in good season, but wet enough to need a whole new outfit. Mary and all were surprised to see her, but tendered her a hearty welcome; quickly changed her cold, dripping suit for one warm and dry, and seated her at the hospitable board, close before the blazing fire. Everybody was glad and kind. There was no end of things to tell and show, and talk and laugh over. It was a delightful evening, and Bessie felt fully repaid for the unpleasantness of her miry, watery walk. But next morning she was not very well. Nor the next, nor the next. The next week she was not well, nor for many weeks nor months did she enjoy a day of health again. And when the disease at length slowly wore away, and she was "pronounced well," she found she had by no means recovered the health she had lost. The imprudent exposure of that one afternoon had injured her system permanently, and she felt its effects occasionally through all her after-life.

At eighteen, or perhaps before that, she entered society, and being sufficiently prepossessing both in person and manner, was quite a favorite in her circle, and received a full share of its adulation. She had a small, well-formed figure, a fair face, with a very clear complexion, blue eyes, and dark auburn hair. She possessed unusual conversational powers, with a quick wit, a sprightly manner, and much good humor and kindness of heart; and all her charms of mind and person were enhanced by a modest, yet handsome and becoming style of dress. She made friends wherever she went, among all ages and sexes; and had many admirers. As to the latter class, she treated all politely, and almost impartially. Occasionally, she rode or walked with one or another of them, but was specially interested in none; and being no heartless flirt, she did not pretend to be. But she was not always to escape the shafts of the winged archer. One night at a party in E——, her bright eyes, that took in everything, noticed standing some-

what in the background, a tall, dark-complexioned stranger, who seemed only a spectator,—as he took little or no part in the entertainment himself, but watched from his quiet corner the amusements of others. His manner was grave and reserved, his countenance serious but kind; his whole appearance manly, self-possessed, and agreeable. He differed from all her former acquaintances, and, in short, interested her. In the course of the evening he was presented to her as Mr. Traulie, Paul Verne Traulie, of Y——. He was of foreign descent,—being a relative of the French exile, Jean J. of New York; and though hitherto a stranger personally, she knew him by reputation. They met frequently that winter, and acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and friendship into love. There was contrast between them in almost everything, mental and personal. He tall and dark; she almost childlike in form, and fair as a lily. He grave and thoughtful; she all life and buoyancy. He quiet and reserved in manner and conversation; she frank and animated. He had little talent, and less taste for society and its pleasures, while she excelled and delighted in both. Yet notwithstanding all these discrepancies, they pleased each other well, and were married May 10, 17—, when he was twenty-eight and she twenty years of age. Neither had very much fortune to boast; but they had what was better: energy, industry, good principles, good character, good connections; the respect and good wishes of their neighbors; and tender love for each other.

CHAPTER IX.

"Four walls to shut out the world."

"Here's a home for you and I, love, *only* for *you* and *I*."

Blithe as two birds, they prepared for housekeeping, and took a pretty, white cottage in the vicinity. The young

husband possessed that desideratum of the ancients, "a sound mind in a sound body"; a superior education for the period, and a mechanical genius that enabled him to use a variety of tools with ease and skill. He planned many of his neighbors' dwellings, and did a considerable amount of surveying in the county, too, off and on; but by his regular calling he was a cabinetmaker and carpenter, and carried on his business diligently; while the little wife, busy as a bee, presided over domestic affairs. Everything looked bright, and for awhile they were exceedingly happy. But within a year or two after his marriage, the husband, in all his youth and vigor, was stricken down by disease, and laid on a bed of suffering for many months. The disorder was of a rheumatic nature, and both severe and obstinate; but through a kind providence, and careful nursing, he was after about a year's confinement restored to tolerable health. He returned to his business with eagerness, anxious to in some measure redeem the time lost; but his aching limbs warned him to desist from all extra exertion. Every exposure was followed by an attack of his old disease; perfect robust health was gone forever; and it was only by the greatest precaution he was enabled to attend to the main branch of his business—*i. e.*, carpentering—with safety. Thus in the very beginning of their married life both found themselves bereft of the perfect constitutions nature had endowed them with; he by over-exertion, and perhaps unavoidable exposure; but she, by mere carelessness and girlish folly. . . . . As the years passed by, several children were born to them; of which the eldest in memory of the early lost, and only sister, Bessie called by her name, Cordelia. The second, a son, was named for her father (dead since her early infancy, and for her only brother, also—Rowland Robinson. The young husband had desired her to name these first two for whom she would, and in turn the second son and daughter took his kindred's names; the

girl being called Rosa, after his mother ; the son Ethan, after his father. This third child, Rosa, dying at a year old, and Ethan, the fourth, when only three months of age ;—two other children, in after years, received the same names. . . . . There were some interesting characters in E——, and a slight sketch from the history of one or two of them may begin, and *end*, here, too, though the *sequel* naturally belongs to a later date.

CHAPTER X.

" Sweetheart," he cried, " when the bugle shall sound,
Far from thy favor thy love shall be found ;
Everard Grey will strive bravely to make
A name and a fame that are fair for thy sake."

" And there were sudden partings."

In this neighborhood, and well known to the T.'s, lived two brothers with few or no near relatives, or isolated from them, and consequently very deeply attached to each other. Both were alike diligent in business, moral and upright, but in many ways they were quite dissimilar. Ralph was a studious, silent, retiring man, fond of peace and solitude—a man of thought, not words. George was younger, gayer, fond of life and action, ripe for adventure, brave and handsome.

" Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance soon blown to fire
Of hasty love or headlong ire," etc.

This was George Lee, and Fitz James himself could hardly have filled the outline better.

Naturally between this dashing Hotspur and the calm, sober elder brother there was not much in common except

fraternal affection ; but a new tie now sprung up between them, for both fell in love about the same time, but happily *not* with the *same* maiden. The solemn Ralph became enamoured of a piquant, coquettish damsel that he sometimes met in his few "walks abroad," and wooed and won her. George found his beau-ideal in a pretty wood-nymph, fair and shy, that he descried one happy day flitting round a rustic, secluded cot that stood quite alone on the outer edge of the forest. The childlike creature artlessly returned his affection, the parents sanctioned their intimacy, and though Annie was extremely young, scarcely sixteen, they were soon openly engaged.

But in the midst of their preparations and bright dreams of a long and happy life together, came the news of Indian incursions and savage massacres along the border. The soldiers were called out at once, and among them George Lee. He was a captain, and was ordered to lead his men immediately to a distant point on the frontier. . . . All was ready for the morning's march, and at twilight George and a fellow-comrade strolled away to bid good-bye to those they loved in the house by the forest (the young lieutenant having a special friend there too, in Annie's visitor, Abbie N.). It was a balmy summer's evening, and the lovers all wandered pensively out into the moonlight, and together (yet almost oblivious of each other), the sad pairs, arm in arm, paced slowly up and down beneath the beeches, now pausing to carve their names on the yielding bark, now resting on a mossy seat, now passing slowly on ; but however engaged, still thinking of the doleful morrow, still repeating their vows of constancy over and over, and sadly lamenting the fate that had so suddenly interposed to arrest all their plans, darken their prospects, and sever them from each other—how long, who could tell? and *where or "when to meet again?"* What fortitude the other maiden exhibited is not known, but Annie was not heroic. Trembling with

doubt and fear, her heart weighed down with a sense of coming evil, she could see in this no ordinary grief, no common parting. The young captain gently strove to reassure and cheer her, smiled at her excessive fear, showed the absolute necessity of his absence, and tried to allay her anxiety by speaking of the probability of the campaign being short, and hopefully predicting a "safe and quick return."

It was not easy to inspire the sad, timid girl with his own fearless, buoyant spirit; but perhaps his bravery and self-control had some influence to cheer or calm, and enabled her in the end to spare him pain by following his kind example, and veiling the depths of feeling, for there is no tradition of any scene of agonizing grief at the last—no death-like swoon, no piteous moan, no wild lament. We only know that where long ago the moonbeams shimmered through the ancient wood, and the holy stars looked down, there these lovers met—met and parted for aye and forever. With the early dawn the barracks were silent and deserted. The march had sounded and the troops were gone.

. . . . . .

CHAPTER XI.

"This only knew, they came not."

"Long hath she waited, 'mid silence and fears,
Keeping her grief ever green with her tears.
Long may she tarry, for cold is the clay
Fettering the form of her Everard Grey."

The struggle was at length ended, and the foe for that time driven back. The soldiers, with thinned ranks, bronzed and war-worn, began to gather home to gladden the hearts of those who had watched and prayed for their return. But some came not. They were reported "dead or miss-

ing," and among the latter were Captain Lee, his lieutenant, and a number of his command. These were sad tidings for their many tender friends who had been awaiting them so long. Anxious and fearful, they gathered around each new arrival, imploring some further news of the missing, and yet dreading to hear, lest their worst fears should be realized. But little could be learned. Some could tell nothing; others knew that Captain Lee and a *part* of his men had been ordered to attack or defend some more distant post, and conjectured that they had there been taken captive or slain—or possibly all was well; they had only taken a more circuitous route, and would be home in time. But only one thing was *certain:* they had *gone out*, they had *not returned*, and more none could tell. Older and colder friends soon grew hopeless, but the loving maidens at Beech Cottage, though oppressed with doubt and gloom, still strove against their dread forebodings, and, fondly clinging to hope, watched day after day for their coming, or for a messenger, a letter, a token—ANYTHING, to relieve their anxious, aching hearts; but nothing came.

Days and weeks dragged wearily by, and still only torturing suspense and dark uncertainty. The sad watchers, with nothing certain or real to believe and rest on, were haunted by a thousand fears and fancies, and, led by imagination, followed the lost ones through endless, ever-varying scenes.

Sometimes they pictured them living, sometimes dead, calmly sleeping where unknown hands had laid them in *honored graves.* But oftener they saw the dear forms mouldering where they had fallen: torn by beasts of prey or mutilated by savage hands—tossed ruthlessly into lonely river or stagnant pool—or, more terrible still, reserved to glut the red man's vengeance in the slow, fiendish torture: suffering a hundred deaths before the agony ended at the burning stake. Anon fancy painted them languishing in

captivity, wounded, or wasting with disease, none to assuage their pain or cheer their heavy, home-sick hearts. But haply somehow, *somewhere*, they might STILL LIVE, and THINK of THEM. SOMETIME THEY MIGHT RETURN! But the weeks passed into months, and months to years, and still they came not. Questioning received no answer. Search was fruitless, conjecture vain; and as the seasons came and went, went and came, and year rolled on year, the last lingering hope died out of every heart. No tidings came, no eye saw them more, and the silence of death and the darkness of the grave settled over their fate. . . . .

Nearly sixty years had passed away. A new generation tilled the farms and gathered around the firesides of E——. Many of the older settlers had died; others had removed to distant parts, and few remained who remembered George Lee and his ill-starred band. But one kind, true friend had never forgotten him, never.

On the grassy slope of a rising ground, embowered in orchards, surrounded by fields and meadows, stood a pleasant old-fashioned mansion, the central figure of this goodly scene of peace and plenty and rural beauty. Here, in the midst of his fair possessions, Ralph Lee, wan and feeble, lay in his last illness. The busy, nervous hands that had wrought the charm, changed the desert to a lovely home, made the wilderness blossom as the rose, lay withered and idle. The strong man, rejoicing in his youth, had changed in these passing years to hoary age. The happy bridegroom, buoyant with hope and vigor, life just begun, the race all before him, the future a mystic scroll, was *now* the weary, "travel-worn" pilgrim,—time's pleasures past, its duties done, only waiting the last falling sands, and the Master's call.

But through all these changing years Ralph had fondly remembered his brother, repeated his sad story to new generations, and sadly mused and sighed over his untimely, mysterious fate.

. . . . . .

Bodily strength was well-nigh spent, life was daily ebbing away, but the mind was still clear; and, raised in his bed, supported by pillows, he sometimes beguiled the painful hours by reading. One day while thus occupied, the paper dropped from his trembling hands, and a look of agony swept over the white face. His daughter, alarmed, ran to his side. His palsied tongue refused explanation or utterance, but his quaking finger pointed to a short article, headed:

"An Old-Time Mystery Explained."—*There it was, indeed!* The long-looked-for message, delayed through a lifetime, had come at its very close. The long silence was broken, the veil lifted, the fate of the lost ones disclosed. In a few graphic words the bygone scene was sketched. There was the march from *home*. "The destination: the deep, shaggy wood that re-echoed with the fray, and drank the life-blood; the overwhelming number of the enemy; retreat impossible; the combat begun! the devoted band fights bravely, but rapidly grows less and less; Captain Lee cheering on his men, and leading the attack with desperate valor, falls mortally wounded; the foes rush on him like savage beasts, hack the quivering flesh from his bones! cut him limb from limb! The few scattered soldiers remaining are quickly overpowered and dispatched. All perished, and I alone escaped to tell the tale."

Such, in substance, was the account given by the paper which the editor affirmed he had received from an old soldier, a respectable citizen of that community, and this was Mark J.,* the last link in that long-lost band.

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* This sequel, given in the green old age of the narrator, though brief, gave some explanation of the causes that had prevented his return home; some mention of plans that failed (after escaping from the Indians), of messages that miscarried, etc.; but concerning these points, the details have not been preserved, and consequently can not be related here.

CHAPTER XII.

"'Tis said that first and early love outlives all other dreams."

There was one other friend besides the aged brother who had not forgotten the past. One more who remembered George Lee, even *long after Ralph had gone from earth*, and that was (who else could it be?) constant Annie, once his affianced bride.

After the long season of watching and waiting, agonizing suspense and uncertainty, bitter mourning over expectations unrealized, and hopes that ended in despair; after all this, Annie had grown outwardly calm, and seemingly resigned to the "lot that had fallen" on her. But it was only seeming, for her fondest thoughts still hovered round her lost idol. And when, in after years, she at length became the wife of another, she gave him duty, reverence, esteem, with her hand, but not her best affections. They were already given beyond recall; given to the brave young soldier who long ago had

"Lived for her love, for his country had died."

But her love and her loss were sacred subjects; maiden delicacy had prevented their ever dwelling much on her tongue, and after her marriage they were by tacit consent dropped wholly from conversation, and the cherished name was heard no more. They removed to a far distant place, where in time a large family gathered round them, and the usual vicissitudes of life attended them. Here, after many well-spent years, the husband died; but Annie lingered long and late till well-nigh a century was told.

. . . . . .

When in extreme old age, conventional rules began to

lose their power and were little heeded, and as the reserve of a lifetime melted away, the *buried past* and the near future were both unsealed. Swiftly as uncaged birds thought flew forward to untried worlds or backward to early scenes and centered there. Busy middle age crowded with plans, cares, and anxieties, filled with good and ill, she seldom dwelt on, or often remembered. The present with its weakness, pain, and decrepitude she ignored, or passed by with little comment.

These seasons seemed not life to her now, but unreal, "flat and unprofitable." Acquaintances were kind; her children, down to the third generation, who surrounded and served her, were dutiful, but none were like the *friends she had once known.* To one so amiable and pious, "Age was (not) dark and unlovely": but she had *so little in common* with *these new actors* that flitted around her, that she was often *lonely* and "*alone,* though in a crowd"; and having little part in the real world, led by faith or memory, dwelt and found solace and companionship in one unseen. And what she hoped and foresaw of the joys of the future life, and knew and remembered of the far distant past, she freely portrayed for others, and in colors so vivid that they partook of her enthusiasm and almost saw with her eyes.

Oftenest she dwelt in the past, the storied past, and almost every scene was from her early spring-time: the connections, the joys, the dear friendships of her youth; life in beautiful E——, the happy days in far-off Y——, etc. But above all else, fairer, brighter than aught beside, appeared the romance of that blissful time, the love that had glorified one brief, sweet period of her life, and cast a pure halo over all her succeeding years.

George Lee, the long unspoken name, became a household word. The long-lost hero of her girlhood's dreams was once more exalted to his ancient state, and fondly invested with every manly charm and virtue. He was young, hand-

some, witty, wise, brave, patriotic. He was noble-hearted, the *best* of the *good*, the *tenderest of the true*. To her he was no unseen shade or empty name, but a gallant soldier, armed for the war; a loyal lover, bidding his last adieu. This long-past meeting and parting were as *yesterday to her*, and she painted it to the life. They saw it all: the cottage by the wood, the moonbeams flooding all with their silvery light; the quiet, watching stars; the graceful beeches; the mossy seat. They felt the calm hush of the summer eve, and heard the low murmur of the lovers' vows, and the breeze softly sighing through the trees. And yet this scene, so fresh, so near, so real, had passed so far away, so long ago! Almost *eighty years* had rolled by since these youthful lovers clasped the parting hand and breathed the last farewell. The slight, fairy-like maiden of sixteen had passed on to womanhood, to middle life, to "faded, anxious maternity," to feeble, helpless age, bending under the burden of almost *fivescore* years, and tottering on the verge of the grave. Her true knight had long since disappeared from mortal sight, long since moldered back to dust. Change was everywhere. Other rulers, other laws, other country, other home and friends. Change! endless change! But to Annie it mattered not. Through all change of time and place, her faithful heart still turned to her early love. She had loved him once, she loved him always, present and absent, in youth, in age, in life, in death.

"So old, *so old, and gray;*
Yet the same sweet dream is in her heart, forever and for aye:
O sweet and sad the pain, of the love that will not wane,
So *sweet*, because so *true;* so *sad, because so vain:*
Ah, well, we can not know, maybe 'twas better so.
Then let the bright dream go,
Maybe, maybe, 'twas *better so.*"

CHAPTER XIII.

"Wars, and rumors of wars."

"Going further and faring worse."

Mr. T. and family still continued where they had first commenced housekeeping, in the white house on the road to T——. The children, Cordelia and Rowland, were bright and pretty, fond of each other, and as strong and healthy as most children, notwithstanding Dr. L.'s prediction. He had said to Bessie when Delia was born, "Mrs. T., if you nurse this child yourself, you may probably become healthy again, but the babe will gradually become a weakling and die. If you do not nurse it, you will die and leave it." . . . . But, so far, both mother and child were living, and in tolerable health.

Almost ever since their marriage there had been apprehensions of war with the mother country; but as there had been ill-feeling and excitement going on for many years between the colonies and England, most supposed that it would proceed no further in the future than it had in the past. Bessie was among the latter, and timid and trembling at the thought of carnage, earnestly hoped for peace during her day, but she was doomed to disappointment. The Revolutionary struggle began, and everywhere in her own State, county, and district, as well as elsewhere, hosts of men were seen forsaking the farm, the shop, all peaceful callings, and "swiftly forming into ranks of war." "The Jerseys" (says the historian) "were for some time completely overrun with the victorious armies of the English, while constant disaster awaited the American forces." . . . . Again: "The invaders now thought the contest virtually ended; for the colonists, impoverished and discouraged, had been obliged to save

themselves by flight. The last remnant of their little army had been routed and, amidst the storms of winter, forced to retreat across the Delaware." . . . . The troops of both parties often passed along the road to T——, and Bessie, watching from her window, saw, with grief and alarm, the vast difference in their appointments. The English and Hessians, full fed, warmly clad, gaily uniformed, proud and scornful; while the American troops went by ragged, shivering, hungry, and ofttimes staining the snow with blood from their shoeless feet. Their forlorn, most pitiful condition made her tender heart ache for their sufferings, and tremble for her country. During the "immortal '76 and '77 (or a great part of them) the war raged through the Jerseys, and many acts of wanton mischief and cruelty were also perpetrated by the British on private persons and property."

But occasionally there was some little episode like the following, that caused even Bessie to laugh, in spite of the terrors of those gloomy days. The Hessian troops had many of their women accompanying them, who were quite as impudent as themselves, if not so dangerous. And one hot summer's day, a body of these, and also some English infantry, was marching slowly along the road through E—— at a short distance from the T.'s home, but directly by that of their cousin Launce. No one was at home but his wife Ruth, and she, engaged in her own affairs, paid little heed to the soldiers, as no very great enormity had as yet been committed by them in that vicinity, and the frequency of their appearance had destroyed the novelty. All passed quietly by. Then came a company of women straggling lazily along, seemingly without order, aim, or ambition. They too passed soberly by, all but the last one. She halted a moment, and then sauntering carelessly up to the open door, looked in. Seeing only one of her own sex on guard, she confidently entered, and without deigning any kind of a salutation to the mistress, began to look about the house for

something convenient to lay her thievish hands on. A short time before the frau's entrance, Ruth had removed a large baking of light bread from the clay oven (beside the chimney), and laid it on the shelf near by, covering it with a large piece of snowy linen, while it cooled and softened. It sent forth a pleasant, appetizing order through all the kitchen that was not lost on the stranger. She peered curiously under the cover; the sweet, fresh country rolls, so different from the dry army rations, suited her precisely. Quickly whisking off the cloth, she spread it on the floor, and began transferring loaf after loaf to its ample folds, till not one remained, not even a crust for the discomfited baker's dinner. Then dexterously tying the corners together, she raised the huge, steaming bundle to her brawny shoulders, and coolly started for the door.

The Jersey dame had all the while looked on the nefarious proceeding speechless and immovable, watching her hard forenoon's labor and week's provision changing owners so suddenly: and now, patience quite exhausted, she determined, without waiting for orders, to attack this wing of the army herself, and have a small battle on her own account, unless the bread was restored peaceably. Like a modern Amazon she charged on the foe, who was terribly amazed and enraged at this piece of Yankee interference, and the battle raged pretty fiercely, for the Hessian was broad and strong, and the Yankee wiry, brave, and resolute. Justly indignant, she seized hold of the bundle, but the frau grabbed it the tighter, and scowled and stamped; and then one slapped and the other slapped; but despite Dutch cuffs and curses, victory at length crowned the Jersey standard. The loaves were recaptured, and returned to their place without the loss of one, and the enemy, empty-handed, dishevelled, and tear-stained, retreated with dispatch, and went bawling after her friends.

About, or near this time, Mr. T. left New Jersey and re-

moved to H—— Co., Va., and settled on the south branch of the Potomac, some four miles from the village of R——. The last night of their journey was spent with Mr. L., an old friend of the family, and next morning, after partaking of a hospitable breakfast, they made an early start, that they might reach their destination and get settled in their new quarters before night. Their hostess, in name and character a *Martha*, volunteered to accompany and assist them ; and it was very fortunate she did, for living as they had, among those old Jersey towns, and so near the capital, they had always been accustomed to well-built, pleasant, roomy dwellings, and much refinement in dress, manners, and everything; but here in H—— they were destined to find another state of things altogether. The new place had probably been engaged by proxy, for when they arrived they found it a miserable, forlorn-looking log-house with only one room, and a shed kitchen with a leaky, clapboard roof, and without a floor. Bessie had never seen such a place since she went "sight-seeing in childhood," and was wholly unprepared for so dismal a prospect. She was in feeble health too, and being weak and travel-worn, her usual good sense failed her, and with fortitude quite overcome, she sat down and cried helplessly. Good cousin Martha looked on this phase of the case with some surprise, not to say *contempt*. "Why, *what's this* for?" she exclaimed. "Oh, you *dainty Jersey women are not worth a penny.*" And, seizing the broom, she swept with a will, and soon had the poor floor presentable ; kindled a bright fire in the wide hearth, and then bustled out to the wagon and assisted in bringing in and arranging the furniture ; beat up the beds, and covered them smoothly with bright patchwork spreads ; drew the table before the clean, glowing hearth, lighted a candle, laid the cloth, and spread the evening meal. The whole place was transformed, and the sad, homesick stranger looking on the cheerful, home-like scene, felt the worth of energy, and fully acknowledged the charm so kindly and deftly wrought.

Cousin Martha L. was soon obliged to return home, but other neighbors began to call in good season, and on longer acquaintance they found them generally kind; some were wealthy, a *very few cultured;* but many, or most of them, were exceedingly rude and uncultivated, both in appearance and manner, as well as mind. Their costumes, even on gala days, were so grotesque and uncouth, and their very names so odd and outlandish, that Bessie could scarcely receive introductions to some of them with proper gravity. Germans formed a considerable part of the population, and to this fact was attributable many of the singular names and customs. Among the latter were women laboring in the field: reaping, mowing, stacking, etc. And this was not restricted to the lower or poorer classes at all, for of a clear summer morning, Bessie sometimes saw the minister and his DAUGHTER, each armed with a cradle or reaping-hook, riding briskly by, going to assist some friend in wheat harvest. All this was rather disagreeable to the new family, and especially to the pretty wife. It was not pleasant to be called or thought idle and inefficient, yet she had neither strength nor inclination for field work, and at the barbarous style of dress her taste revolted.

Still, out of respect for public opinion, she modified her own style considerably; and though she had never been extravagant at all, and now dressed more plainly than she had ever thought of doing before; yet after all, there was not a little good-natured gossip about the "finikin ways and fine feathers of that Jersey woman."

The war was still progressing; sometimes well, sometimes ill, *very often the latter*; they saw less of it at the new place, though they felt it more, for here Mr. T. was drafted.* He waited on the authorities at the appointed

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* The notes say he was twice drafted, but give no details of the second occasion.

time, and gave them a truthful statement of his case. "That for several years he had not been able to endure much exposure without its being followed by severe and lingering illness; and in case he entered the army, he would almost immediately be on the sick list, and lay for months in the hospital, only a trouble and expense, instead of a help to the country." The officers accepted the account readily, but Major O., a man of wealth and influence in the district, sneered at the honest, straightforward story, and laughed at their credulity. "Nothing ails him; put him into the ranks," he said. The officer asked him if he "would take an oath that Paul T. was able to bear a campaign?" He answered "Yes"—and he did so at once. There was now no alternative but to hire and send some one in his place, for vivid recollections of how very often even slight exposure had filled him with pain, and laid him helplessly by, forbade the idea of attempting the service himself. So a substitute was found, and equipped with new clothes, blankets, etc., out of the house. But the wherewithal to pay him was not secured without great difficulty, and even the selling or pawning of some of his most valued and necessary property, for the times *were hard, and cash almost impossible* to obtain. Meanwhile the haughty Dives, Major O., had returned to his pleasant mansion—to glory in his riches—"eat, drink, and be merry"; little knowing, less heeding, how much the poor, sickly strangers were perplexed and distressed.* . . . . The first year the T.'s spent in the old house by the Potomac was one of uncommon hardship. The previous season had been one of great drought, and early frosts; causing extreme scarcity. The poor brutes suffered, and were driven to seek unheard-of for-

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* No reason for this injustice was ever known; unless it were that the new neighbor had never flattered, or paid special court to this arrogant county magnate.

age to supply the lack of natural food ; while some of their owners were reduced to almost equal straits.

There is a small plant in many places, that appears among the first green things in spring ; especially in old clearings and open woods. It comes with the first wild flowers ; and it, anemones, forget-me-nots, violets, and other early growths may all be found growing together, and flourishing best in the soft, dark loam around old mossy stumps, and fallen, crumbling timber. This little, pale, and (at this season) *two-leaved* plant was very abundant in a large clearing on the farm next the T.'s ; and many a time during that lovely yet dreary May, Bessie saw Dick Hessee, a farm-hand who lived near it, come out with his lean horse and shaky plough, and draw a few furrows through it from end to end, then hasten away to some other business ; while his wife and children, big and little, each with some small vessel, would follow the furrows up and down, and linger a long time over each one.

Though in sight it was at some distance, and she could not imagine what this family occupation was. But the first time Becky Hessee came over, it was made clear by her remarking, "I reckon your been wonderin' what we was doin' in the cl'arin', haven't you, Miss T. ?" The latter confessing that she had, Becky continued : "Well, last year was a powerful poor one for raisin' anything ; or leastways it was here ; but Dick and me have a mind to spin our provinder out as long as possible ; won't buy till we can't help it—and that's what took us all out to the cl'arin'." "Well, but you said you were not after greens," returned Bessie ; "and nothing else has grown for you to gather yet." "Oh, yes," said Becky, "there has something growed, too ;—the ground-peas is just about right. What Dick ploughs up before he goes to his work, keeps the children and me busy most of the day. We get a right smart mess every day, and their a'most as good as some potaters are. It's awful slow

work tho', for their not bigger than shot—much, and hardly ever but one on a stalk ; but poor folk must do as they can, and we ain't the only ones that's glad to dig and eat 'em this year." Bessie now discovered that the tiny root her little ones sometimes gathered in their play, and by extra efforts even got a spoonful or two of at once, for the doll's table, was the same edible that this poor family and others were delving for, not in play, but sober earnest, in their struggle to keep soul and body together. Good dame Hessee, without intending it, had by her artless story depressed her new neighbors' spirits considerably, and they were not very buoyant before. This was the nearest approach she had ever seen to famine ; and added to the unkindness of Major O.,—the expense and anxiety attending the procuring of a substitute,—the delicate health of both herself and husband, —and other minor matters, the prospect was far from flattering. . . . .

There were several Indian families in the woods around that were nowise afraid of their more civilized neighbors, but visited the villages and farm-houses when they listed. They frequeutly called on Bessie, laid their red pappooses in her cradle (but first removed the pillow, explaining that "Indians must grow *straight*"), scattered their baskets and bead-work over her floor, roasted their game in her fire, and made themselves quite at home. One old squaw often stopped after visiting her rabbit-traps, and tarried long enough to roast one. This she did by merely thrusting it into the hot ashes and embers without removing outside or inside at all ; and all Bessie's coaxing and scolding to make her dress it decently, only elicited a guttural laugh, and a kind of inarticulate mumbling sound, expressive of her supreme satisfaction with it as it was.

Occasionally the squaws stayed at home, and the children came instead. She liked these better, and often prepared them a simple repast of which they were extremely fond. Fill-

ing a large pewter basin with bonny-clabber, she would stir in a quantity of sugar, and perhaps a pinch of spice; then placing it in the middle of the kitchen floor, and giving each a spoon, they would all drop down in a circle round the feast, and partake with a relish and delight that were enjoyable to see.

The visits of the adults were less agreeable to their white neighbors than those of the children; in fact, positively disagreeable. But they thought it wiser to bear some annoyance than to offend those who were disposed to be friendly, for many were not. Several times the alarm was given that they were already on the war-path, bearing fast down on H——, and warning issued for all to fly to the fort. Bessie's youngest child was only two or three years old, and rejoiced in a pair of powerful lungs; but so well had he become accustomed to the dangers surrounding them, that they had only to whisper the dreaded, oft-heard sentence: "*Hush*, HUSH, INJUNS COMING!" and the loudest crying, or most uproarious play would cease in a moment, and he would remain silent as a statue till safe within the fortress.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Now, you see it do take all sorts o' folks to make a world, and I'm mighty glad I ain't none o' them."

AT this place, as at all others, people rich and poor had their foibles and idiosyncrasies; and mistress and maid sometimes complained of each other as they do now. A neighbor of Bessie's, Mrs. Danna, had secured excellent help; for a nice, capable, cheerful girl was Polly Jones, the maid-of-all-work. Both parties were satisfied, and the work went on briskly. But no sooner was the dairy work given entirely

into her hands than careful Mrs. D. observed a large decrease in the quantity of milk; but thinking there might have been an accident, the cows a little unruly with a stranger, or something of that kind, she said nothing. But when the same thing occurred three or four times in succession, she thought it time to institute inquiries.

She remarked quietly, one evening, as the help was straining and setting the pans in place: "Polly, have the cattle been changed to worse pasture?"

"No, ma'am," replied that damsel. "They're where they was."

"Do any of the cows seem ailing?"

"Oh, no; they're all lively as kittens, ma'am."

"Likely you find some of them a little cross, don't you—disposed to run about, overturn the pail, etc.?"

"No, ma'am; they're all very quiet and peaceable-like."

"Well, then, if everything is going on as it should, why are we getting so much less milk than before?"

Polly began to look uneasy.

"Don't you think there is nearly a third less than we ought to have?"

Polly, with a troubled look, confessed it did appear "rather short measure."

"And, as you have been attending to this matter, probably you can explain it. Give me some reason, if you can, now."

"Why," answered the girl, demurely, "I didn't milk the black cow to-night."

"Not milk Blackie? Why, Polly Jones! Did you not milk her this morning?"

"No, ma'am."

"Nor last evening?"

"No, ma'am."

"Nor yesterday morning either?"

"No, ma'am."

"And, pray, why do you act so? What does it all mean, miss?"

"I don't like to milk her, that's all," replied the young woman, composedly.

"But why? She is gentle and easy."

"Yes, ma'am; as good as any."

"Get the pail—get both pails—and milk her at once! Stop! Just reach my sunbonnet and I will go with you."

They went, and after some considerable effort the cow was relieved of her unwonted burden, and walked lightly and gladly away to the green pasture.

Next morning the help was bright and early at her out-door work, and as she went by to the spring-house, Mrs. D., standing on the porch, called out, jestingly:

"Polly, did you milk the black cow?" And to her amazement, the girl serenely answered:

"No, ma'am."

"*Polly!* what does possess you? Run and milk her, quick! *There!* don't wait to strain any. Take this pail, and hurry, or Jack will have them started to the field."

That evening the same question was put and received the same reply.

Mrs. D. began to lose all patience, and lectured her "in good set terms"; but it was of no use. Scolding, coaxing, shaming, were quite thrown away. Polly was kind, cheerful, respectful, and *truthful,* but she had her fixed, unalterable laws, and one of them was that of her *own will.* She would *never milk the black cow,* and she *never did.*

During the whole term of her stay, as regularly as the morning and evening of each day came, Mrs. D. put the stereotyped question, "Polly, did you milk the black cow this time? If not, go and do it." And just as regularly that odd genius as often as interrogated, answered naively and briefly:

"No, ma'am, I didn't milk her, but I will."

Mrs. S., another friend of Bessie's, lived in a long, gray, wooden house, that stood in a meadow under a group of forest trees, two gum, one oak, one walnut. She had delicate health, and a singularly nervous, sensitive organization, causing her to sicken and shrink with pain from everything repulsive.

Her help, too, was nothing to boast of. True, she did not leave one of the cows, like Polly Jones; nor break and waste, like Mrs. Smith's girl; nor slight the cooking or house-cleaning, like Mrs. R.'s; but then, like most folks, she had faults enough of other kinds. She was ill-trained, untruthful, capricious; and Mrs. S. disliked having the children with her so much, but could not well prevent it. Sallie petted them unduly, but not so much from fondness as selfishness: that she might have them at her beck, and ready to act as tools in forwarding little designs of her own. Two or three young men boarded in the family—gay, handsome fellows, with whom Sallie was often at feud, and on whom she loved to revenge herself by tricks as amusing to her as they were provoking to them.

One day, after a passage-at-arms with one or all of them, she summoned her small coadjutors, Laura and Lena, to a special conclave. Two or three days previous several half-grown fowls had suddenly deceased, and with much ceremony (and by Sallie's direction) the children had buried them side by side. She now desired them to revisit this cemetery and disinter a pair of them—*one apiece—for Mr. Will* and *Mr. Charlie;* and they would smuggle them upstairs, and *slip one under each gentleman's bolster.* And when those charming youths began to "smell a rat"—no, a chicken,—and searched out, and dragged their strange bedfellows to light—O then! O then! And while imagining her astonished victims stamping and dashing around the room in their night-caps, roaring out exclamations of wrath and disgust, the imp of mischief gleefully clapped her

hands, and chuckled with delight. The little innocents, never dreaming of refusing or gainsaying, were off directly; and soon with soiled frocks, and chubby hands bemired, rushed in at the back-door, exclaiming triumphantly, "*Here they are, Sallie!*"

But at that moment, the pale, nervous lady, mamma, entered; and seeing her cherubs' dresses in such plight—and instead of dolls, or hands full of flowers, each holding the remains of a forlorn, bedraggled chicken-cock, in the midst of her tidy kitchen: she started back in surprise, and cried out in dismay: "*Children!* what *are* you *about? What are you doing? Take the vile things out quick. Begone with them. Fling them away off! Never touch them again.*"

The little ones, frightened and abashed, tried to explain that "Sallie sent 'em. *Sallie wanted the old chicks for Will and Charlie,*" etc. But that treacherous jade, finding that her nice plan had "ganged agleé," coolly deserted her allies, bade them "go throw them away," and loftily ignored the whole affair. Mrs. Z. said she did not generally keep regular help; for occasional and outside workers gave her trouble enough. Old Dorothy H. did her knitting, and charged a round sum for it too. Once when she fetched home a pair of long, woollen hose, and named the price, the owner ventured to demur and remonstrate; saying "she could almost buy them from the store for that sum," etc. The old dame listened without a word; then rising, stalked slowly out into the orchard (carrying the work with her), and seated herself under a tree. Mrs. Z. did not follow her,—but smiling to herself, went on with her sewing; thinking, "Aunty will come to reason, and come in presently; and then we will compromise the matter." In an hour or two, she did come; and walking gravely up to her employer, presented her,—*not* with the stockings,—but with two large, compact, gray balls, and simply remarking, "There's your yarn," was gone. For an instant Mrs. Z.

was puzzled, but next moment saw it all. The whimsical old lady, rather than lower her price, or even contend about it, had sat in the shade and *raveled out every stitch*, and carefully rewound the yarn. On the other hand, many of the employés told of cross, mean, cruel employers; and muttered about under-pay and overwork; and as wealth does not make people any better, or less exacting, doubtless it was often correct. As to overwork, many of the neighbors whispered, and shook their heads, when so many poor people who had worked for the proud Ortons, lost their health, and gradually pined away; several dying soon after their term of service there ended.

Busy, bustling, and with a general talent for foreseeing, overseeing, "and knowing all things," was our next character—Mrs. Grimes.

Whoever else was complained of, out of credit, or lacking friends, there was one person who was universally popular with every class, and this was Peggy Grimes. She lived in a low, weather-beaten house on the banks of Gadd's Creek, at the foot of a high hill, covered with oak and hickory, and abounding with small game. Her home, though rude, was comfortable, well filled, and neatly kept within and without, everything showing thrift and good management. She had no wealth or wealthy friends to recommend her; no education, style, or accomplishments; nothing but herself, homely and old-fashioned as she was; yet she had such sound sense and judgment, so much practical knowledge, energy, and independence, that she was in constant demand, and wherever she went every one relied on her, and she naturally took the lead.

One or two envious souls hinted that "Peggy was a little too opinionated and forth-putting; rather too apt to speak oracularly, and lay down the law." No doubt there was some truth in this idea, yet she was so competent to do so, and so good-humored and amusing with it, that few or none were aggrieved. She delighted in bustle and preparation,

and not a merry-making could be held in the neighborhood, from a husking to a wedding, but Peggy was sent for to assist and advise; and wherever the business was progressing best and fastest, there was she. She was a famous nurse and doctor, too, and all the teas, tinctures, balsams, and other cures in creation seemed to be at her "fingers' ends," and none could prepare and administer them with skill and tact like hers. Her very presence was inspiring; only to see her hale, active form moving briskly around, and her cheerful countenance so full of hope and sunshine, did good like a medicine. The people declared they could not live without Mrs. Grimes, for not a man, woman, child, or even a beast could be sick or wounded, without her being summoned; and for everything *special* in health and sickness, life and death, she was indispensable. In many cases no other doctor was sent for, and when there was, Mrs. G. always shared his work, his credit, and often his fee. But one time, in the midst of her good works, everything seemed to conspire against her peace, and quite a series of small disasters fell on her head. She was as usual attending on some sick person, and when she found the symptoms all favorable, determined to return home. The family opposed it; told her it was too late, and being cloudy, it would soon be very dark; there was a storm rising, too, etc. But she would not be persuaded,—said "the storm was not so very near; the distance was not great across the fields": and assuring them that "she would get along very well and was not a particle afraid," set out bravely. But for once, her good judgment was at fault. Nothing turned out as she had expected. The clouds grew thicker and blacker so rapidly, that before half the distance was passed, it was as dark as pitch. Consequently it was not very long, till by coming in contact with some object that she knew was not *in* the way, she discovered that she was *out of it*, and was wandering she knew not where.

Meantime the storm that all the while had been threatening and drawing nearer, now burst forth in all its fury. The thunder crashed, the wind roared, the hail pelted, the rain fell in torrents. There was no shelter anywhere; it would never answer to stand still in the tempest; all she could do was to battle with it boldly, *feel* her way through the darkness and flounder on.

Self-conceit was at a low ebb now. Forty times she exclaimed against her folly, and wished she had for *once taken advice herself.* By and by she again found the path, and with strength well-nigh exhausted, at last reached the large gate that led into her own orchard, and with renewed hope stepped on to her own ground. But the gate was somewhat crippled, and at that moment a fierce gust of wind tore it from its fastenings, and whirled it to the ground, carrying its owner with it, and *under* it. This was a feather too much, and poor Peggy groaned aloud, and gave up all for lost.

And there she lay, prone in the mud, weary and bruised, wet to the skin, the gate pressing her down like a mighty incubus, and the careless wind and rain holding revel above the scene. Utterly worn out and despairing, she almost concluded that the fates or the witches must be against her reaching home that night, and it was useless to struggle longer. She would not try to get on till morning,—if then, in fact, she did not feel as if she could ever rise again. . . . . But by and by a spark of the old courage and resolution began to revive again. It would be too weak to succumb now, when victory was so near, and this pitiful languor and despondency were altogether foreign to her character, and unworthy of it. And what a plight was this for her, the strong-minded, strong-nerved, self-complacent, self-reliant leader. What a figure the valiant Great Medicine did cut, lying helpless and bedrenched under an old gate, flattened out in the mire like a dead toad!

It was too ridiculous a picture, too ignominious a predicament, and Peggy laughed in spite of her aching bones, and began to labor and strive in earnest to free herself from the heavy gate. She was no Samson in strength, but after many painful efforts she succeeded, and, stiff and sore, scrambled to her feet; groped as best she could through the apple-trees, brambles, and running briers, and was soon fumbling for the latch at her own door. There was a large bed of glowing embers in one end of the wide fireplace, and as soon as she could hurry on a warm, dry suit, she made up a good bed on the floor, and lay down with her feet close to the fire, trusting in this way to obviate any ill results from her unwonted exposure. Like some storm-beaten mariner, who, after untold hardships and dangers, at length guides his shattered bark into some calm, sheltered haven, where all is safety and peace, so Peggy, rejoicing that at *last* all the *ills* were *over*, all the *good* to *come;* and, thinking with new gratitude of the blessings of her pleasant home, cuddled still closer to her downy bed, and betook herself to sweet repose. "But hapless wight," her misadventures were not yet ended. Scarcely had kind Morpheus sealed her weary eyes, till she was aroused again. Her ear had caught the echo of a *singular sound.* She held her breath to listen. Grimes was absent. There was nothing that had life about the house but herself, and yet she distinctly heard a strange kind of shuffling, sliding motion, as of some *person* or *thing* moving very slowly and cautiously. With the blood curdling in her veins, she listened, and watched, and listened. It continued and grew louder. At first she could not determine where it was, but presently became aware that whether "beast or human," or whatever it might be, it was not at either door or window, but somewhere above her, *in the loft, or on the roof, and approaching fast!* Then the sound changed to a different one, and the next moment a huge, dark form, a "*shape, that shape had none,*" *swooped*

*down the broad chimney, and stood silently by her bed.** Poor Peg waited for no second glance, but with eyes starting with terror, and every hair on end, rushed out again into the storm and darkness, and "more dead than alive," cowered down in some shed till morning. But doctor Peggy was made of firmer stuff than to sicken or turn gray-haired for one night of exposure and terror, and her keen sense of the ludicrous and proneness to hearty laughter were much in her favor. So in a day or two she was as lively as ever again, and at the next flax-pulling bee she rehearsed the night's mischances for the amusement of the company, and was neither feebler, "sadder, nor wiser" than before.

CHAPTER XV.

To have friends, "a man must show himself friendly."

Mr. (or as oftener called, Tim) Giles was as noted for a lack of the "milk o' human kindness," and all true neighborly feeling, as Peggy G. was for it. He was a gloomy, surly, disobliging churl, the terror of the school-boys, and the aversion of their parents, for the latter found him not only an unpleasant dealer, but a dishonest one, taking unfair advantage at every opportunity. His hand was against all men, and if theirs were not also against him, they at least avoided and let him alone as much as practicable. One instance alone may illustrate his usual relation with the surrounding urchins. Martin M. had sold Tim a couple of

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* This chimney goblin was (by his own confession) her husband, a graceless rough, and *true son of Belial*, who, coming home slightly inebriated, had thought good to play this joke on his unsuspecting spouse.

fields, and unfortunately one or two of the best and earliest apple-trees were on the land disposed of. The elder children, with many a growl and grimace, accepted the situation, but little Jack could hardly be persuaded that he must not *touch* an apple *now*, where mamma had always let him gather freely his whole life before. One day his longing for an "early sweet" became so intense as to quite outweigh his slight sense of the sin and danger, and running slyly across the orchard where the fruit was yet hard and green, he scrambled over the high fence, and reaching the forbidden tree, began cramming his tiny pockets with all speed. But in the very midst of his felony, who should he see bearing down on him with rapid strides but the new owner, old Giles himself. The frightened culprit had espied him too late; he had neither time nor strength to fly, till he was clutched, and held with an iron hand. Towering darkly above him like a giant, and fiercely scowling, he demanded his business in stentorian tones. The small sinner could only sob out, "I did want a sweet apple *so bad*, and we hain't got none *now*," and beseechingly reach out a couple of the rosy beauties as a peace-offering to the angry farmer, and he took not only them, but all the rest, every one; and with evil epithets and loud threats, drove the trembling child from the field. Children can not possibly be taught *too early* to respect law and order; and probably, though this seemed a little severe, this fright and rude rebuff were the most salutary things that could have happened little Jack, for he was learning to break the eighth commandment, and to deceive his parents also, for he well knew they would not at all have permitted his trespass. But of course he and the neighboring lads could not see it in this light exactly and hated old Tim worse than ever. Being an odd sort of person in many ways, he contended that a man was in duty bound to provide *coffins* for his family, or at least for himself and wife; and he actually took the dimensions of Mrs.

G. and himself to an undertaker, and when the work was finished, fetched it home. But finding two large coffins rather useless, and uncomfortable pieces of furniture in a house where all were alive and well, he had them carried out and stowed away in one corner of his large still-house, where they stood, covered with dust and cobwebs, for many a year. And those thoughtless, irreverent boys used to stop and peep through the cracks at them, and coolly speculate on the theme, wondering if there was any probability of their being occupied at all soon, and whether old Tim would even *then* cease stalking and watching round his melon-patch and orchard. And so the giddy mortals laughed and jested till, to them, the proverb, "As solemn as a coffin," had no kind of significance.

Giles was not a pious man, by any means; still he held some sort of a creed of his own, and once announced to the community that there would be preaching at his house on a certain afternoon. When the day arrived, a considerable number, especially of young people, attended, and sat, and waited a long time, but no preacher came. At length Tim took the floor, and remarked to the startled audience that "rather than have them entirely disappointed, he would try to officiate himself." After singing a hymn, he proceeded to make some rather disjointed and not specially pointed remarks, though not so bad as might have been expected. It was a lovely day in June, and windows were raised and doors opened wide, and in the midst of his harangue, the orator, chancing to glance through an open window, saw some strays in his field, revelling among his red-top and timothy. This was too much for the amateur parson. With an angry scowl, he bawled out, "Now, if there ain't old Mort's hogs agin, in my medder!" And dashing out through the people, and vaulting over the bars, he went full tilt after the swine, leaving the congregation to close the services as they thought best, and disperse at their leisure. But at

length Tim was taken in a baser act than usual, and suddenly "came to grief." He was not only a farmer and horse-jockey, but also a mighty hunter, spending much time on the neighboring mountains. He took various animals, but made a specialty of deer; and as he was only twelve miles from B——, he generally carried his game there, and his venison in particular found a ready market.

Things went on in this fashion a long time ; but gradually people began to suspect something wrong, some foul play in this game business—that probably the venison was not always deer-flesh. True, he was a great hunter still ; but then, there often seemed to be a much greater quantity of the meat *after* it was dressed than *before*, which was contrary to all rule. Neighbors remembered too, and reminded each other, of what an unusual number of old, or rather of maimed and crippled, horses Tim had possessed at different times—got for a trifle or for nothing, but never kept long. They had always disappeared from his premises in a few weeks, or months at most, and none had enough interest in his plans or intimacy with him to inquire why he had gotten or how disposed of them. But now, laying this and that together, things began to look darkish, and whenever he was seen or mentioned, folks nodded and whispered. In short, before long a watch was set, and he was detected in the act of dressing horse-flesh, and preparing it so as to resemble venison very closely. This he was doing with all possible privacy in his cellar and by night, and all was to be ready for the morning market. The spies, having made certain of the facts, softly withdrew, without the rogue ever having suspected their presence, and reported to their own company. All decided that the people of B—— must be made aware of the villainy without delay, and a willing delegation started for that purpose, promising themselves ample reward in the sport of watching the reception of the game-wagon and its owner.

When their testimony was first given in, some heard with dumb surprise, some with loud exclamations of loathing and fiery threats of vengeance; but others, more grave and stately, were disposed to consider it a hoax, not deeming it possible that any one would *dare* to offer such an indignity to *their* staid, proper town, or think of perpetrating such an outrage on *them*. But finding the witnesses good men and true, and the "assurance double sure," all became convinced, and resolved themselves into a formidable indignation meeting.

Meanwhile honest Giles, rising before the dawn, broke his fast, fed and harnessed his team, and stocking his wagon with various edibles, and a bountiful supply of savory venison for the city gentry, donned his gray suit and drove gaily away. Unsuspecting as an infant, all unconscious of approaching ill, Tim was nearing the punishment he had deserved so long. Dusting off and smoothing out the linen covering his stores, to make all look tempting, straightening and brushing up his hodden-gray, and chirruping his bays into a canter, he swept bravely into the town and commenced crying his wares as usual. Seeing so many on the streets, and standing at every corner, he naturally supposed there was a public meeting—court, or the like—going on, and gladly anticipated good prices and quick sales. As soon as all was disposed of to the highest bidder, he was arrested, charged with the crime, confronted with the witnesses, and questioned, "Guilty or not guilty?" But as the poor guilty craven had no plea to offer, but, covered with shame and confusion, could only beg abjectly for pity, his sentence was read to him on the spot:

"That whereas Timothy Giles, etc., having been tried by his peers, and found guilty of the crime of, etc., ... is sentenced to be taken in charge by the officers of the law and marched through this town of B——. In the most public part of each square of said town, said Giles is to be

halted, and receive ten lashes from the whipping-master of said town, and be also obliged to eat a portion of his own horse-flesh venison ; while at the same time the proper officer shall in a *loud voice proclaim said Giles' crime.* And this formula shall be strictly carried out in every point, in each square of this town, till said Giles has eaten a goodly amount of said venison and received a sufficient number of stripes. And moreover, let this sentence be executed without delay. . . . . And may said Giles now cease to do evil and learn to do well, etc." *

Probably justice was not so blind and slow then as now ; for a fair trial was held, sentence pronounced, punishment inflicted, and the fellow sent about his business—*all in half a day's time.*

The poor Nimrod, in *nowise hungry,* but sore, empty-handed, and cursing his luck, returned, like Haman, disconsolately to his Jeresh, to tell and complain of all the things that had befallen him. Whether he repented is unknown, but one thing is certain : he prepared no more delicacies for the ungrateful town gentry, and this most unfortunate market day was the last that ever saw Tim Giles and his venison wagon in the streets of B——.

The Z.'s were another peculiar set—rather ; but, though poor as poverty, the whole tribe, old and young, cast care to the winds, and were recklessly, uproariously gay. Occupying only one small hired room, with scant means for themselves, they yet gloried in company, and gave a *ball every week.* . . . . Death is generally supposed to even all, and sadden, or at least solemnize ; but these were as unlike others in death as in life. When the old man came to die, he wished no holy rites, refused to lie in consecrated ground, or even in any family cemetery ; but by his own orders he

* These are the *facts ;* but the *exact language* of the sentence, or number of the stripes ordered and received *in toto* during this forced march is unknown.

was carried into the adjoining forest and buried alone under a tall *tulip-tree*, with *his face toward the west.* Nor was he forgotten, for here the granddaughters often came—to weep?—to scatter flowers? No, no; but hither they tripped nightly at set of sun, to sing and DANCE ON HIS GRAVE. With these and other outlandish ways their landlord was mightily disgusted, and he routed them betimes in the spring, remarking angrily, "Tramp they *must* and *shall*, for my farm has had a *year-o'-days scandal now.*" These were bad and heathenish enough: but a brother landlord had a much greater provocation. A man having died in one of his houses, his friends (forgetting they were in America) gathered in, turned the flat *coffin-lid into a card and refreshment table*, spread the greasy pack on one end, and *setting their jugs on the other*, sipped and played alternately until the ladies arrived. Then growing gayer still, and needing more room, they *hoisted the corpse into the loft*, stood the coffin behind the door, and *ate, drank, and danced till morning.*

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, merry band! . . . . for you the revel is but begun;
But for *one* who joins your sports to-day, the revel of life is *done.*"

IT has been said that Virginia contains more mountainous country than any other State east of the Rocky Mountains, and the T.'s found their own section, H—— county, no exception. The whole surface is diversified with high hills, fertile valleys, deep gorges, and frowning crags, while numerous springs, broad creeks, and smaller streams rise everywhere in the ravines and vales, and pour their waters downward to swell the Cacapon River and the north and south branches of the Potomac.

The road to Y——, passing through the midst of this

picturesque scenery, and winding round the mountain ridges, shaded with hemlocks and trailing vines, was wildly beautiful, but in some places so dangerous that Bessie, on her way to town, often trembled as she rode along the narrow track and glanced into the abyss below, considering where a moment's dizziness on her part, or a misstep by her horse, would inevitably cast her.

From the peculiarity of the surface of the country, and the unusual number of its streams of all sizes, great freshets were very common, and so sudden that persons leaving home for a day or an afternoon, on returning sometimes found the murmuring beck they had crossed when going swollen to a mighty creek, and the creeks changed to rivers. So many accidents occurred from this cause, that at length custom and public opinion made it incumbent on all ages and sexes to learn swimming; and on warm summer days groups could be seen here and there congregated on the banks of deep creek or shady river for this useful amusement as frequently as they are now seen on the croquet or base-ball grounds.

One sultry Saturday afternoon, when all the scouring, baking, and roasting were finished, and everything made sweet and tidy in readiness for the approaching Sabbath, half a score or so of matrons and maids set out to enjoy their evening bath and swimming-lesson. Bessie did not accompany them that day; but her cousin, Hannah T., a girl of eighteen, and an adept in the art, went as usual. As remarked before, it was a place of many waters; and some chose one place, and some another for their sport. And as this company were about to start, some one asked, "Where shall we go to-day?" And Hannah replied: "Oh, to the deep pool"; and playfully snatching one of the babes from its mother's arms, clasped it in her own, and led the way. They were a merry party, and passed along through the green fields laughing and chatting gaily, little thinking there was

another in their midst they knew not, that an "unseen presence was walking with them side by side, and all unheeding their merry talk, was claiming one for his bride." Oh! little dreaming that to one of their number, the gayest, the fairest, *this* was the "last of earth"! The point selected was not far distant; and on reaching it, Hannah T. quickly seated the child on the soft mossy carpet, and almost before the others were fairly on the spot, skipped lightly up the sloping bank, and smiling, and beckoning to her mates, sprang gleefully into the clear depths below. The others laughed and cheered; the sparkling waters for an instant rippled, flashed, parted, closed, and she was gone! The others, powerless and wild with terror, could only shriek frantically for aid, for she had sunk like a stone, never rising even *once* to the surface. Good divers soon arrived, and she was speedily raised and borne homeward; but all efforts to restore her were fruitless. The young form was still warm with life; the fair face still wore the flush of youth and health; so beautiful, so life-like, yet only clay, lifeless clay. No sound came back to the still lips; no motion to the silent heart; and as the daylight waned, the limbs grew rigid, the settled calm of death crept over the features; and, ere long, faint, livid shades began to mingle on the ruby cheeks, and touch the finger-tips. Ah! death! cruel death!

> "That will not hold unchanged thy fairest guest,
> Earth *must* take earth, to molder on its breast.
> Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest."

Fond friends, who had hoped, and labored, and prayed, *now hoping no longer*, bowed in desperate sorrow, and gave place to others; yielding up the dear form to strangers' hands, to be returned to them a shrouded corpse, ready for the burial. Theirs to watch and weep over a few brief hours; and then, theirs no longer,—the morrow would see it borne from their longing arms, and hidden forever from sight.

CHAPTER XVII.

"When the place of our abiding is known to earth no more,
And the cold world, rudely chiding, shall repeat our story o'er,
Far beyond its idle guessing, far beyond its praise or scorn,
Recking not its blame or blessing, oh! my love, we shall be gone."

HERE, or hereabout (not far from the T.'s), a century ago, near these same clear lakelets and rapid rivers, there lived—among acquaintances better or more fortunate in disposition and early training—a poor waif on society called Joseph Gale, or, as he was more generally designated, "Blundering Joe." He was a man of rather weak intellect and strong passions; poor and illiterate, yet was a professor of religion in an orthodox, influential church; but seldom being, according to the formula, in "good and regular standing," he was in a manner kept on sufferance and rather an eyesore to the society. Strong drink, that has cast down and ruined such countless thousands of all classes in all ages, was perhaps Joe's greatest temptation, and it met him at every turn. No "temperance societies," "pledges," "prohibitory laws," or any other barriers, were then or there set up to assist the weak. On the contrary, almost every place this poor man went to work, visit, or call, he found his enemy awaiting him. Consequently, he was often overcome; and as one sin almost invariably leads on to another, his sin did not always stop at intoxication.

Yet the preacher solemnly read from God's word, "*No drunkard* shall *inherit* the *kingdom of heaven.*" And Joe trembled and believed. They all believed *this;* did they also read and believe other passages, as "*Woe* unto him that *giveth* his neighbor *drink* . . . . and *makest* him *drunken*"? Or the curse Christ himself pronounced on those who should

cause His little ones to stumble, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe on me, it were better for him that a *millstone* were *hanged* about his *neck* and he were *drowned* in the *depths of the sea*"? But in that age, while they believed the first, they seemed not to have well understood or considered the latter and kindred passages. So Joe alone was cited as the delinquent, when evil was occurrent. And while the brethren "reasoned on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," he gave the most respectful and serious attention. They questioned him as to his faults, and he humbly confessed them; reproved him, and he received it with all meekness; exhorted to penitence and renewed watchfulness, and he tearfully professed the one, and promised by divine aid to attempt the other. Then the church, with brotherly pity and loving words of counsel and encouragement, would dismiss him from the court, and he would return to his usual avocations, and his unequal contest with the great adversary without and corruption within.

For a time trusting in God only for grace, he would pray, "watch and be sober," and walk softly and cautiously along the narrow way of holiness. Then it was well with him, and he proved the promise true, "that the wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein." And that while *Christ alone* is his *strength* and hope, the feeblest, most despised believer is as safe, as blest, as the strongest and wisest.

But alas! unstable as water, Joe's holy living again and again had its periods of change and decline. He would gradually grow a *little colder in prayer*, a little less *watchful* over his heart, not *quite* so *strict* in *keeping the Sabbath, not always in his place in the sanctuary;* a lukewarmness was allowed to creep into his affections, a *little but ever-widening distance to grow up between him and his Saviour.* And this (*as it ever is*) was *Satan's golden opportunity.*

Now, in this season of coldness and self-security was the

time to again put forth his temptations and ply his wiles successfully. *Soon*, almost before the unwary soul had realized that its strength had departed, it was entangled, snared, *wounded;* for, with his *peculiar temperament*, sin was seldom arrested and repented of in its *first stages*, but speedily became *overt* and *scandalous*. Then would follow another citation, another trial, more reproof and solemn warning from the Session, and renewed confessions, promises, and tears from Joe. And this scene was repeated over and over, till it came to be a mortifying cross to the church and an amusing farce to the scoffers.

Scarcely a season passed (if, indeed, a quarterly meeting did) without the poor, blundering impotent being summoned to answer for some iniquity, misstep, or misdemeanor of one kind or another. The good were grieved and discouraged, while the wicked strove to increase his offences, sported themselves with the endless trials, and laughed at both parties,—as, that "Joe Gale hovered around like the bat in the fable, settling on neither side, and driving the shepherd and his aides to their wits' end to find what flock he belonged in, the sheep or the goats. Well, if heaven's gate would admit old Josey, it must be comfortably wide; more of them might crowd through, too," and so on.

Even the most forbearing, patient friends sometimes lost patience with this weak, ready-to-halt pilgrim; but none thought of aiding his feeble, uncertain steps by striving to remove the great stumbling-block out of the way. No, there it was, and there it remained. Some, wearying of the case entirely, would have sentenced the hapless culprit to indefinite suspension or summary expulsion, and thus ended the ceaseless, painful surveillance. But the wiser, more experienced members shook their heads. "He was a troublesome, tiresome creature," they asserted, "and could hardly be termed beneficial to the society in any way, spiritually or financially; yet, after all, in the judgment of charity 'was not the root of the matter found in him'?"

Despite the frequent censures and sharp reproofs of the church, he held it close, and loved it still. "Should they drive him from its sheltering arms? Though often baffled and wounded sore by the foe, he spake no word of giving up the battle for lost, and going back to the world. Ought they then to withdraw their aid, and virtually thrust him into it? Though overtaken in many faults, he was ever ready to listen to rebuke, and humbly confess his sin; ought not they then to forgive and 'restore him in meekness'? 'Ought not the strong to bear the infirmities of the weak?' remembering 'who had made them to differ. He had never neglected to hear the *church;* dare it, then, cast him forth as a heathen and a publican?"

Some were ready enough to answer "yes," that this was a case of "disorderly walking"; that such continual shortcomings and backslidings could never be the fruits of a gracious heart, and "by their fruits ye shall know them."

He heard the church, but hearing and not obeying, did not profit. Bearing, forbearing, and forgiving in this case had gone far enough, etc. But others demurred, fearing lest haply they might "quench the flax or break the bruised reed." "*Hardened, defiant backsliders* must be cut off," they said, "but as often as a brother *returned meek* and *penitent,* they saw no way but to forgive him, even if to 'seventy times seven.'"

And so matters continued as they were. Joe remained a care and a worry, and things went on as before; sometimes better, sometimes worse. Thus years on years passed by; and now fighting and gaining, now yielding and losing, falling, rising and falling again, the weak one struggled on his way. But at last there came a day when the church needed to chide and watch no longer, when its praise and blame were alike unheeded, and the world could tempt and wound no more. The weary warfare was ended. Poor Joe had been cited by a higher court, summoned to answer before the great tribunal, and to his own master stand or fall.

The last rites were over, and as the neighbors lingered and talked around the new-made grave, the sleeper was the subject; and for the hundredth time they went over his checkered story. All knew the mistakes, the follies, the sins, and some were ready to recall and repeat them even there; but others were kindly willing to ascribe them partly to bodily and mental infirmity, and to dwell more on his seeming penitence and the number and power of his temptations. None could deny that he had sadly dishonored the Master, and put Him to open shame; but had he not just as openly wept bitterly, bemoaning himself as unworthy to kiss His feet, or touch the hem of His garment? and *One* only knew how often, too, this still heart had bled in secret, and these dumb lips cried with the leper and the publican, "Unclean, unclean! God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

Yes, after all, the more candid thought there had been evidence of a *little true faith*, a *spark of real grace* in his life; and that *therefore there was hope in his death*; yet, *considering* EVERYTHING, it scarcely seemed *safe* or *wise* to speak of it. Might not such a confession tend to *stumble* young converts, *lower the tone of piety*, and perhaps *confirm the ungodly in their course?* That he was gone forever, and a *great tender pity had filled their hearts, could not* CHANGE HIS RECORD; that WAS AS IT WAS. And as such things had befallen in life, it was *meet now at death to hold their peace, make no parade of his piety*, dwell no longer on his frailties; but let the evil and the good die together, and both be interred with his bones.

This course would at once be more considerate toward the dead, and *safer for the living.* So they reasoned; but a quaint, impulsive old sister, Eppy H., believing that the *prey was escaped and Satan foiled*, and not knowing, or not sharing in their scruples, exclaimed in a tone of mingled relief and triumph:

"He's safe at last. Poor, blundering Joe's safe home at last!"

Some demurred at this *decided, outspoken* verdict on *so perplexing a case;* but the majority, who had watched the *long struggle with the powers of darkness, agreed with Eppy.* "The 'wood, hay, stubble' has perished," they said. "The *builder has 'suffered loss,'* but the foundation being sure, he himself is saved '*yet so as by fire.*'"

To this, most silently assented, or fervently said amen; and even the more cautious ventured to add:

"We hope the same. We do not *know.* We judge him no longer; but we hope it is well with Joe. We will hope to meet him in heaven—*hope* and *trust till we go and see.*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Better is a neighbor that is near, than a brother far off."

How long the T.'s resided in Virginia is not known; but their next removal was to Western Pennsylvania, then almost a wilderness; much of it still inhabited by Indians, and abounding with game. This was an arduous undertaking—a journey over newly-cut, almost impassable roads, and through dense forests and rocky defiles, where lurking Indians or savage beasts might at any time appear to dispute the way. The road lay through much fine scenery, both grand and beautiful; but the travellers were too much occupied with their own thoughts of the past and the future, and with caring for the safety of their goods and little ones over the dangerous route, to pay much heed to it. They did, however, observe the great height and size of many of the trees, and note that some of the gorges they passed through were so deep and thickly shaded that they saw the stars shining brightly at noonday.

Their destination was that part of "Redstone Settlement"

now known as Fayette County, Pa., though it and some adjacent counties were then claimed also by both Maryland and Virginia. They arrived safely, and stopped first at a farm bordering on J——'s Creek, and some four or five miles from B——, then a straggling hamlet of ten or twelve log-houses. But their stay here was brief, owing to circumstances of which they were ignorant at the time of locating, and over which they had no control. This J—— farm was one of the oldest and best improved in that settlement—fertile, well watered, comfortable double cabin dwelling-house, several fields pretty well cleared, etc. The owner was not a resident, but travelled as surveyor, Indian trader, or some such business, and rented his property.

One morning early a stranger knocked at their door, and inquired for Mr. T. On being admitted, he spent no time on the weather or other generalities, but remarked that having heard a new settler had arrived and taken the J—— farm, he had felt it a duty to come and communicate some facts on the subject that he felt sure had been kept in the background when he bargained, and that the owner would not care to have known. Mr. T., in some surprise, told him the bargain seemed well enough—neither more nor less fair than was usual between strangers, and asked what he thought there was amiss in the business. The other replied, that to his certain knowledge there were old claims, back rent, etc., connected with the estate to a large amount, and it would be required of whoever was found occupying it on reckoning day, and, as a friend, advised him (T.) to have nothing to do with it either as purchaser or renter, but remove forthwith if he did not wish to be a ruined man—get away speedily too, somewhere, anywhere, so it was not there.

The kind messenger's tidings proved to be correct on every point, and threw the newly arrived into great commotion. They were strangers, unacquainted with the country and

the people, knowing no one to apply to—roads strange, and deep with mire and slush, health precarious, the weather inclement, and, above all else, the season to work in so short; for it was now near the last of December—only one week till reckoning day. Mrs. T. was equally concerned with her husband at the evil turn of affairs that seemed likely to make them homeless in the midst of winter, or ruin them if they remained; but, pale and ailing, with her small children round her, she was little fitted to buffet storms of any kind, whether of life or the elements, and could only hope and wait; while Mr. T., prompt and energetic, prepared himself as best he could for the exposure, and, mounting his best horse, set forth at once to see what could be done.

But not a house of any description could be found. Very few, even of the first settlers, had as yet gotten more than a small cabin for themselves, and consequently had no room for others; and after looking and inquiring that neighborhood through in vain, he started out through the forest to visit another settlement lying some miles further south. On reaching it and making known his errand, he was directed to two of the oldest and wealthiest citizens, Deacon James and Deacon Young, as most competent to aid and advise him in his search.

To these he came—gave name, occupation, abode, and stated his case fully. He was an entire stranger: they had never seen or heard of him before; yet so persuasive was the "plain, unvarnished tale," seconded by the frank, manly bearing of the narrator, that their sympathies were quickly enlisted. They comprehended and appreciated the situation immediately, and cordially promised to assist him in escaping from the snare. But here the old dilemma rose: neither of them possessed a vacant house, nor was there one to be heard of. Said the deacons, "We will go with our teams and assist in bringing your goods and family if you

can find a roof to shelter them." But no amount of careful search could discover what did not exist. "But I *must move somewhere*, and that speedily," said Mr. T. decidedly, "for the last week is going fast." "Aye, aye," cried wiry Deacon Young, "there is no time to lose. Four days more and that rascally agent will be on you for a pretty sum. Come at all events. Here is my first cabin,* a cow-house now; but we will turn *them out*, clean it well, and as it has a good roof, chimney, and floor, you can stow your goods away in it, and manage to live some way a few weeks."

There was no alternative; so, thankfully accepting the offer, he hastened homeward to make ready for the transit and acquaint Bessie with the arrangements. Probably she had gained more philosophy, religion, or both, than she could boast when her want of fortitude drew down on her head the contempt of her sturdy Virginia cousin, for there is no tradition of tears or murmurs this time.

Early next morning the new friends prepared to fulfil their part of the engagement, and as there was a little snow, and no end of mud, wheels were vetoed and large sleds substituted. When about half the distance was passed, Mr. J.'s sled broke down. This seemed very unfortunate, causing trouble and delay when time was so precious; but it did more than that: the owner, a timid, superstitious, though kind-hearted man, looked on the accident as a bad omen, if not a positively forbidding providence.

"Now, Deacon Y.," said he, "it may be these new-comers are bad kind of people, that we ought not to bring into our neighborhood, and I mean to go back."

"Nonsense, brother J.; why, what are you talking about!" exclaimed the other, "did we not both think the man looked

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* This goodly mansion had no glass in the windows, and no door, except as a bullock's hide was hung up and nailed fast at the top, to form that useful appendage.

like honesty itself, and say his story was as straightforward and open as the day?"

But no persuasion or rebuking was able to revive his charity or restore his courage, and gathering up his disabled vehicle, weak-kneed like himself, home he went. Deacon Young was a different character every way. He was bold, ardent, hasty; quick to resolve, prompt to execute, with fear and caution alike unknown. The reverse of good, meek brother J. in everything only kindness of heart toward others, and in this he equalled him, and added the *strong* and *willing hand* to *help*, of *more worth* than much *idle feeling*. Giving his retreating ally a grim, contemptuous smile, he cast omens and old wives' fables to the winds, and like a brave knight, pushed on to finish the adventure alone: nor rested till all was safely transferred, and the strangers made secure and comfortable on his own premises. Nor did his kindness cease then; he was about erecting a building of large size (for that day), and to the stranger he gave the contract, though his industry and skill were both unproved, and also introduced him to other persons of influence as one worthy of their acquaintance and patronage.

"The first settlers, by merely building a cabin and raising a crop, however small, were entitled to 400 acres of land, and a pre-emption right to 1,000 acres more adjoining the first grant."* But this golden opportunity had passed. Many persons had secured not only the 1,400 acres, but several additional tracts, and though there was comparatively little land cleared and under cultivation, *all* was claimed. Mr. Young owned a large amount too, and sold his new friend some 600 acres at a fair price, saying he had only taken up so much that he might have neighbors to his mind, by selling only to proper persons. As soon as the spring opened Mr. T. began to improve his new pur-

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* "Doddridge's Notes," p. 99.

chase, and by mutual agreement only worked on his patron's building when it suited him. In those days erecting a house was no great affair, and he being an excellent workman, soon had as comfortable a dwelling as his neighbors, if not better. And then came moving day—the first busy, happy day in the new house on the new farm. This locality and the scenery destined to surround them through life, and by its subtle, yet potent influence, leave a lasting impress on the minds of their children, deserve a passing notice.

The new home—homely, but fresh, sweet, and cosey—stood in a little valley, scarcely a stone's throw from the mountain's base, and sheltered from wind and storm by its mighty wing. A tract of rising ground, two or three fields cleared and cultivated, formed the background, and sloped gently away toward the northwest. Elsewhere dense, unbroken forest prevailed, and easterly, as far as the eye could reach, with their dark, lofty pines, beetling cliffs, gloomy caverns, solitude and silence, rose in changeless grandeur the everlasting hills. A broad stream, whose cold, pure waters, stolen from many a deep ravine, solemn cave, and hidden fountain among the far, untrodden heights, rolled by the door, winding its shady course through thick-clustering laurels, birch, and alder ; while stately spruce and hemlocks towered above, their gray stems gleaming through their drooping boughs, that bent over and kissed its waves. Now, deep and still, it glided by without a sound ; now softly warbled over silver pebbles and golden sand ; anon broke into loud murmurs, and dashed and foamed along its rocky bed, and leaped and plashed in many a sparkling jet and fair cascade. But deep or shallow, swift or slow, with sound or silence, in sunshine or shadow, *always beautiful!* A joy, a blessing, a heritage in thyself! Sweet, changeless streamlet ; free, peerless Redstone.

CHAPTER XIX.

"The hot wind like a sower sows the ground with sparkling red.

. . . . . .

And the bellowing deer and the hissing snake,
What a swirl of terrible sounds they make."

"Old friendships, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Can ne'er lose their sweetness to me."

The family comfortably settled, its head turned with new vigor to the more arduous business of erecting his mills, working early and late with unflagging zeal, and being obliged to make one or more trips over the mountain for nails, iron, bolting-cloths, etc., that could not be obtained nearer.*

Once before they were entirely finished, he came the second time near losing all, and, singularly enough, Mr. Young was again his deliverer. The weather was exceedingly warm and dry, and Mr. T. was from home working on some building in the vicinity. While thus occupied he was surprised to see the deacon galloping toward him, leading another horse at his side. Hailing distance gained, he called aloud, "Paul, there's fire in the mountains! moving straight on your house and mills!" Before the sentence was hardly finished, the empty saddle was filled, they were gone like the wind. Three miles lay before them, but it was quickly passed, and a scene of terrific grandeur met their view. The flames were leaping from shrub to shrub, from tree to tree, like things of life. The summit of the *last* hill was one vast sea of fire, and at its foot lay his home—his all. Nothing could withstand its fury; everything — green and dry — was perishing in its

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* Being a carpenter and millwright by trade, he of course did the wood-work himself, but he also chose and cut the stones, and, in short, did almost everything himself.

deadly breath. It left the earth black and smouldering, sprang on the undergrowth like a "fiery dragon," darted as lightning on the tall pines, and streamed and waved from their lofty tops like blood-red banners.

And on, on, crackling, trampling, rushing, crashing, roaring, on it came. And where, meanwhile, was the settler's wife, the delicate, timid little wife and mother? Cowering in the cottage, clasping her babes to her bosom, or, her post wholly deserted, flying wildly with them to the settlement for help and safety? No, all alone with her three children they found her toiling on the mountain's verge, panting, glowing in the heat and smoke, struggling with all her feeble powers to turn back the advancing foe. The men flew to her aid. Happily they knew what plans were best, and how to lay and execute them, and the effect of their strong, well-directed efforts was soon visible. Huge rows of leaves and other combustibles were raked toward the summit, no sooner formed than ignited, and soon great chains of counter-fires were seen all along the hill-side, raging and blazing up the steep to meet the descending flames. In that day neighbors were few and widely scattered, and whether any of them saw the trouble and arrived in time to aid does not appear; but finally after herculean exertions the danger was over, and, utterly exhausted, they sank down to rest, thank heaven, and congratulate each other.

And the T.'s ever after looked back with grateful hearts to this day when a mightier power than theirs had said, "Thus far, and no farther!" and the fiery waves were stayed, and considered this escape as one of the most signal mercies of their lives. Very soon after this, the mill property that had been nearest destruction received the finishing touches and went into operation. The saw-mill was much needed in the community, and did well, but the grist-mill was the great success. People came from far and near with their loaded wains, those from Green County and other

distant points taking lodgings with the miller, and waiting for their flour two or three days sometimes, as others would be in before them, and each must take his turn. This was said by old pioneers to have been the first * grist-mill erected in Western Pennsylvania. And once a travelling artist seeking and sketching the picturesque, among many other wild and beautiful views in Fayette took this and the surrounding scenery, and entitled it, "First Mill west of the Alleghanies."

The T.'s were the parents of eight children. Two died in the East in infancy, and two of the later children bore the lost ones' names. Four—one girl and three boys—accompanied them to the West, and the two youngest children, Rose and Elza, were veritable backwoods girls, and drew their first breath from the pure mountain air on the banks of the Redstone. The parents, careful and troubled about many things, and contending with all the disadvantages and privations of frontier life, found little time to bestow on the less essential matters of taste. So that when the little daughters were able to toddle out and look about them, they found the kitchen-garden still monopolizing the whole plat, to the exclusion of all the flowery tribe. One sweet May day, the youngest pet, little Elza, playing on a sunny slope beyond the garden, came running in with her hands full of dandelions and five-finger blossoms, and with pride and joy spread them before her mother. The maternal heart responded at once. Smiling appreciatively on the weedy bouquet, she said to her husband, "The child positively suffers for flowers. I must have some immediately." And that very afternoon, with the little "sufferer" at her side, she started on her mission.

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* This statement has, however, been disputed; but if not the first, it was certainly among the first; and that settlers came to it from miles beyond the Cheat and Monongahela Rivers is a well-known fact. Some of these stated that they had come thirty miles.

Down a shady path, a mile and a quarter to the south, Mrs. A., the schoolma'am, lived. This lady had much piety, unusual intelligence, a great love for sound doctrine, and (just here we may add, as she will not be mentioned again) as great a horror of free-thinking. One or two semi-atheists she contended with, both verbally and by writing, and oft-times she entreated them that, if determined to hold fast their errors, they would at least abstain from bringing up their sentiments before her children, and also from disseminating them among others of the young and unestablished in their little community. But in spite of her utmost care, some seed was sown that perished not with the sowers, but went on flourishing and bearing fruit when they were gone and forgotten. Thus the faith of some was undermined. Many a dark doubt sprang up, and the cross, the sinner's only hope, the sweet story of the cross learned at a teacher's and a mother's knee, became to some only a cunningly devised fable and an idle tale. Ah, truly, "the evil that men do lives after them," but where its baleful influence ends, eternity only can disclose.

But to return. For this good lady, this "defender of the faith" in the wilderness, so pious and useful, Mrs. T. had a great regard; and as they had oneness of sentiment on this most important subject of all, *religion*, and sympathy on many minor points, a close friendship had gradually grown up between the two.

Mrs. A. was, for that day, a great florist too—had more shrubbery, bulbs, etc., around her than twenty other gardeners could boast; and it was to her home that Bessie and wee Elza bent their steps that pleasant May day. School was in session that spring, but as much of the afternoon was given to plain sewing, knitting, netting, etc., visitors gave little interruption. So these were welcome; and while Elza observed her new surroundings, scanned the many strange faces, and made friends with the spotted kitten, and old Trim, the house-dog, the elders discussed neighborhood

affairs, the last funeral, the four-days meeting expected in June (if the preacher arrived), and the prospects of the church and community generally. After supper, all sallied forth into the garden, and flags, lilies, peonies, and rose-bushes were lifted and given with a liberal hand. This rose was not so laminated as many, but was of most brilliant hue and fine fragrance, and the buds were exquisite. It was the children's first sight of a rose-tree, and they went out with their mamma to see it, and all, planted; noticed with infantile interest the different forms and colors of the several varieties of plants, with their variously shaped roots; watched the disposition of each in the fresh mould, and laughed, and skipped with delight around their first flower-bed. What other roots and slips were given is not known, but these four varieties flourished long and well—too long and well to be passed by and forgotten. Through all the long, checkered years of the parents they lived and bloomed, and lived and bloomed when they were dead. They lived and bloomed for the children who in infant glee first watched their opening buds; and when they, too, grown old and full of days, had left the stage, these lived and flourished still, and year after year blossomed above their heads, and dropped their petals on their graves. And there and elsewhere they grow and bloom to-day, green and strong, though a hundred years have rolled away since first they unfolded their beauties and shed their perfume over the wilds of the West.

One great source of regret to Bessie in her home in the wilderness was the absence of the feathered songsters, familiar to eye and ear from infancy. Here the soft warble of the blue-bird, the one refrain of the robin, pewee, and killdeer, never greeted her ear; and she listened and longed in vain for the lingering "notes of linked sweetness" of the (cat) mocking-bird. That dear, fussy, cheerful little housewife, the wren, never flitted around her door by day, nor the sad whippoorwill by night. She never saw the joyous swallow

twittering beneath the eaves, nor the gay red-bird flashing through the pines. The cheerful strains of the lark, song-sparrow, martin, etc., were never heard. No, for these, with the thrush, red-wing, dove, finch, and "the whole tribe of singing birds were yet beyond the mountain: while the wild turkey, buzzard, owl, raven, and woodpecker were almost the only winged denizens of the forests."

Several years had now elapsed since the T.'s advent to the West; but family cares, misfortune, success, distance, time, everything alike, had failed with Bessie to chill her heart or efface the recollections of the past. Though too kind and true a wife to allow her feelings to hinder her duties or discourage her husband, her memory was very often reverting to bygone scenes, and her soul sorely longing for the old-time faces and long-broken circles of Essex and Hampshire. Mr. T. was proverbially self-controlled and reticent, and especially so as to his own sentiments and affairs; so whether he at all partook of his wife's homesickness is not known.

One day in the spring or early summer of 17— a neighbor called, and after some desultory chat, mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Long (two old acquaintances in the East), and carelessly added, "They're in the West; are over at Esq. Long's now." The listener broke forth into exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

"Indeed! Is it possible! When will they be here? When did they come? I will be so glad to see *any one* from *Essex!*" etc.

Presently he began again, slowly and cautiously: "Mr. and Mrs. R.—*i. e.*, Rowland Robinson and wife—thought—of coming—too. They talked—about—it. Will come—some time—soon."

At last, after much circumlocution, he slowly gave her to understand that this long-lost brother—the only near relative she had on earth—had *really come* with the Longs,—

was in the neighborhood—would be with her that *very day!* * This person had been sent on to apprise and prepare her for the meeting, and this was well; for, as it was, she was almost overcome. They came in soon after: brother, sister-in-law, old neighbors, new neighbors, and all; and after the first tender emotions, the tears, and embraces were over, a reunion and jubilee were held such as the wilderness had seldom seen.

But precious as this visit was, every moment golden, to the hungry, longing soul of the loving sister, there are few records of it now. Doubtless there were a world of recollections recalled: old friendships; long-past scenes; early days revived and lived over; the cares and duties of the present considered together; the hopes and fears of the future confided to each other. But it passed, this blissful season passed away, as all others must; and very sadly they bade each other adieu—a last adieu, for Bessie never met them, nor any of her early friends, again on earth. And she used to say, when speaking of such cases, and of this one in particular, "That she had never decided in her own mind which was the greater, the joy of meeting or the pain of parting."

Some mementoes of that long-past visit have descended to this age; among the gifts to the children was a needle-cushion for Elza's work-box; and though its rich satin covering is worn and moth-eaten, and its gay embroidery frayed and tarnished, it may still be seen. Another was a hamper of delicious apples from the "old plantation"; a welcome treat to those who had scarcely seen one for years. Bessie saved the seeds very carefully, and fearing to trust them in the open ground, planted them in a pot. When fairly started, they were transferred to the garden, and at the proper

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* It was to this uncle and aunt that Elza wrote (or rather printed) a letter when almost a babe.

time removed to the place prepared for them. There they throve, and grew to a goodly orchard, that has blossomed and borne for five generations; and haply, generations yet to come may rejoice in its fruitfulness, and rest in its shadow.

CHAPTER XX.

"No sluggish soul to leaden dullness wed."

"Hourly the shadow creeps, nearer, still nearer!"

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death not divided."

CORDELIA'S—the eldest daughter—health had been rather delicate from infancy, and now, at twelve years of age, had for some time been perceptibly declining. Their family physician honestly told them that his medicine was doing no permanent good, and it was of little or no use to continue it; and recommended a journey to Bedford Springs—a great resort for invalids at that day. This order it was by no means easy to obey; the father's business was urgent, demanding his constant care; the mother's duties, as every mother knows, were endless; and then, carrying the sick seventy or eighty miles, with no public conveyance, was not what such a trip would be at present. But paternal solicitude overcame all obstacles, and they reached the place safely, and placed their charge where she could test the full virtues of the waters, and have the best medical aid. After some time and due examination of the symptoms, the doctor informed them that their "child's case was incurable. Her lungs were seriously diseased; she could never be well, nor much better, though she might linger for some time, possibly years." This was heavy tidings for the tender, anxious parents; and, with sad hearts, they turned homeward again,

having gained little or nothing by the journey but the blighting of their hopes. . . . .

All the T. children possessed strong, vigorous minds, and most of them much ideality. These were ever admiring the grand and the beautiful in nature, and even when small, with chalk or keel, pen or pencil, *anything* that would trace a line, essaying to imitate what struck their fancies most; while many a strong, though unpolished period and flowing rhyme gave evidence of the teeming thoughts within. At three years of age, Elza wrote a letter to an aunt in the East,—wrote without aid from any one,—and it was inclosed with her mamma's, and gave much amusement to all, and about the same time she drew a bouquet with ink, that was considered very ingenious indeed. The parents looked with some surprise and pleasure on the pursuits and tastes of their family, but appear to have taken no very active measures to cultivate or encourage them; in fact, there was very small opportunity for cultivation of any kind. Most of the district schools of that period scarcely deserved the name; sometimes they were held three months in the year, or two months, sometimes not at all; and when open, were not unseldom conducted by those who had no great store of knowledge themselves, and less skill in communicating it to others. Books were very scarce and dear; a common family library usually consisted of a Bible, psalm-book, almanac, perhaps two or three primers and spellers, and possibly an old dog-eared arithmetic. But no works of general interest; no newspapers, or periodicals of any kind, and some had no books at all, not even a Bible. A letter written during this "dark age," this famine of literature, to another State was recently read, wherein the writer asks the loan of a religious book; "alleging that it could not be bought or borrowed in Western Pa.," says: "Send it by the bearer of this letter, and I will return it in the same way." Only think of sending three hundred miles to *borrow a small*,

well-worn volume! But despite adverse circumstances, some minds will rise superior to them, can not be held in sloth and darkness, and of this order was Rowland's, the eldest son of the T.'s. While many of his playmates were growing up in contented ignorance, gay and indifferent; as the mothers complained, "never looking in a book when out of school, and forgetting during the long vacations all the little they had learned,"—he was entirely different. Never devoted to play, thoughtful beyond his years, reading and study were not his task, but his delight; a hard lesson, a very knotty problem, he grappled with the keenest zest. This trait in his nature, this pleasure in meeting and overcoming obstacles, manifested itself even in infancy, and one of his first aspirations was to be a mighty climber; and such an adept did he become, that while yet a small boy, it was his boast, "that he had never seen the tree he could not climb." There was one mate, Luke Wallace, nearly or quite as active as himself, and together, or alone, they roamed the forest,* gathering wild fruit, chasing small game, but above all else seeking "hard trees" to conquer; a common one, with an average amount of limbs and knots, was quite beneath their notice. But once the all-conquering heroes lost their laurels. On a bright October day, when most of the leaves had fallen, Luke called on his friend, and with a dejected air said: "Rowland, yesterday I found the hardest tree you ever seen in your life."

"Oh, I reckon not," said Rowland, nonchalantly.

"Yes, but I did. *Too hard* a one; we can't git up it never."

"Pshaw! I'll warrant I'll go up in no time," returned the valorous knight. "Where is it? Where is it? Just tell me that."

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* He also gathered ginseng of his own accord, and sold it for his own pocket-money.

"Why, Rowland, you can't git up at all, I tell you ; I tried it all 'round, and it's no use to go ag'in."

"Now, Luke Wallace," cried Rowland, excitedly, "you know as well as me, that I *always do get up somehow*, and I'm a-goin' up this one. Where is it, I say?"

"You can't, you can't ; and it's away off in Morton's woods, too," said Luke.

"Well, who cares for that? I'd go if 'twas twice as far. I'm off now."

And away they ran. A mile and a half were nothing to their nimble feet, and presently they brought up at the foot of a gigantic *honey locust*, fenced round, bristling at every point with its myriad spears and frowning defiance on the two midges at its foot. The bold little mountaineer stood aghast at this formidable spectacle. Never had he imagined so perverse a growth. Put hand or foot where he would, a thorn was ready for him, to scratch, and jag, and tear. It seemed the very porcupine of vegetable creation. After a careful reconnoissance on every side he was forced to consider his far-famed agility vain ; and with self-confidence and pride much abated, retired from the field in disgrace, followed by the triumphant laugh, and "I told you so ; I told you so," of his companion.

As he grew older his love for reading increased more and more, and by his thirteenth or fourteenth year, he had read nearly every book that could be found in the settlement, old or new, grave or gay. But each new idea gained only made him wish for more ; every fresh view of science or literature only intensified the desire to take a still broader view ; and, at length, with his parents' concurrence, he resolved to follow his inclination and commence a course of study. An English grammar, a lexicon, geography, gazetteer, and two or three volumes of ancient and modern history were among his first purchases ; and, aided by his father, he began them immediately, studying at night and in leisure hours, for business was not neglected.

Wherever he went a book generally accompanied him, that every spare moment might be improved. At the mill he always kept one or more books, and often continued grinding and reading long, sometimes till two o'clock in the morning. Here he was frequently forced into involuntary recreation by neighboring lads who thought the mill a famous place for loafing; and on a rainy or idle day would saunter round for hours, jumping, wrestling, pitching quoits and such like, making study impossible, and sorely trying their young host's politeness and patience.

Whenever he had fully mastered a subject, he bought books on a new one, and went through them till he understood that also. What time was spent on these preparatory studies is not known; but at length the self-imposed task was finished, and for the first time he left home in search of a teacher.

He went to L——, and, with several divinity students, placed himself under the care of Dr. P., a Presbyterian clergyman of note, and applied himself to languages and whatever else was necessary to a liberal education.

His library, now of respectable dimensions, was mostly left behind him while at L——. This was an annoyance to his mother, for she felt it incumbent on her to preserve his treasures carefully, and this was not so easy among several active little people with busy fingers, not always clean. On one of his home visits she said, half reprovingly:

"Rowland, you really ought to lock up your nice books before you leave again, for these children are turning through them half the time, and will soil them, I daresay."

"Why, mother," replied the kind, unselfish brother, "they can get the books as often as they wish to read. That is what I want them to do. Read, children, all you choose, but do not soil or turn leaves down; keep them nicely, but learn all you can before I take them away."

They were by no means loth to follow this advice, but

read almost every leisure minute, by night and day, and thus obtained a general knowledge, not only of all the best English authors, but of classical literature while yet very young. And what they read they understood and retained. Rose and Elza delighted especially in poetry, and could quote many of the finest passages, ancient and modern, from Homer, Horace, and Virgil, down to Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, and Young, quoted them often (at threescore), pages on pages that they had learned from Rowland's books when little girls.

. . . . . .

The medical opinion respecting Cordelia's case proved correct; health never returned, though the final blow was deferred for a season. She grew up pale and spiritual-looking, fair and fragile as a flower; yet suffering little pain, and often assisting in the lighter household duties, and occasionally riding or walking out. Much of her time was passed in reading and meditation, and in writing her own thoughts and those of others.

While her companions, gay and buoyant, were "rejoicing in their youth," and seeking after pleasure, she never joined their merry circle, but when they visited her she entertained them cheerfully, and listened smilingly to their bright plans and girlish dreams of *coming life*, but added none of her own, well knowing that for *her* there was *no future here.*

Sweetly resigned to the Master's will, her days glided calmly and noiselessly by. Seemingly there was only "peace and safety"; but all knew it could not last. The friends, the invalid herself, felt that though silent and unseen, the dark angel was ever hovering near their threshold.

While still going out, an old neighbor, Mr. Broadleigh, died, and Delia and her father were to attend his funeral on horseback. Mrs. T. was not going; but while her daughter made ready for this, her last ride, sat by sadly musing, while looking on and watching her, as standing before the

glass, she dressed her hair, plaiting and winding the dark braids in graceful coils, and finishing with a knot of crimson ribbon, donning her richest dress, and ordering her whole toilet with taste and care.

The mother's heart bled at the sight. "Alas!" she sighed, "how soon must her dress be the shroud; and the fair face and bright hair be hidden in the dust!"

Ever mindful of her child's chief good, and fearing that she might be indulging thoughts unsuited to her situation, or in some degree be clinging to scenes so soon to know her no more, she impulsively exclaimed:

"Oh, Delia! do not mind such trifles. Do not think so much about your dress. You are going to a funeral, and remember the next in our neighborhood may probably be your own."

What reply was made is not known; but the prediction proved true. Only a few days, and near the old man's mound appeared another, and beneath it slumbered the maiden of seventeen. Though so long expected, the end came at last unawares. It was a day in midsummer, and the invalid, seemingly about as usual, sat at her little table copying a religious poem, while Mrs. T. sat near her very busy, and much hurried with her sewing. Seeing her daughter apparently so strong and comfortable, she remarked:

"Delia, if you feel able to sit and write so long, could you not sew a little for me?"

And she replied, playfully, yet meaning it:

"Oh, no, mamma; it's much easier to write than sew; indeed, I can not help you much, if any, *to-day*."

Her mother said no more, but excused her at once; and she went on with her writing for an hour, perhaps; then put it by, and lay down to rest awhile. But she never resumed it; for growing suddenly worse, she left her bed no more, and died the next day. Perfectly rational to the last,

and fully conscious of approaching fate, she awaited it with Christian resignation and singular calmness and courage for one so young. Half reclining on her pillows, she *herself noted every change;* and with her *own* transparent *fingers* on *her pulse, watched* and *followed* the life-current slowly retiring to its source.——A short time after Delia's death her brother, Ethan, was taken ill with a painful and lingering disease, induced, as the doctor supposed, by undue exposure at school, in excessive bathing and swimming, the water being too cold, and the time spent in it much too long for safety. But whatever the cause, the malady baffled all medical skill, and, after many months of great suffering, he too died, aged thirteen years, and was buried beside his sister.* Poor Bessie, trembling and shrinking beneath repeated strokes, felt like one of old, "I sink in deep waters; all his waves go over me."

As already recorded, early ties had long been sundered; all old and cherished associations swept away; and now, *that*, for which she had suffered so much and forsaken all, her precious, her *own* fireside ring, had again and again felt the "breaker's wand," till from many a broken link the perished gems had fallen. Of her own household band four were not. She was in bitterness for her first-born,—for all; yet, in the midst of her sorrow, she felt that her cup was not unmixed. Consolation mingled in its depths; for was not He who had "fixed the bounds of her habitation," and appointed all her losses and trials, also her Maker, her Saviour, her Father, and Friend? Had He not given countless blessings, led her all her life long, and, above all else, given her a sweet hope of immortality beyond this changing

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* Like Timothy, this dear boy had, "from a child, known the Scriptures." Once, during his illness, while reading, or musing, on Phil. iii., he was heard murmuring: "Yes, 'tis dross, and dung; I count everything but dross and dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him," etc.

scene, and of blessed reunion with those she wept, where death and parting were unknown? for she had never yet been called to bear the untold agony of "mourning without hope." Of her babes, recalled e'er they had learned to lisp her name, none could doubt; and of those removed at a later period, so blameless had they been in life, so patient under suffering, so peaceful in death, so solemn and devotional were the sentiments found among their private papers,* that she could not but believe that grace had touched their hearts, and robbed death of all his gloom and terror. And that, though too young and timid to speak much of their experience, or as yet present their names to the church below, they were already known in that above, and written in the "Lamb's book of life." So, sorrowful and yet rejoicing, the mother gave them back to the Giver, and went softly on her way to fulfil the duties left, and gratefully prize the mercies still hers. But the lost ones were never forgotten. Through all after-years she spoke of them, and loved them still; and many a memento was kept and cherished in remembrance of those brief, sweet lives. Among other things, there was a tree that Ethan had planted, and watered, and tended with boyish pride, and still watched its increasing strength and vigor with care, while his own was passing away. Unlike its owner, it knew no early blight, but lived, and throve, and season after season grew taller and stronger. And through all its long history, while branch, trunk, or root remained, it bore his name, and was called, even by new generations, "Ethan's pear-tree."

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* Both copied many hymns, and also added serious thoughts of their own, in prose and verse.

CHAPTER XXI.

Sweet spring of life, of hope, and joy,
  Of careless mirth and glee;
From after-years, corroding cares,
  And sad experience free;
Oh! could'st thy sunny season last,
  How blissful life would be.

"What are these, so withered and so wild in their attire?
. . . . . .
Whither have they vanished? . . . . Would they had stayed."

But all the early hardships and trials of the family were passed before the younger children were born; and of the later griefs they knew little or nothing, being too small to understand them. So, quite unshadowed by any sad, depressing influences, they grew free and light-hearted as the fawns on their native hills. Population was still sparse; and as almost every settler held a large tract, much of it still covered with deep forests, the few roads and bridle-paths were peculiarly dark and forbidding to the very young; and thus the children of each family were in a great measure thrown on each other for amusement and companionship. The little T.'s were no exception to this rule (especially the girls), for Fred often engaged in wrestling and romps with the mill-boys. No rosy urchin in all the land was blessed with finer health or more buoyant spirits than he, and unlike his elder brother, Rowland, none did, or could, have had a more unbounded, irrepressible love of play. It was even hinted by some that he loved *it* better than *work*, but that is only tradition. His sisters, Rose and Elza, were ever at his side, and being the eldest, and naturally fond of pre-eminence, he was the acknowledged leader and legislator in everything; and there was no end to the quaint

games he originated, the whimsical laws he promulgated, and the penalties he annexed. But there was one game (taught by some of the old wives of the neighborhood) so *outre* that it might not be amiss to describe it. It was called, "*Whistling for the Witches,*" and was played in this way: The company all formed in a circle around the broad hearth, seated according to their ages, and at a given signal, the eldest gave a low whistle ; then the next eldest, and so on, till all had performed ; then the first one whistled again, and so on ; and this was repeated over and over. And if all the rites were observed with due decorum, the witch, lurking in some convenient cranny in the back wall, or up the chimney, was to answer in the same key, or perhaps rather shriller ; and possibly, if they piped and peeped with sufficient zeal, would even mount her broomstick and come whisking down among them. A love of the marvellous is innate, especially in the untutored mind ; and the neighboring bairns, and the more ignorant among the grown people, listened, awe-stricken and delighted, to this and similar stories. The T. children listened, too ; and without exactly believing them, or forming any definite ideas on the subject, still keenly enjoyed the wild legends; repeated them to each other, and, as an exciting fireside game, often tried their own skill in raising the witches.

One winter's day, being left all alone, they formed the magic circle, and proceeded with their incantations. Fred, of course, commenced, and round and round, back and forth, each played (or whistled) his part for some length of time. Then, hark! What's that? All started to their feet, and staring at each other, began, "Did you hear that? What was that? How did it sound to you? Where did it sound?" as fast as their tongues could wag. There was but one opinion—all had heard a low whistle, just like theirs, and it came, all agreed, out of the back wall, or from behind it. The girls were terrified, but Fred being a brave,

sturdy little rogue, and withal something of a philosopher, calmed them down. He confessed that it "was strange; he was startled himself, but then, maybe it wasn't anything much, or it was somebody trying to scare them; guess they'd better sit down and play it over, and if there was another answer, they would all rush out like lightning, and like as not catch some boy sneaking behind the chimney." This seemed a good plan, so all resumed their seats, and recommenced the exercises. Sure enough, pretty soon there was response No. 2, and rather louder than before. On the alert for discoveries, the whole trio were out like a flash behind the chimney, but there was no one there. Round and round the house they ran, and searched, but could find nothing. They looked at each other in blank surprise, doubting what to think or do next. But presently, plucking up their sinking courage, they resolved to make one more trial still, and sift the matter if possible, and back they marched and re-formed the broken circle. This time they had performed but a very few rounds, till for the third time, the answering signal sounded still louder, and (if any difference) nearer than before. And once more, with every sense aroused, out they dashed, and looked, and searched every nook and hiding-place around, but in vain. Without, all was silence and vacancy. No sign of man, or beast, or bird appeared. Nothing seemed to move or breathe in the deep solitude but themselves. Thoroughly frightened now, they dared venture no further; but were fully convinced that they had been in communication with one of the fearful hags, or malicious elves of song and story; and solemnly joining hands, all agreed and vowed that they three would never, never more tempt the evil one, or any of his agents, by "whistling for the witches," and they resolutely kept their vow. What it was that frightened them they never discovered, nor did they ever hear it again. But as a popular author assures us, that "witches were marvellously plenty

in those days, and such events exceedingly common," they might have been there as well as any other place; but whether they really were, "deponent saith not." Doddridge says, "The belief in witchcraft was prevalent in the early settlements of the West,"—he might as well have said *everywhere*, for according to history, it was very widespread. "Nearly, if not all Christian lands had for ages, had laws for its suppression, and in all parts of Europe, persons had at different periods been tried, hanged, and burned for this (alleged) crime." Doddridge devotes an entire chapter of his "Notes," to describing the power and malice ascribed to these "Weird Sisters" in West Pa., in "inflicting strange, incurable diseases on women, children, and brutes; laying spells and curses on guns and other things. And lastly, on the 'Lords of Creation' even; for they were by no means exempt, being very frequently changed by the witches into horses, saddled, bridled, and ridden at full speed over hill and dale to their frolicks and other places of rendezvous." But they were invariably returned to their own forms and their beds before day; and many a poor unfortunate found himself so stiff and sore in the morning, from his forced double-quick marches the previous night, as to be quite unfitted for the duties of the day. There were various cases in this immediate vicinity (South Union), ascribed to this agency. One morning, Mr. J., calling on a neighbor early, found him still in bed, and complaining of general lassitude, and soreness in all his joints. His "Guid wife" hastened to explain. "Ah! Mr. J.," she said, pityingly, "poor Jack had a bout with the watches last night, and is almost worried out; must rest some to-day, as he travelled all night." Her caller had a natural "fund of infidelity" on the subject, strengthened by considerable reading and travel, but he did not dare to smile or gainsay the story; it would only have given offence, and done no good. Then there was a strange malady

among the cattle, on the H. farm, in this same district. In the evening the herd would be feeding in the meadows, seemingly in perfect health; in the morning, one would be lying dead, in the most singular position imaginable, but without the least mark of violence or symptom of disease. And this happened repeatedly, four or five times in one year, and always with exactly the same circumstances. After due examination by all the counsellors around, it was pronounced *positively* a malignant case of elf-shooting. Some of the savants professed to find the witches' bullets, that had somehow entered, and caused instant death, without leaving a mark on the surface. Mr. H., the owner, was advised to send for a wizard at once, lest he should lose his whole herd, for, singularly enough, the male necromancers were always represented as kind and useful, and using their great skill to *undo* the mischief their sisters in the "black art" had done (a likely story this, to be sure, and a fine compliment to our sex). There were also several cases of such strange and grievous disorders among the people, that the regular physicians could find no clue to their cause or cure. What others did is not known, but one (known intimately by the T.'s), having exhausted all common means, felt sure her child was possessed, or under a spell, and summoned the elders of the church, hoping that prayer and psalm might exorcise the demon.

A volume might be filled with the phases of the disease. The astonishing posturing and contortions of the patient, the knots and hoops into which the limbs, and sometimes the whole body, were thrown; the feats performed all ununconsciously; the dangers passed through like a somnambulist, all unharmed. A truthful description of the half would be incredible and will not be attempted. Eventually a witch-master thirty or forty miles distant was consulted. He, unlike the common blundering M.D.'s, understood the case, and decided on the proper treatment in a twinkling.

"The child was bewitched, and they must do thus and so, or death would soon ensue, for the *spell* was a very heavy one." He also gave directions for the treatment of the witches, describing them so as to suit almost any poor old crone in the neighborhood, and two or three haggard, homely old creatures suffered for it—found themselves looked on askance, subjected to unwonted contempt, and gruffly denied when they asked to beg or borrow any article from this family, or from most others who were having trouble of any kind. But more merciful than the New England folks, and many another polished race, the Fayette Countians never executed suspected persons, though they *did* occasionally hang one in effigy, or shoot one's *portrait* with a *silver bullet.* The T. children saw and heard all these and countless other stories much more thrilling, and though their parents discountenanced and laughed at the idea, they felt more than ever convinced that they surely *once heard a witch,* whether they ever saw one or not.

Occasionally, though rarely, the sisters left their beautiful hermitage, and went out to visit some of the children of the settlement, and a description of two or three of these trips has been handed down. One afternoon in autumn they took their way down one of those dim, shady bridle-paths before mentioned, to spend a few hours at the Sloan farm. Here there was a number of lively lads and lasses, who received and welcomed them with delight, and spared no pains to entertain and amuse them. Among mates so many and so merry, time passed quickly, and when Mrs. S. called them in to a hospitable supper at sundown, and remarked that the cows should be up for milking, the youngest saw that their charming playtime was ended, and the guests must be leaving very soon. But happily about this time a *friendly* drizzle began to patter down, and was hailed with joy by the Sloan bairns. "There, it's raining! Good! good! You can't go home!" they exclaimed. Rose, the elder

of the guests, suggested *sadly* that "it didn't rain *much*." "Oh, but it's a-goin' to," they returned. "See how black it is. There it comes now, harder and harder." And so it did, and rained more or less most of the time till dusk, though never heavily. They *must* stay all night. Nobody would punish or scold them when it was pretty wet, and they coaxed them so,—"The Sloans said," etc.

The visitors were in a strait. They had never been accustomed to going or staying without permission, and felt that the evening was not bad enough to be a sufficient excuse—hardly. "But then it did keep raining some—a little bit, anyhow. Maybe mamma wouldn't expect them, or care much." And finally the resolution of "don't go home till morning," so cordially and clamorously moved by many voices, passed, and they consented to remain.

The house of their host, like most dwellings of that day, was not a very pretentious mansion—had no great amount of spare room when all the family were congregated. So the children left it to their elders, and betook themselves to the still-house for sufficient space to carry out the various plans of the evening. That things might be done properly, the old building was subjected to considerable renovation. The barrels and casks were rolled some to one side and some to the other, and some were turned clear outside for the nonce. Benches and stools were dusted, the litter swept up, the cobwebs down, and as it had grown chilly, a wood fire was kindled that was soon blazing "broad and high," snapping and roaring hilariously, and lighting and cheering every dark, dingy nook with its glow. Many young, eager hands made but play of house-cleaning, and that finished, the sport commenced in earnest. The orchestra whistled and sung inspiringly, and beat a resounding accompaniment on an empty beer-cask or two. Some clapped their hands in approval and encouragement, and marched in time to the music. Several broke into a regular fandango, and one or

two boys, as self-elected marshals, called figures and shouted commands that nobody obeyed, and each and all laughed and chattered continuously, like a town meeting of crows or blackbirds. All was mirth and jollity, and the small carnival was progressing famously, when suddenly the door opened, and, with coat buttoned to the chin, shawls on arm, and lantern in hand, who should enter but papa T. A more unexpected or unwelcome apparition could scarcely have been imagined. It quieted and sobered the noisy, rollicking little crew in a trice, and every one felt frightened or foolish, and gazed at the floor, or looked sheepishly at his neighbor. Yet Mr. T. was no sour misanthrope, averse to innocent recreation at proper times and places; but he was naturally grave, and opposed to wild, uproarious revelry. Besides, he evidently thought there had been no very strenuous efforts made to reach home at the appointed time, and being a tolerably strict disciplinarian, all evasion of the law without a good reason met with small favor from him.

So, the meeting commenced so auspiciously was adjourned *sine die*, and the little truants, shawled and hooded, were gallanted home with a kind, yet grave and silent manner (which they well understood signified displeasure, or, at least, disapprobation) and delivered in safety to their mother, who was also somewhat displeased, for she had been expecting them anxiously for hours.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Happy childhood with its 'wished-for morrows,
And glad yesterdays.' No dark forebodings
Of the future; no sad memories of the past."

"Rosemary for remembrance, and pansies, that's for thought."

Some time after the "Still-house Party" had closed in disgrace, the two sisters were sent on another visit. On a

green hillside, three miles or more west of the T.'s, and directly on the road to M——, the H.'s had located. Mrs. H. was a distant relative, and a very dear friend of Bessie's, and it was to her house the children went. This jaunt differed almost every way from the other. Instead of a narrow bridle-path, they followed the broadest and best wagon-road, or one of the broadest and most important then laid out in Fayette. The season was not autumn, but spring, or early summer; the distance was greater, the time spent and allowed much longer.

The H.'s were serious and religious, and their family small, and mostly or wholly composed of girls. So here, though they had a very nice, pleasant time, it was by no means so gay or noisy as the former visit. There were no mates here exactly suited in size to the guests; but the two youngest girls, Hetty and Susan, of twelve and fourteen, were nearest their age, though the youngest of them was several years older than Elza. However, this discrepancy brought no alloy. They seemed to have been very happy together; but what games were played, stories told, and rambles taken, is not known, except one walk in the garden, where the visitors saw for the first time the tricolored violet (then a very rare flower). And while they hung with childish ecstasy over the bed, murmuring soft words of admiration and endearment, marking every hue, the royal purple, the blue, the gold, blended together, and softly stroking the dainty velvet petals, the smiling hostess passing by completed their bliss by telling them they should have a root of it covered with buds and blossoms to carry home and plant in their own little flower-bed.

The second day of their stay was Sunday; and though Rose and Elza had been accustomed to attend public worship from earliest infancy (probably their visiting suits were not thought suitable for church, or had become soiled in play; at all events, for some reason they were not expect-

ing to go), and on this lovely Sabbath morning were engaged with the younger sister talking and assisting her with her necessary chores, when all three were surprised by seeing Hetty, who had finished her work, coming down-stairs in her fresh, white dimity skirt and short gown, best prunella slippers and hat, with fan and kerchief in her hand, everything nearly ready for going out.

"Why," exclaimed Susan, "she's going to meeting, girls."

And Hetty replied, gently but firmly :

"I am so, of *course.*"

And go she did, leaving the three little girls to their own reflections.

Hetty H. was a prompt, industrious, careful, sweet-tempered maiden, fond of her young friends, loving to make them happy, but loving the house of God,* and the tender, solemn messages of her pastor too well to ever absent herself unnecessarily. Whoever else was absent, visiting or receiving visits, walking, riding, settling accounts, writing letters, or busied with other mere worldly matters, to while away the sacred hours and save common time, Hetty remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy, studied His Word at home, and constantly filled her place to hear it explained in public. Nor had she discovered, as some in this enlightened age have, that unpleasant weather or slight indisposition were more dangerous *far*, on Sundays, than on week-days. Oh, no, this "old-fashioned girl" innocently supposed that if the weather or ailment did not hinder work, it should not hinder worship, as God's day and service were surely of as much consequence as man's. In short, she had been taught that "religion was the chief concern"; that preparing for eternity was a business of infinitely more importance than preparing for this brief life ; but that both were duties, both divine commands that did not conflict,

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* *i. e.*, the Tent Church when it was a tent only.

and that there was a proper time and place allowed for both.

Susan was more thoughtless, or more temporizing, for, though equally well taught and trained, she was not at all unwilling to stop at home, and with smooth politeness suit the wishes or convenience of her guests.

Early in the week (bearing the promised flower roots) they returned home, and as the H.'s soon after removed to another State, the visit was never repeated; but they had a pleasing souvenir of it season after season in the ever bright, ever charming pansy for many a year.

Whether the elder sister, in all the dignity of her "three times three," and two trips to the straggling village, enjoyed these homely visits so keenly at the time, or so often recalled them afterward, is uncertain; but Elza, who had scarcely been in half a dozen different houses in all her six years, and to whom everything was new and striking, remembered both long after many far later and more exciting parties had been forgotten.

Many a time the care-worn matron would laugh when happening to think of what a terrible marplot papa was that night, stumbling in on the still-house romps; and even in old age she would sometimes mention "the day" or "the time when mamma sent Rose and me to H.'s," the walk in "the garden," the "first pansy," or something else connected with the long-past pleasure. But nothing in either jaunt impressed her so deeply, or was remembered with so much approbation as the earnest, uncompromising, and yet unobtrusive piety of the youthful Christian Hetty.

"Oh! the days we went a-gypsying,
A long time ago."

Never did Arabs, Tartars, or any other nomadic race more love their free, wild, lawless life than did these three back-

woods urchins love and revel in the fresh, glorious freedom of theirs. During the pleasant season they literally lived out of doors, rambled at will over hill and dale, and held daily and endearing intercourse with primeval nature.

The bosky-beck was a frequent and favorite resort, and while Fred fished, swam, or sailed his boats in its limpid waters, the girls would sometimes join with him, sometimes watch his sports, while they played at housekeeping on its shady banks. But often all three left it awhile for other points, and, in quest of pleasure and adventure, climbed the high hills, penetrated the glens, scaled the bold ledges, and explored the caverns. In these dimly-lighted caves, Fred, with the instincts of a boy, would be poking and peering into the holes and fissures for dens of rattlesnakes, critically examining the tufts of hair adhering to the jagged rocks, and the footprints on the sandy floor, thrilling the girls with vague hints about the strangeness of the tracks, the terrible beasts that might have made them, and when they might return. But though they often found a venomous snake in their rambles, they never saw any animal larger than a fox or ground-hog, though under cover of darkness a saucy bear sometimes ventured down to the farm-yard, and the howl of the wolf was common music at night.

But much as the children all enjoyed this gypsy life, Fred was really much more practical than romantic. In all their strolls he kept a sharp lookout for berries, nuts, and game; and though he admired the tall, grand old trees, climbed into their boughs, or sat under their shadow with delight, he could not forget that they were "my papa's big trees. What logs they will cut! What heaps and heaps of lumber they'll make when papa has them felled and hauled to our saw-mill." The sisters were different, for though they, too, appreciated all kind nature's gifts, from the aromatic wintergreen, whose scarlet berries they gathered from beneath the lingering snows of spring, to the grapes, hips and haws

of latest autumn. Yet they also possessed that inborn devotion to *herself*—that they felt all her endless charms, and noted every beautiful thing, from the loftiest pine to the tiniest moss and lowliest fern, and loved it because it was lovely. At that early day tourists were never seen, and mountain picnics and other pleasure parties quite unknown. So their sylvan haunts were seldom invaded, but year after year were filled with beauty almost for them alone. Hidden away from the rude winds of March, they found in sheltered nooks the first pale, tiny blue-caps and creep-vine, harbingers of the coming bloom. With changeful April skies came the ranunculus, forget-me-nots, and wind-flowers. In May they gathered the red and yellow lady's-slipper, the fragrant wood-pink, violets, buttercups, primroses, cowslips, and that "darling of the forest," mete for a cherub's crown, the exquisite trailing arbutus. In June, the sweet wild honeysuckle, the crimson and white calmia, the royal laurel, the delicate pipisisiway, and the unique Indian pipe. These and others in countless profusion, fresh and unsullied from the hand of the great Giver, yielded them a feast of beauty the season through, and had they been old enough to search for these then, baby Elza never need to have cried or "suffered for garden flowers."

In all his sports and plans, Fred had a most doughty coadjutor in Rose ; for he scarcely swung higher, won a race mere easily, struck a mark more surely, or ventured much farther in anything than she ; and in exploring and botanizing she often excelled him—and, like other eminent pioneers, more than one locality still bears her name as its first discoverer, as "Rosie's Great Laurels," "Rosie's Spring," etc. They knew the English or Indian names and the use of a great many plants : but of course there were numbers that they knew nothing of ; and whenever one of these was found, the curious, fearless Rose would insist that all should halt and at once use all possible means to become acquaint-

ed with it. But as Elza was three years younger, and rather cautious and timid, and Fred three years older than herself, and somewhat stubborn and indifferent, the investigation was principally left to her. And she would proceed (if not in a very scientific, at least in a very business-like manner) to examine every part, and by touch, taste, and smell, satisfy herself as to its qualities; though it must be confessed that, like other odd geniuses, she sometimes reached conclusions that common, plodding naturalists would scarcely have stumbled on in an age. For instance, one day, as they were walking in a distant clearing, they came upon a thriving tomato-vine in full bearing. Now here was a plant strange and handsome enough to stay all their steps and fill them with admiration. Here was fruit of all sizes and colors, from tiny green berries to large, ripe, mellow apples, and also buds and blossoms, and all growing on one stem. While the others stood looking on and wondering, touching gingerly and smelling cautiously, Rose had been scrutinizing stem, leaf, fruit, and flower, and now, true daughter of Eve, determined, as was her wont, to test it by taste. So, boldly snatching one of the fairest apples, she carried it to her ruby lips; but scarcely had they closed on it till she flung it from her in disgust, and, cleansing teeth and tongue with all speed, exclaimed: "The nasty thing is p'ison, *deadly p'ison.* It would *kill* us to eat one. I know, by the HORRID TASTE."

But much as they desired to, they could not live wholly in the wildwood; there was a winter to every year, rainy days in every summer, and some work that even small hands could do; and mamma, dreading idleness, strove to keep them busy with "work, books, or play." Like all kind children, they were fond of animals, and Bessie allowed them to have several pets; and as they loved freedom and pure air so much themselves, they never denied them to their favorites. Not one of them ever pined behind prison bars, or

heard of cage or wheel; but free and happy as their kindred of the forest, roamed at will. One pet was a chipmunk, with its brilliant eyes and glossy coat of black, brown, and white,—a lovely, sportive creature, that feared, or affected to fear, but one evil in life,—the cat, and with her a game of pursuit and escape was daily played, though probably as much in fun as fear. Over the round work-table, under the looking-glass, hung one of those old-fashioned, useful articles, a wall-case, with its several oval leaves of soft-pinked flannel for pins and needles, and its eight or ten gay pockets for thread, thimbles, wax, emery, etc. While gamboling round, indoors or out, no sooner did Chip espy Grimalkin approaching, no matter at how sober, unconcerned a pace, but he would dash into the room with great speed and bustle; scamper wildly across the floor, run up into a chair, and from that to the stand, from the stand to the case, and nestling safely down in one of the snug pockets, hiding all but the round ears and hazel eyes, would peer slyly down on the bewildered foe with a mingled expression of fear and triumph, shyness, bravado, and self-complacency, exceedingly droll and amusing to all but Tabby. Its charming antics won no smile from her; while the children laughed and cheered, she would only cast a sour, contemptuous glance or two on the conceited midge in its swaying air-castle, and refusing to see either wit or wisdom in the proceeding, would march slowly to her mat, and gravely washing her face, settle down to forget her annoyance in sleep. At a later period Elza had two gray squirrels. They had chambers up-stairs, and as often as the family sat down to breakfast, two pairs of bright eyes, two sets of velvet paws appeared at the stair door (just behind the table), betokening that the second-floor lodgers were astir, and calling for theirs. And the sparkling eyes would watch every motion, and the tiny hands reach down further and further, begging and coaxing for a bit of this and a taste of that, in every pretty, win-

ning way their cunning brains could suggest. It was the family pastime to cater for their wants and watch their charming table manners, sitting up with such dignity, receiving and holding their food so gracefully, and nibbling so daintily. They disliked visitors, yet not so much as to neglect their meals when any were present, but filled their perch and begged as persistently as ever. But however hungry they were, if a stranger offered to help them to anything, they would draw back with great coolness and promptly decline it, without thanks either; and if too much insisted on, would give a quick, impatient little growl, and possibly a slight nip also.

Almost every fine morning they would leap to the top of the nearest fence, and gallop away on some business of their own, to call on their backwoods cousins or something, and at sundown or before night would be seen returning by the same route, when two or three fields distant. With their bushy tails aloft, whisking in the wind, home they came rushing, glad and gay. They quite disdained the ground, seldom touched it, but invariably travelled by rail, and generally at full speed. For a long season they were the treasured household pets, but one hapless morn the pretty innocents came frisking down-stairs, leaped on to their railroad as usual, and went merrily out to spend the day, and were seen no more. Their fate was never known, but it was supposed some idle Nimrod, prowling around with his hateful gun, had made them his prey.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"These are our fellows of a lower race."

Besides wild pets of various kinds, there were several domestic ones that were held in high favor and remembered long. One was a house-dog, with delicate limbs and glossy

coat of black and brown ; an engaging little fellow, full of affection and sagacity. Though not exactly a shepherd-dog, his greatest forte was in driving and guiding stock, especially the milch cows, and so fond was he of this employment that he could scarcely be persuaded to wait till the proper time. If not busied at something else, by four o'clock P.M. he would begin to watch every motion of his mistress, start at every sound of her voice, follow her from room to room, from house to garden, wagging his tail and gazing into her face with eyes full of questioning and entreaty, and when she would say, "Turk, it is too early yet, you must wait an hour at least," he would hang his head, and with a despondent air, lie down beside her.

Pretty soon he would rise and begin coaxing again, and Bessie would repeat, "Too soon, too soon ; that hour is not half gone yet," and he would again lie down dejected. But poor Turk had never learned his tables, and could not believe it took so many minutes to make an hour, and in five or ten more would present his petition again to have it again rejected. But at last some one would say, "It is five o'clock now, old fellow ; start for your cows." And he would bound up with delight and be gone in a moment.

Often he had a mile and a quarter to go, and much woods to search through, but unlike the Jersey milk-maid, he never neglected one, black, white, red, or dun, but sought each and all. Sometimes (persons who saw him at his evening work, said) one, two, or all of the cattle would be playful or unruly, toss their saucy heads scornfully, refuse to leave the pasture, or run in the wrong direction. But if they were self-willed, their keeper was prompt and firm, and however perverse they were, by patience and perseverance he always came off conqueror, though he was frequently obliged to run fast and far, bark and growl vociferously, and even nip their heels or noses gently. But no sooner did they become docile than he would calm down too; let bygones go by, and

drive them slowly and silently along the beaten path; see them safely home in the barn-yard, and then in the sweet consciousness of duty well done, lie down to watch the milking, while he rested on the grass.

At another time, one of the family owned a dog somewhat larger than Turk, called King. He was black and white, with a broad, full forehead, a pair of large, sensible eyes, and two black spots immediately above them, called by dog-fanciers "mock eyes"; and these, with a white ring, some two inches broad, encircling his neck, gave him rather a singular and striking appearance. He was a mongrel, owning terrier, bull, and shepherd blood; and with proper training, might have been famous. As it was, he seemed to have good judgment about the worth of property, and the danger of losing it both by theft and accident; and understood a great deal that was said. Whenever his master hunted, he attended him, and gladly assisted; but did not like so well to go alone, but would when told to. His master had only to stand in the door, and pointing toward the forest, say, "King! you go to the woods and hunt a squirrel, or something." The dog would start up, look earnestly at the speaker, then glance toward the woods, then back at his master, — understanding perfectly, but lingering irresolutely, hoping he would conclude to accompany him. Then the command would be repeated, "Go on, go *yourself* and hunt." And he would start at once on a run. Very soon something would be seen, or scented, and the chase would begin; sometimes the game would be taken and fetched home, but oftener it was treed, and he would be heard ever so long barking and whining at the foot of the tree. As game was plenty, he generally found some; but whether rewarded or not, he always obeyed the order literally,—"Went and hunted."

He was exceedingly watchful; nothing transpired on the premises without his cognizance, and everything he thought

at all important was made known. One winter's night after the family had retired, they heard King barking loudly at the barn, then at their door, presently at the barn again, then between the two, as he ran back and forth. But thinking it was only some stray stock probably that had broken in, or something else that could wait till morning, no one cared to leave his warm bed to answer the summons. But as the noise went on, and on, with no sign of abatement, the master at last arose and went out. As soon as the dog espied him he bounded gladly to his side, then ran toward the barn again; looking back, barking, whining, and becoming more and more excited, the nearer they approached the stock-yard. Once there, the source of all the careful creature's disquiet was soon revealed. A small straw stack had toppled over, half burying, and completely fastening down a fine young cow in its fall. The suffocating avalanche was soon removed; but the faithful watcher's call had been neglected too long, the poor brute was entirely dead. King knew all about bringing the cows too; and did it handsomely, generally. But having a dash of true masculine independence (not to say indolence), he did not altogether approve of female government, and sometimes protested against it. This was especially the case of rainy mornings, when bidden to "go fetch the cows." Then he nearly always went slowly, and reluctantly, and if he found they were far off, the grass very wet, or the rain increasing, he would stop in some shed, or return home without them; evidently thinking that somebody might go, who could change his wet coat for a dry one easier than he. Sometimes the girls could shame and scold him into a second and successful effort; but if the master came out, and in clear, certain tones gave the order, he was *sure* to go, and attend to the business thoroughly, however disagreeable the weather. He was very generous, peaceable, and forgiving too, and needed to be, for when he first came to his

new home, he found a real step-fatherly canine in the kennel. Old Shep had long been highly prized for many good traits,—yet his temper had always been rather imperious and moody. He had no attachment for children, but some contempt ; was quick to anger, and slow to forgive. When preparing to go out, an order to "remain at home" was a three days' affront, and so on, and now age and infirmity being added to his natural ill-disposition, it was simply abominable. The round, plump, rollicking puppy, with a heart full of love and gladness, strove by every possible means to gain the favor, and live in harmony with this cross-grained creature, but almost in vain. Do what he would, the surly curmudgeon was seldom pleased. King often tried to hunt with him,—to play around him, and with him,—to lick and fondle him. But Shep generally despised his assistance, snarled viciously at his play, and sourly repelled his caresses, and often whipped him savagely, for no fault at all. Then the poor young stranger, bruised and sad-hearted, would turn away to some obscure corner, and lying down, homesick and discouraged, leave him to his own hatefulness ; but ere long—forgiving everything, and longing for companionship,—he would steal softly back to the tyrant to offer his blandishments, and again attempt to interest and amuse him by his gambols. Sometimes the old fellow would relent, and treat him decently, and even somewhat cordially for a little time, till the evil, jealous spirit suddenly returning, he would turn on him without cause or warning, and bite and cuff him as before.

But spite of all his blows and snubbing, the young one lived, throve, and rapidly approached maturity; and before Shep knew or imagined such a thing could be, he found himself no longer supreme. King was taller and broader, swifter and stronger. In everything King was first. Now was the time for revenge, when a common cur would have

enjoyed repaying with interest the insults of his helpless puppyhood. But the noble brute took no such advantage, but courteously shared bed, board, *everything* with his ancient oppressor, as though he had been his dearest friend. But all this did not satisfy the grumbling eld. Though nearly superannuated in body and mind (and a dog *has* a mind), he was just as jealous, proud, and ambitious as in youth, and could never forget his lost place and fame. Scores of times he determined to reconquer *his* world and put his rival down; and when these tempers rose it was instructive, as well as amusing, to see how earnestly King strove to quell them, and reasoned with and coaxed him to settle down without a conflict; thus many a time he richly earned a suit of drab or a medal from the Peace Society, so averse was he to war and bloodshed, so anxious to bury grudges and live in love and good-fellowship. But even his non-combativeness did not extend so far as to prevent self-defence. When all persuasion proved vain, and the old dotard rushed furiously to the onslaught, he stood like a rock to receive him; and by a few easy bites and light but well-directed cuffs, quickly bore him to the ground, and stood guard over him till he promised good behavior. Then, instantly releasing him, he would receive him back to favor, and without the least triumph or malice walk quietly away, or lie down serenely beside him, as though nothing had happened. And thus they continued, Shep pleasant one day and fiercely quarrelsome the next; King brave and strong, but peaceable, forbearing, and forgiving to his dying day.

Old Watch * was another pet, but if he ever had a babyhood none around knew when or where, for he wore a leather collar bristling with sharp spikes, and was as bold and large and black as a dog could well be when he came to N.'s a stray. He was a powerful fellow; honest and watchful,

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* Watch did not exactly belong to the T.'s, but to a near friend.

and a little odd, two or three ways. When he accompanied his new master to market or about the farm, he never ran before or behind the wagon, but always beneath it; and when it stopped lay down under it, and guarded both it and the team; and it would have gone ill with any one who had attempted to meddle with either. Then he had, by some means, imbibed a most bitter and inconsistent prejudice against every person of his own complexion; and it was more than the family could easily do to control him when a black man came to the house, or even passed along the road near by. If encouraged or permitted, he would have wounded and probably killed the unoffending creatures; for, like certain politicians and legislators, Watch sincerely believed that the colored race "had no rights that he was bound to respect." He was somewhat magisterial at home too, and kept a sharp eye on the children, especially so when the elders were away. One Sabbath morning in summer, all being absent but Barbary, a girl of eight or nine years, and Bob, the chore-boy, still younger, Watch felt himself, if not "monarch of all he surveyed," at least the oldest and wisest of the party, and marched around very pompously. Bob N. was slight and pale, with short, straight, light brown hair, thin lips, handsome teeth, a pair of shrewd blue-gray eyes, and a slender, longish nose between them. A quick, wide-awake, nimble-footed urchin, always experimenting, inquiring, and poking into everything, and as restless and inquisitive as a tame raccoon, was Bob; and on this glorious June morning, with no tasks to perform, and none to control, reprove, or repress, he felt free as an uncaged bird, and his spirits "rose amain." And while Barbie, who had been more carefully trained, sat on the porch reading her Testament, and other books suited to the day; the new boy, who as yet knew almost nothing of its sanctity, and had probably never had an opportunity to learn, played all kinds of pranks, and tried a dozen different amusements.

He hunted eggs in the old log barn and shed; drove the cows and romped with the calves; played with the kitten, chased the chickens and turkeys, and hissed at the geese. Then he rummaged the closet, and dragged a side of sole leather from its darkest corner to make a nice springy couch on the floor; after trying its softness five minutes or more, he sprang up again; a happy thought had now struck him. He would just run out and catch a young pig, for a plaything and a bedfellow. Barbary and Watch both thought this of doubtful expediency; and the former was so alarmed, that she dropped her books and ran out to bolt the gate behind him. But Bob cried out so earnestly against being fastened out, that she promised to stand by and unbar it as soon as he came with his prize. The unsuspecting piggies, plump and sleek—black, white, sandy, spotted, and speckled—lay piled one upon another in a sunny corner near, a bevy of "sleeping beauties." But the instant Bob grasped one of their number, the whole variegated, motionless heap broke into shrill cries, and disappeared in the clover in a moment. The angry mother and all her clan, flew to the rescue with hideous uproar, and rushed at him with such wide-gaping mouths, that even his nimble heels were scarcely swift enough; and Barbie ran and screamed, and Watch barked furiously. But through all the hubbub, Bob the valorous never faltered, but reached the yard in safety, banged the gate in the very jaws of the enemy, bolted it securely, and bore the small swine in triumph to his couch. But the little fellow, mistrusting his motives, or not appreciating them, rent the air with its yells, and struggled and kicked and bit with all its might, and made itself so utterly uncompanionable and disagreeable every way, that its disappointed benefactor soon lost all thought of adopting such an ungrateful, obstreperous cub, and gladly returned it to its anxious, wrathful friends.

After this conquest he rested awhile, and refreshed himself

with a bountiful lunch and a cup of cold, sweet milk, and then came the ever-recurring query of busy brains like his, "What next?"

They were still on the long porch that extended the whole length of the house, and Bob, lying on his leathern bed gazing idly up at the stout rafters and beams, suddenly thought what a famous place one of them would be to place a swing, and at once announced that he was "going to put one up."

Barbary rather timidly protested. Said "he ought never to make a swing on Sunday; and if he ought, he couldn't, for there wasn't nothing to make it of."

But he replied promptly that he both could and would find something; and going out to the shed, soon returned with all he thought necessary, and began the work.

Barbie took no part, of course, but still sat quietly reading on the coolest end of the porch, or, rather, attempting to, for every minute or two her round eyes would be glancing from her book to the unwonted scene before her.

And Watch came and sat close beside her and eyed it too. The latter had not seemed particularly amiable with Bob all day; probably thought his manners were getting too free and easy for a new-comer, especially when the grown folks were all absent; but there had been no serious rupture between them yet.

But no sooner did this swing-making begin, than he became as alert as a first-class detective; never left the spot or turned his head aside; but sitting bolt upright, dressed in his heavy suit of black, looked as grave as a judge, and watched every motion with an air of importance and suspicion laughable to see. At every creak of the boards or extra flourish of the straps and ropes he would half start from his seat, raise his bristles threateningly, or give some other token of uneasiness or disapproval.

At length the last loop was adjusted, the last knot well

tied, and the young artisan, casting a proud, fond look on his handiwork, gallantly invited Barbie to try it; and when she firmly declined, he as promptly filled it himself, and soared away toward the rafters. But with the first motion of the machine, Watch's black eyes flashed ominously, and, uttering a loud growl of disapprobation, he bounded after it, and, seizing the startled aeronaut, held him fast. Both children were frightened at first, but finding he was not hurt, only held a prisoner, they soon began to laugh at the situation, and, after some persuasion, the huge jaws relaxed, and Bob dismounted.

Pretty soon he determined to make another attempt, but was not permitted. At last Watch made a compromise. Bob might sit on his new-fangled seat if he would sit perfectly still. But not a yard, not a foot, should he swing. At the least swaying of the ropes the bristles would rise, and the great jaws close on him again like a vise.

After a deal of coaxing, quite in vain, scolding was tried, but he did not scare worth a straw. On the contrary, his hair rose a little higher, and his teeth clinched a trifle closer than before, while a new light darted from his eyes that warned him to desist.

Then he turned to Barbie, urging her to try her influence or authority.

"Call the old brute away; pet him, hold him, do anything to keep him still."

And she, seeing that boy and dog were both waxing wroth, promised to "do her best," though in her heart secretly hoping she might fail; for she, mischievous elf that she was, was so amused with the performance, that she much preferred that it should go on. To her disappointment though, he came lumbering up at her call, and, seating himself on the skirt of her dress, laid his shaggy head on her knee. But wiser than many a hero, he did not sleep there nor allow all her dallying to make him neglect

duty, but still kept a vigilant eye on Bob, who was slowly and softly sidling toward the swing again. As he re-seated himself in it, Watch raised his head, and gave a low growl that said plainer than words :

"Is that boy going to disobey, I wonder?"

Bob heard the warning note, and reminded Barbie of her promise "to keep him still," and she bade him "wait till she could," and, throwing her arms round his neck, redoubled her stroking and patting, and he seeing Bob sitting as quiet as though in his chair, making no sign of beginning the prohibited sport, smoothed his anxious brow, and seemed content. But the moment the thing was started, he broke from Barbie's custody, and, springing on the offender as before, put a peremptory stop to the proceedings. Then she called him back, blindfolded him with her hands, hugged and held him with all her strength ; and Bob leaped hastily to his perch. But only once or twice had he swayed across the floor before the Argus-eyed Watch again broke away and arrested his motions ; and Barbie ran once more and coaxed the great marplot back to her corner. But at the first movement of the swing, back he raced, growling and snapping as viciously as ever.

And so it went on, and on, till Barbie, almost forgetting "'twas Sunday," laughed till her sides ached, and Bob, too vexed to see the joke, grew cross with everything, stigmatized the dog as a "fool beast," and openly charged Barbie with aiding and abetting the enemy instead of controlling him.

At last, when about at his wits' end, a new thought suggested itself. He would shut Watch up some place. So a nice tempting ham-bone was held above his head a minute, then flung down the cellar steps, whither he quickly followed, and was fastened down in a trice. The windows were barricaded too, and then, with a ringing shout of triumph, Bob rushed back to the porch and almost flew into his long-pined-for swing.

And then, indeed, what feats were performed! How the floor shook, how the beams creaked, and the roof re-echoed with gay laughter and loud huzzas! He was a conqueror now, and no Roman general was ever prouder after a victory, or half so merry as he. But in the midst of his uproarious jollity there was a scraping, thumping sound, then a loud bang, and before they could guess that jail was breaking up, the escaped captive burst on the stage. The swing was going at its highest speed, and, without pausing for blame or blessing, Watch swept after it like a whirlwind, seized the performer in mid-air, and, holding fast, was dragged and tumbled a dozen feet by the momentum. This rough reception did not improve his temper any, of course, and he growled so fiercely and looked so dangerous that Bob was fain to alight in haste.

But having tested the excellence of his invention, he could not bear to quit it so soon, and after calming the old fellow down a little and soothing him with another tidbit or two, he attempted to coddle and cajole him into allowing a little more sport. But Watch seemed to think there had been quite enough trifling with the law, and declined all further concession with great firmness and dignity. Voice, eyes, mien, everything said in a way not to be slighted, "No more swinging to-day, sir"; and the strongest sentence in the language could not have made the case clearer, nor all the king's bench have decided it more positively. Bob scanned his countenance closely, and brave as he was, felt that it would be but foolhardiness to provoke and contend with the angry, determined brute further. So, chagrined and humiliated, he sat soberly down to meditate on his adventures and plan revenge; threatening what Watch might expect some day, when he "growed a big man."

Whether he ever took the promised vengeance on his canine friend, is not known; but he often remarked long afterward, "I never liked old Watch very well after that day

he wouldn't let me swing, nor Barb'ry nuther, for I alwus thought she was glad of it.'

Peter, or Pete, another playmate of the T. children, was neither dog nor squirrel, but a notable sheep, with a fine fleece of wool on his back, and a broad brow and massive helmet, that might have almost served as a battering-ram in a siege. He had been a darling lambkin, pretty and playful enough for a door-yard pet, but in time grew so uncouth, and his manners became so rude and "familiar," that according to the proverb, they "bred disgust," and his friends grew fewer every day. And yet poor Pete was not a bad-hearted fellow; had no malice at all, nor any wish to make himself feared or disliked, but he was so proud of his wide-branching antlers, and so fond of using them, that he could not withstand the temptation of trying their strength on almost every object that fell in his way. As the children often passed near him, and were always flitting around some place outdoors, he considered them his legitimate prey, and few days passed that he did not measure one or more of them out on the ground, and even mamma T. had several times fallen a prey to his pranks. Elza, though the youngest of all, occasionally outwitted and conquered him by a counter movement of her own. But this was only when she was on her guard, and saw his maneuvering in good time, for generally he laid her as low as the rest, to her intense indignation, for she was as quick-tempered and high-spirited a lassie as is often seen. But one time she had the good fortune to witness a rencounter where he was signally worsted. Peter was not particular about who or what he attacked; it might be persons, men, women, children; anything, so it would give way before him.

Sometimes he tried his prowess on the horses, but oftener on the oxen, cows, and calves. One midsummer eve Elza was sitting in the back-door that looked toward the barn-yard: the faithful, gentle oxen, with work finished, and

yokes removed, rested like tried friends, side by side ; the cows, milked and folded for the night, were scattered around them, some lying down, some standing, but all ruminating peacefully, full-fed and contented. Elza was noting this quiet scene and enjoying it with the pleasure every kind heart feels in the happiness of the innocent creatures around, when she espied Pete, standing not very far away, gazing as intently on this peaceful picture as herself. Pretty soon she saw he was beginning to push backwards ; back, back, back, preparatory to making a charge, and wondering where the blow would fall, and whether she could warn the intended victim in time, she started for the yard. On one side, a little apart from the cattle, stood a very large white-oak stump partly barked and mottled, with a huge knot on one side, and altogether bearing (by moonlight) a strong resemblance to a sleeping cow. It was thoroughly seasoned too, and hard and unyielding as a stone, and as Elza neared the enclosure, she felt almost certain Pete was deceiving himself by fancying this mottled remains of the ancient tree was her gentle Spottie, and was taking aim at it accordingly. No danger of her undeceiving him. Oh, no ; but chuckling with delight, she skipped on the fence to see the end.

Sure enough, on he came with all his force, and rushed with a thundering report against the white-oak stump. But at the instant he had expected the soft, foolish bovine to reel, bellow, and collapse generally, he found himself the collapsed party. Half stunned by the blow, he reeled backward, gave many a doleful shake to his aching head, and looking as astonished and fool-like as ever a mutton did, he turned and sneaked away. However, this did not mend his manners any ; in a few days he was as bright and saucy as ever, and even more so, for besides going on with his usual tricks, he began to practice them on persons not molested before. Strangers walking unsuspectingly across the field, or coming to the house, often found themselves

suddenly laid out at full length, sometimes in very moist places too. And elated by conquests so many and so amusing, the incorrigible rogue, losing all sense of propriety, began to haunt the walks of his grave, tall, dignified master, and overthrow him, with as little ceremony as he did the rest. Bessie and the children (to say nothing of others) had long since ceased to bear any love to Pete, and had repeatedly set a price on his head. But as he had never really hurt any one to speak of, and was a valuable animal, Mr. T. had heard their threats, and borne their little bumps and falls with composure; sometimes saying, "You surely must banter or provoke the sheep some way, for he never touches me." But after some experience of Pete's behavior himself, after he had been a few times startled from his quiet meditation, and, without the shadow of excuse or warning, flung on the hard ground, or into the mire—then his sentiments underwent a change, and he confessed that others were wiser than he had been, "for such insolence was unbearable; the fellow was a nuisance that must be abated." And as he was not given to idle vaporing, the thing was done speedily; and before poor Pete dreamed of ill, or finis, his play was played out. Last scene—the shambles. Last Act—Death.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"And absence brings to every thought of those we love,
A solemn tenderness, akin to death.
. . . . . Ah! nothing less than hope
Of their return, can dry our tears, and cheer our lonely days."

MEANWHILE, the eldest son, Rowland, had been diligently pursuing his studies at L——, under the best of teachers. Dr. P. was a devoted Christian, a faithful pastor, and an

accomplished scholar, all in one. A late writer thus speaks of him: "Dr. P. was especially distinguished for his accurate attainments in classical literature. He seemed to hold them completely in his memory; could hear long recitations in Virgil, Homer, etc., without a book before him, and thoroughly drilled the class, asking all the questions as to words, sentences, etc., while walking back and forth with his hands behind him (his usual position on such occasions). . . . . And it is related that a very difficult passage in one of the Greek or Latin classics had passed around among half a dozen American colleges without being satisfactorily explained or rendered into English; when Dr. P. took it up, and very promptly disposed of it, to the entire satisfaction of all who were capable of judging the matter." *

With such a thirst for knowledge, and under so wise a preceptor, Rowland's improvement was rapid, and the years he spent here were among the happiest of his life; but having the legal profession in view, he bade adieu to these classic shades, and turned his attention to Coke and Blackstone, and all the dry technicalities of the law. Where, or with whom he studied, is not certainly known; nor in what year he was examined and admitted to the bar; but in due time this ordeal was safely and honorably passed, and then the question that had long exercised his own and his parents' minds must be decided, viz., location. "Many of the early settlers in Pennsylvania were men given to change; restless and ambitious, they were selling out their fertile farms, and pushing on to Ohio, Kentucky, or further West." The hazard of descending the river for half a thousand miles in an open flat-boat, was very great, especially as the wooded banks of the Ohio swarmed for hundreds of miles with hostile Indians, and often boats, cargoes, and crews fell into their merciless hands, and were seen no more. "But noth-

* "Early History of the Church."

ing daunted by all the dangers, Rowland resolved to join this tide of emigration, and, Heaven willing, carve a future for himself ; and after a long, last visit home, he bade farewell to weeping friends and early scenes, and took his departure. For many hours after he had pressed the last parting hand, and caught the last glimpse of home, he could still see the mountain at whose feet it nestled. Those dear native hills, how long, how fondly he watched their familiar forms, changing in the distance from green to azure, softening to gray,—fainter, and fainter still, till their shadowy outlines mingled with the sky, and faded from view." Ah! faded from his view forever, for he was destined to "return no more." . . . . Through a kind Providence, the journey so fraught with peril, was performed in health and safety, and his destination being Kentucky, here he stopped first, and opened an office in L——, a place of wealth and importance, and then the capital of the State. The hatred and jealousy toward "Yankees" were not then known, and the young Northerner, adding to culture and refinement, a cheerful social nature, and a strikingly handsome exterior, was received in the most flattering manner by the chivalric natives, and with all that generous, graceful hospitality for which the "Sunny South" has been so widely famed. In a short time business became prosperous, clients were plenty, briefs multiplied on his desk, old established men of the law gave him the right hand of fellowship, and introduced him to their families and friends, till ere long he had the entrée to the best society of the city, and more invitations than he could well accept or thoroughly enjoy. But some of his new acquaintances were really of no advantage to him, their "good blood," wealth, and polish being their principal recommendations, for they were not pious, nor even very moral, judged by his standard.

One writer says : "At this time religion was at a low ebb

in the South. . . . . While churches were neglected and thinly attended even on Sabbath ; fashionable amusements were followed with avidity ; even among many who professed some sobriety, the Sabbath was a day for visiting and feasting ; and during the week card-playing, horse-racing, the theatre, and the ball-room engaged the thoughts and affections of those into whose hearts the love of Christ had never entered." Another remarks of the same period : "In many of the Southern churches religion was in a low state. Spiritual apathy and formality had crept over a majority of the professors, and many practices and pleasures at variance with a healthy state of religion were countenanced in the church, and French infidelity was tainting the manners of those without," etc.

On such a sea of pride and worldliness the young attorney found himself afloat. He was not a professor, and all inexperienced, with none to counsel or countenance him, it is no marvel that he was (in some degree) influenced by his companions and surroundings, to float with the tide rather than to withstand it. But the duties of his office, new scenes, pleasures, and friends, were alike powerless to estrange him from his home and kindred. He communicated regularly and frequently,* sometimes sending a dozen pages at once, acquainting them with all his affairs of business and daily life. He described the places he visited, the acquaintances he formed, whether grave or gay, strict or lax in principle ; the diversions he engaged in, and those he refrained from. With rare ingenuousness he recorded both the evil and the good ; the temptations he had been enabled to triumph over, and those that had occasionally led him captive at their will. And parental warning, reproof, or commendation followed as the case required, and, happily, it was generally the latter he deserved, though not always.

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* Considering the state of the mails in that age.

The forum has by some been considered a good school for artifice and dissimulation, where, amid the crooked sophistries of blatant demagogues, good is made evil, evil good, and justice trampled underfoot. They characterize it as a position where rigid truth and uprightness can not flourish, where a nice sense of honor is soon blighted, where the conscience is gradually perverted, grows pliable, mercenary, and is perhaps totally depraved. This picture unhappily is far too true, yet there have been many honorable exceptions, and Rowland T. was one of them. Truthful and honest by disposition, these traits had been strengthened and cultivated by parental care, precept, and example, till they had become a second nature. Bribery and corruption he scorned from his inmost heart, and so severely did he denounce the shameful venality of some around him in public life, that his Eastern friends became alarmed, and counselled moderation. One of his own rules of life was, never to prostitute his talents by accepting a case that he could not plead conscientiously; on *no conditions* must he *defend the wrong:* and this rule he kept. . . . . At one time he sent a long letter home, some passages of which sent a thrill of surprise through the family circle. This document can not be found for insertion, but the facts, and some of the language can be given *verbatim*. He gave a description of a visit he had recently made to the country, and of a walk through the grounds with the mistress of the mansion, while she, with true feminine enthusiasm, pointed out her favorite shrubs and flowers, expatiating glibly on their beauty, rarity, etc. And he, with due gallantry, listened, smilingly bowed assent, and praised this, and inquired the name or nature of that. While thus pleasantly whiling away the summer evening, they drew near an aged man, who was working busily, but slowly and feebly, in one corner.

"That," said Mrs. G., "is a poor old creature who called here the other day seeking employment. I do not need his

services, but hating to turn him away, bade him come to the garden and I would try him."

Rowland had a kind, sympathizing heart; he felt interested in the old wayfarer, and as Mrs. G. was about that time recalled to the house, he accosted him, and drew him into conversation. As old people usually do, he soon began to talk of the past: "when he was young," "the olden times" he remembered, "the better days" he had seen. Rowland listened respectfully, and inquired if he were a native of the State?

"Oh, no, my birth-place was in 'Old Virginia.'"

And Rowland returned: "Ah, indeed; I lived there once too. What part did you live in?"

"My farms laid mostly in H—— County (for I was a rich man then), and I lived near R——, the county-seat. Captain J. owned the farm on my right, and Colonel N. was my nearest neighbor on the left," etc.

Thus he went on and on, describing still more closely his old surroundings, and repeating his statements over and over, with all the fond garrulity of age. And Rowland listened, more and more interested every moment, to the familiar names of places and persons, for this description was of the old neighborhood of P——, the first home he remembered; and this old pilgrim was doubtless then one of the near neighbors, possibly dearest friends of his parents. And he felt that to meet any one who had known and loved them, in this land of strangers, would be a privilege, whatever his position socially. Anxiously he awaited the denouement and the name. It came at last:

"Oldham is my name. Major Oldham they styled me when I was rich and honored, and counted my wealth by thousands and my friends by the score."

His auditor started back, astonished and incredulous. Oldham! Major Allen Oldham, of P——! could this be he? This wretched old man begging among strangers for a hire-

ling's place to gain his bread,—or humbly receiving it as a charity,—could this be the man of wealth and power; the haughty oppressor his father had so often mentioned as the most unjust, unrelenting character he had ever met; who, so far from ministering to the sick, or visiting the stranger, had basely slandered him, and well-nigh perjured himself to add to his distress and perplexity? Yes, this indeed was he. With fame and fortune lost; bereft of friends and home; a wanderer and a vagabond, he stood before him. Rowland controlled his emotions, nor did he add to the hoary-headed tyrant's humiliation by reminding him of his former cruel injustice to his parents, or even by disclosing his own name; but, taking a pleasant leave of him, retired to his room, to note down the story he had heard, and to muse on the strange vicissitudes of life. He scarcely dared to term the rich man's fall *retribution*, yet a sentence or two from heaven's own law seemed not inappropriate. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again"; and "he shall have judgment *without mercy* who has shown no mercy."

After a residence in the South of some years, Rowland married Mrs. Eliza A., the youthful widow of Col. A., who had fallen in the battle of the river Raisin. She was a lovely Christian lady; and as he, too, had returned from his wanderings, and set his face Zionward, they were mutual helpers to each other, and walked happily along the narrow way together.

A considerable part of his wife's dowry consisted of slaves; but as the "institution" prevailed more or less in all the States at that time, he was not so much shocked as he should have been at the monstrous idea of owning his fellow-men; then, too, he had been living in the midst of only the milder types of the system, and had become accustomed to having one or two in his own employ as errand-boy, hostler, etc. . . . . He had two children: Edgar, the

elder, and Edith, a gentle, sweet-tempered child, and so closely attached to her father that it seemed next to impossible to separate her from him even for a day. She followed him everywhere when he was at home; and often left her toys and play to sit beside him, and quietly hold one side of his book while he read in his study. Many and bright were the pictures of the future that the fond parents drew for their darling; but they were not destined to be realized in this world. She suddenly sickened, and died, when entering on her sixth year. The mother had firmer faith than he, or less tender feelings, for there is no tradition of her sorrow; but the father's "grief was very great." He could not be comforted; every fibre of his loving heart seemed to have entwined around this beautiful bud of promise, and were rent asunder when it faded and fell. Long and bitter were his days of mourning; but submission to his Master's will came at last, and then gradually peace and cheerfulness of mind returned. Eventually his business prospered more and more, till he declared in a letter to his home friends, "that he had all he needed or desired in this world, and did not wish for more." His father urged him to accept at least a part of a portion among the others, but he generously refused, repeating, "My dear father, I assure you I am, and have long been, blessed, not only with all the necessaries, but even the luxuries of life also; and, above all, with a happy, contented mind, that is fully satisfied with my present portion and thriving business. When long ago I said, 'Give me learning and I ask nothing more,' I meant it, and I choose it still; but if you will allow me to dictate, will say, please divide what would have been mine between my sisters, Rose and Elza, in addition to their own shares," etc. Not long after this he was called to part with another dear friend. His wife, the faithful companion and counsellor of so many years, was removed by death—loved and lamented by all, and most by him who had known her best.

The house was sad and lonely now, none left but his little son; and he wrote oftener than ever to his first friends that he had left so long ago. And often they longed for, and urged, his return; often he planned and purposed it; but business and care were always pressing, and it was deferred from time to time, still waiting a more fitting opportunity that was not found; and thus year after year stole away till all were gone.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived is not wise."

"How beautiful are the feet of them who preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things."

About this time, or perhaps earlier, in 1793–4, the famous "Whisky Insurrection" began, and for a short time raged wildly through Fayette, Washington, and the adjoining counties. And as some misapprehension has prevailed on this subject in certain sections, the facts of the case should not be lost sight of. Some, who have not been at the pains to inform themselves, have imagined that this miniature "rebellion" must have originated in some unusual regard or respect the Pennsylvanians held for the article taxed, or extreme fondness they bore to it, as a beverage. Not at all. This charge is utterly unfounded, and must not, by any means, be allowed to stain the fair escutcheon of the Keystone State. "They neither loved nor used it more than the people of other States and countries." True, it was in constant

use at home and abroad, and at parties of every kind, both of men and women; but it was the custom of the age, and prevailed everywhere. No visit or call could be made without a glass of wine or brandy being presented as a common act of civility. Speaking of this bad custom prevailing throughout Christendom, an old writer remarks: "A man could not be born, christened, married, nor buried without liquor," and it met him at every intermediate step from birth to death. But it is due to the ladies of that period to state that they were habitually abstemious, seldom more than tasted it, and some few not even that. But to drink much was considered extremely ill-bred and unfeminine, or at least that was the sentiment in this locality; and two persons once lost caste entirely with Mr. T. and wife by a breach of this rule.

Some old-country people had lately entered the settlement, and a couple of the men were employed by Mr. T. for some time; and while there, their wives, who had been left at lodgings at some distance, made them a visit. Almost as soon as they were seated, Bessie remembered hospitality, and reaching down the decanter, and filling a "bumper to the brim," handed it to the strangers, who, between them, coolly drained it to the bottom without explanation or apology. The T.'s were amazed at such unwomanly conduct, and could never refer to it without some asperity and disdain.

Temperance societies and "teetotal pledges" were then unknown; and though intoxication was considered both disgraceful and sinful, moderate drinking was thought to be neither. That it was hurtful and dangerous to drink at all, seemed to occur to none. That spirits should not be made, excepting in very small quantities, nor kept, sold, nor given away by any but regular druggists, under all the wholesome restrictions guarding other poisons, had not been thought of by the wise or the foolish, by saint or sinner. On this

subject darkness reigned supreme. And as it was considered so healthful and lawful to use spirits, it was, of course, thought equally lawful and respectable to manufacture and sell it.

This was, then, one of the most extensive branches of national industry, and every third or fourth farm owned a distillery. And though Western Pennsylvania used no more liquor than other places, it did make more, and made it well too. Its farmers engaged in this lucrative business with such energy, care, and skill, that their Old Monongahela Whisky was pronounced superior to any in the United States, and had the preference in every market. . . . .

Then those western counties were in a measure fated to this work; for, being unable to raise money to pay their taxes and for other indispensable things, by the "sale of their grain, for which there was neither home nor foreign market, they seemed to be compelled to reduce their produce by some means to portable size. A pack-horse (then their only conveyance) could carry but four bushels of rye across the mountains, but when distilled into light wines he could carry the product of twenty-four. These found a ready market in the East, and were exchanged for tax money, salt, tools, and other necessaries of life. Such was the aspect of affairs when the Excise Law was passed."

Besides its being next to impossible to raise money in any other way, "there were other aggravating circumstances calculated to array the wild, free spirits of the settlers against it. One was that they had not received that aid and protection that every government owes to its subjects; for during the Revolutionary struggle neither men nor means could be diverted from the great contest to assist the Western borders. Every resource was needed in the East to repel the English. Owing to this, the pioneers were forced, in the midst of their weakness and poverty, to furnish their own troops, arms, everything; choose their own

officers, and carry on the war against a merciless and wily foe* as best they could. For years they had suffered unspeakable hardships and privations, never daring to lay aside their weapons at home or abroad, on Sabbaths or week-days, and cultivating their land at the peril of their lives. And though the Revolutionary contest had been closed for some years now, yet they were still deprived of many of the advantages of peace enjoyed by other parts of the country."†

"Then this new measure (to their perverted vision) bore a strong resemblance to the infamous 'Tea' and 'Paper Stamp Act' of Old England; and they boldly declared that 'they had fought for *liberty*, not for a *change of masters*.' And while the wounds received in battling against foreign tyranny were yet scarcely healed, it is not astonishing that they regarded with abhorrence this new swarm of Government officers who everywhere beset them, spying into their domestic affairs, and demanding with official arrogance more than a tithe of their hard earnings. They avowed, 'This is but the beginning of a system as oppressive as that of England. Independence will soon be an empty name. We will resist such injustice to the bitter end.' The first attempts to collect the new tax were resisted; one or more deputies were tarred and feathered, and others were compelled to desist to avoid like treatment. . . . . The whole country was in an uproar; meetings were convened, officers chosen, and, in some parts, as many as 7,000 or 8,000 gathered in a place. There was great alarm among all classes, for parties of insurgents, freed from all restraint, paraded the country, threatening destruction to all who refused to

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* Poor, wronged, heathen Indians! Had all the whites remembered justice and mercy, like Penn did, there would have been peace, not carnage. The sin lies at the white man's door.

† Doddridge's Notes.

join the mad mutiny against the law. . . . . Meantime the Government was organizing and pushing forward an army of 14,000 men to quell the disturbance, and many were looking on with fear and trembling, expecting daily to be involved in all the horrors of civil war." *

But through all the popular frenzy and danger some maintained their loyalty, and refused all aid and countenance to the proceedings, and amongst these was Paul T. He, too, like the rest of the misguided crowd, had his distillery near his mill, and a proficient in the terrible trade hired by the year to attend to it; but if Government thought it wise to lay a heavy tax on the product of his still, or anything else he possessed, he felt that it was both a folly and a sin to resist it. Of cool, sound judgment, and calm, reflective nature, he was not easily excited or turned aside. Then, he had a very high veneration for law and order, and full confidence that so good and wise a ruler as Washington would not originate or sanction any measure calculated to injure or oppress. He admitted that "the new law did appear somewhat grievous to them, considering their peculiar circumstances; but it would ultimately result in good or else be modified or repealed. Do not be rash; wait and see if all does not yet end well."

These were his sentiments, and here he took his stand.

Not so, however, was it with his fiery, impetuous friend, Deacon Y. He took exactly opposite ground, and viewed everything in a different light; and, as it was impossible for him to be or do anything by halves, rushed heart and soul into the "Rebellion." He attended meetings, made speeches, cut and reared the first "Liberty pole" on his own farm that was raised hereabouts; went as a delegate to the General Convention; in short, did everything a brave, ardent character could do who sincerely believed he was

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* "Old Redstone."

called on to act for the good of his country, and felt like another Cromwell or Tell.

Washington, obliged to vindicate the laws, yet grieving for his misguided, erring children, would do nothing rashly, "but sent out commissioners of peace, men of prudence and ability, to reason with and show them the folly of their conduct, the ruin that must follow its continuance, and finally to offer a free pardon to all who would submit to the law, and return to their allegiance."

A great reaction followed this conference. Some were convinced of their error, or melted by the generous. forbearing policy of the Government; others, only of the hopelessness of their cause; but, from one motive or another, the submission papers were pretty generally signed, and by the 1st of October, 1794, tranquillity was in some measure restored.

Still, as the insurgents were pretty numerous in some sections, yet the army continued to advance, and took up its quarters in Pittsburgh; but no attempt at resistance being made, the main part of the troops soon returned East, only a few battalions being retained to maintain order, and secure those for trial who had refused the offered amnesty.

As soon as possible, officers, with proper authority, the names of offenders, and attended by guides, set out in all directions to arrest them. Some of the most notorious culprits escaped from the country; and others, bidding a hurried farewell to friends, fled to distant or sequestered settlements to secrete themselves. Among the latter was Deacon Y. He had scornfully refused submission, and now, as resolutely refused to leave the country, protesting that he had only done his duty.

But bold and daring as he was, he felt that, single-handed, he could scarcely withstand or contend longer; neither could a man of his position and influence hope to be forgotten or overlooked. He fled to his ancient friend,

and, after a hasty conference, hurried away to conceal himself in the fastnesses of the mountains.*

His flight was not premature, for armed dragoons on foot and on horseback were already scouring through the land, entering scores on scores of houses, and demanding one or more of the inmates in the name of the law. Deacon Y. was, of course, remembered too, and they searched his premises and vicinity late and early; but finding no traces of him, betook themselves to other quarters.

Time and again they passed and repassed the Vale cottage and mill, halting and calling for "one Y., Deacon Y., a noted rebel."

Paul T. was never given to multiplying words; and now, more chary than ever, simply answered that "there was no such person with him"; but his whole premises were before them—they could search; and this they did repeatedly.

When the pursuing party had given over the quest for the day and returned to their rendezvous, and darkness gave promise of safety, the fugitive would steal from his hiding-place for an hour or two, exchanging the dark, chilly thickets and gloomy caverns for the cheerful fireside and kind, pitying companionship of the T.'s.

And while he and his host discussed the danger or safety of his remaining in the vicinity, the number of the dragoons, the course they pursued, etc., Bessie would prepare a bountiful repast, not forgetting to provide an ample portion to be carried with him to his lonely retreat, to solace the solitude of the following day.

After spending a fortnight or more in this way, growing weary of his dreary exile, and believing the danger was nearly or quite over, he determined to return to his home and business ; but he was mistaken, for very soon after his

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* This covert was exceedingly well chosen, and for years afterward the "Deacon's Den" was pointed out by the pioneers.

reappearance he was arrested, and, with about 300 of his confederates, conveyed to Pittsburgh.

Some of these were guilty, some quite innocent, and many here found influential friends who procured their release. Others were detained and sent East for trial, and among the latter was the good deacon, who, with a number more of the more prominent offenders, were forwarded to Philadelphia and committed to prison.

Heavy was the heart and bitter the tears of many a wife and mother that parting day, expecting nothing less than long, hopeless years in a felon's cell for her loved one, and haply a shameful death. But the Government, seeing that the danger was entirely over, and that mercy in this case was not incompatible with honor to itself and safety to its subjects, acted with "great leniency. Some were imprisoned a few months, some a year; but only one or two were sentenced to be hung, and they, as well as the rest, were eventually pardoned."

Mr. G. had an infant son, a bright-eyed boy of three summers, who saw and heard everything and drew his own conclusions. While his father's case was pending, thoughtless fellows used to hail the child with:

"Hello, Billy! where's pap?"

And that unperturbed urchin would shout back:

"Gone Phil-delf, be hanged."

If any one demurred or gainsaid, he would repeat more stoutly:

"Gone Phil-delf be hanged, I tell oo he is."

But spite of Billy's* summary disposal of him, papa came

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*Among other stores of useful knowledge gleaned and laid by, this same precocious Billy had observed that ma used the word "shoo" only to birds, and once from his perch on the fence, called a benighted sheep-drover to order, by asking him in a tone of contempt, "Man, man, what make you say 'shoo'? D'y expect them sheeps to fly?"

home all unhanged. But though life was spared and liberty returned, he found in the end, as did his compeers, that it had been a "losing game." In trouble and anxiety to himself and friends, time lost, business neglected, means wasted and usefulness lessened, he had injured himself more than many excise laws could have done.

"The Presbyterian clergy unanimously opposed the insurrection. Synod appointed a day of fasting and prayer on account of it, and some, if not all the churches, decided to exclude members from the communion-table who persisted in taking part in it"; but whether the Baptist church took like action and expelled or censured Deacon Y. and his allies, does not appear; neither is it known how the unwonted discipline of public reproof, close confinement, prison fare, etc., affected him ; but as he had been sincere and earnest in his espousal of the "lost cause," he was not the man to lightly change his sentiments or brand it with disgrace because it had been destined to fail. However, it is believed that in time he came to view the subject differently, and finally acknowledged the folly of the mutiny, and the clemency of the Government.

His friendship with the T.'s, dating from the first hour of their meeting, had gone on uninterruptedly, strengthening with their years ; but henceforth his great warm heart was knit more closely than ever to those true, unchanging friends who had faithfully pointed out the error he had refused to see, and warned him of danger he would not heed; and yet, when their prediction proved true, and the evil days really came, neither deserted nor reproached, but stood firmly by him, while others coldly held aloof, and slighted or betrayed. On the other hand, the T.'s had never forgotten the kindness and sympathy shown them in the past ; but had had slight opportunity to repay it to one who had never seemed to know trouble or ill-fortune of any kind, and (though regretting the cause) were not sorry of an oc-

casion to test the reality of their gratitude and affection, and return a portion of the confidence and favor that through all the vicissitudes of life he had shown to them. As all their past acquaintance had been marked with rare good-fellowship, filled with kindly intercourse, and all the "small, sweet courtesies" of life, so all their following years lapsed in peace. There were congeniality of taste in general, and oneness of feeling on many subjects; while on all great principles* of right and wrong they "saw eye to eye." All were Calvinists, and though differing on some minor matters as to modes and forms, in all essential things they were agreed. And though one here and there complained that the deacon enjoyed being looked on as a pattern and a patron, and certainly loved pre-eminence, the T.'s ascribed such complaints mostly to envy; thinking that Mr. Y. only filled the place assigned him by Providence, and, in the main, filled it well—very well, indeed, both in the church and neighborhood. In short, as neither party ever had cause to regret its confidence in the other, or alter the opinion first formed, their mutual esteem and affection continued unchanged and uninterrupted till death. "Thy father's friend and thine forsake not," is a sacred precept, and sweet to remember when musing on this long-past friendship of Deacon Y.'s. More than a century has passed since the dreary winter's day that witnessed its beginning; the youthful pair, sad and in trouble, who were aided by his timely assistance and cheering smiles (strangers, and he visited and took them in), have long been "coffin dust." Their little children, too, early taught to lisp and love his name, old and gray-headed, have passed from sight, and been gathered to their fathers. For three generations the flowers of spring-time have blossomed and the snows of winter fallen on that good man's grave; yet, in grateful hearts, his name is unforgotten and his memory fragrant still.

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* Always excepting that involved in the "Excise" trouble.

Of his timorous brother, Deacon J., who turned back in the day of trial, less is known, either of good or ill. However, the T.'s never seem to have resented his untimely loss of confidence and desertion of their cause. Probably they had seen enough of life to know that coldness and distrust were the rule, faith and charity the exception. They always spoke very kindly of Deacon J. as a good neighbor, easy-tempered and obliging. Many a time he used to tell the story of his "broken sled and broken faith"; laughing heartily at the superstitious fear he had of aiding in the questionable experiment of bringing a strange, and possibly an evil-disposed, family into the infant settlement. When he discovered that the new-comers were not only strictly moral, but religious also, he opened his heart to them, welcomed them to his house, visited them at their own, and all that; but when they had needed a friend most, he had feared, doubted, deserted them. But seeing that it was his nature to be timid and hesitating, they passed it all by, and respected him for his many good qualities; for though he lacked the force of character and frank, warm manners of Deacon Y., he had little of the latter's fire and enthusiasm, and in short, was every way less lovable and interesting; he had also fewer faults, and was equally upright, diligent, and pious. Both were liberal and hospitable; and gave freely of their wealth to the support of the Gospel. At the associations and communion seasons of this early day, the clergy and visiting strangers were often to be entertained for three or four days, and open house was the rule; every neighbor receiving from five to twenty or thirty, more or less, according to their means or disposition. But these "two deacons",*

* Possibly some rigid patriots might consider it a sin or a weakness in Paul T. to persist for days and weeks in giving "aid and comfort" to a rebel. But so small a faction as this was, probably never really endangered the Union, even in its palmiest days; yet, during that time he kept wholly aloof, utterly discouraging and discountenancing

invariably prepared for and made welcome two hundred between them; sometimes one taking more, sometimes the other, as best suited their respective families. The J.'s and the Y.'s were Baptists, the T.'s Presbyterians, these being the only denominations then in the West; and it is high time that so important a subject as this, the founding of the Christian Church here in the wilderness, should be specially noticed.

As the religion of Jesus Christ is the foundation-stone of all national greatness and prosperity and the principal good, "the one thing needful" for every individual, it follows that those who truly teach it are the most influential and indispensable members of society. Believing this sentiment to be true, much time and pains have been taken in searching out, and collecting from various sources, all the information possible concerning the churches that the early pioneers and their families attended, and the preachers they knew best and valued most. Some often spoke of powerful speakers they had heard in N. J. with veneration, and of one who was a converted Indian (or possibly a half-breed), a holy and most useful man of God; but as they left that place at an early date, they dwelt more on the character and work of those who lived and labored in Western Pennsylvania, where they spent the greater part of their lives.

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it. And it was only when all power and prestige were lost, and its frightened adherents disbanded and retreating on every side, that he gave aid to the one flying fugitive who asked it; and that *one*, he who, in all seasons and circumstances, had been true and devoted to him. All things considered, he believed that he could be faithful to his friend without injuring his country; but there were spies and informers on every hand; they, or others, might think differently; but at all events, he would risk this danger, and, if need be, suffer with him. But the Government having decided that it was safe and best to treat offenders leniently, of course did not call their abettors to any account, so the part taken by Paul T. and other friends of accused persons, passed unchallenged.

Some years since, a gentleman who had recently removed to a rural Western settlement, wrote back with playful pettishness to a friend :

"You Eastern folks send us the fag-ends of everything. The poor, clientless lawyer, the quack doctor, the ignorant, blundering preacher, all come flocking to the West."

But either there was less quackery and pretence then, or else Western Pennsylvania was singularly favored when it was the "backwoods." Less is certainly known of other professions ; but in examining authentic records of ecclesiastical affairs, not one weak or ill-informed clergyman appears. One or two names are mentioned "with censures annexed, but this was owing to the somewhat questionable nature of their piety, not to lack of intellect or culture. And with these exceptions those gospel pioneers were men of fervent piety and zeal, as well as of talent and education." See the lives of such men as Smith, McMillian, Dodd, Powers, etc.

One authority says : "The first Presbyterian ministers in our new country were thoroughly trained for their work, fine scholars, and all graduates of Princeton."

Another remarks : "Our early preachers were not only correct and excellent speakers, but many of them very graceful ones as well ; and in dress, manners, everything, polished gentlemen of the old school." In point of time Dr. Powers seems to stand first ; others may have been here earlier as visitors or transient supplies ; but he was the first ordained minister who ever settled permanently in Western Pennsylvania. He brought his family in 1776, but had been here himself preaching and planting churches as early as 1773–4. Among the first churches organized by him (or any one) were those of Dunlap's Creek, Laurel Hill, George's Creek, and Tent.

"Dr. Powers was a most faithful, laborious pastor ; his sermons were clear, able, and edifying, and invariably de-

livered without notes. He habitually visited every family under his charge, accompanied by one or more of his elders, though it obliged him to ride thirty miles to reach all. In these visits he catechized all, old and young; also examining the parents and young people as to their understanding of the doctrines of the catechism and proof texts, and ended with prayer and exhortation.

"He carefully improved all suitable occasions of speaking on personal religion, especially among the young. On entering a house he would inquire the name of every child and hired person in it, take their hands and look them in the face. Thenceforward he recognized and called their names wherever he met them; and all seeing the affectionate interest he took in them, grew closely attached to him, and were the more ready to be influenced by his ministrations. People then being widely scattered, seldom heard more than one or two sermons a month; but so thorough was the pastoral and parental training in Bible and catechetical studies, that they were better instructed in Gospel truth than numbers at the present day, who hear two or three discourses every week."

Then there were Dunlap, Jennings, the two Smiths—father and son—Wyley, Corbley, Sutton, Stone: all good and faithful laborers in the Master's vineyard. Jennings was a descendant of one of the Plymouth pilgrims, and specially dear to the T.'s, because he was from their native State, and was also a relative of their father's. David Smith resembled his father Joseph much, both in talent and piety. He was exceedingly tender and solemn in his manner, both in and out of the pulpit, and remarkably watchful over the lambs of the flock, catechizing and counselling the elder children, and drawing the little ones caressingly to his side, and sweetly pointing them to Jesus. Elza T. remembered him with fond affection through life, and often referred to his visits at her father's house, and traced

her first abiding religious impressions to instruction received at his knee before her fifth year. His apostolic zeal in laboring from house to house, sowing the precious seed in every place, was productive of great good among all classes, and was generally well and thankfully received by outsiders as well as members; but occasionally it was misunderstood. During the pastorate of Mr. S., the M.'s, lately from V——, moved into the bounds of the congregation, and took the L. farm. Mr. M. had a real talent for business; everything was managed with consummate skill; and he had a suitable helpmate in Mrs. M., who was soon pointed out as one of the most "notable, stirring housewives" in the neighborhood. There were several children, Jack and Juliet grown up, and able and ready to forward their parents' plans; and altogether they were a thriving, ambitious family; proficients in the art of making money, and spending it with a liberal hand. They professed some regard for religion too, often (if not generally) attended meetings, etc., but on the whole were (it is feared) more worldly than devout. They were pleasant neighbors, often exchanging hospitalities with the "well-to-do's" around them, and were not unkind or scornful to the poorest; but their weakness, almost their idols, were fashion and society.* The pride and pleasure of their lives consisted in dressing in their best style and going out, or else in receiving at their own bounteous board a goodly company, as wealthy and genteel as possible. These they entertained with the excellence and variety of their viands, and the order, freshness, and comfort of their house and all its surroundings, for of literature and art they knew absolutely nothing.

But if there was one thing they were entitled to the pre-

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* *i.e.*, Fashion, style, and gentility as it was known when the professional men were almost the only scholars, and they and their families *the* gentry.

mium for ignorance of, more than another, it was that of pastoral visiting, as practiced by the Presbyterian clergy of that day. On this aspiring family, the preacher, as in duty bound, called, and Mrs. M. visiting the T.'s the same week, gave this remarkable version of it. "Mrs. T.," she began, "there was the sassyest man at our house the other day you ever set eyes on."

"Why," said the hostess, smiling, "who was that?"

"Oh, you couldn't guess soon," returned Mrs. M., "but I'll tell you who,—just that old Prispyterian parson, and I sha'n't go to hear him again soon, I'll warrant."

"What are you talking about, Mrs. M.?" exclaimed her friend; "what could Mr. S. have done amiss? There must be a mistake somewhere."

"Oh, no, there isn't either; wait and I'll tell all about it: On Tuesday I sees a fine gentleman ridin' up, and before he'd got his horse hitched, I saw who it was. Molten wasn't at home, and I was proper busy; but the house was in 'apple-pie order,' and I was glad to see him, and told him so. After shaking hands with every one down to Tot in her cradle, he sat down smiling and sociable-like, and I was just a wonderin' whether I could get a chicken, and make puddin', and doughnuts—all by dinner-time; when he began to ask 'how many we was in the family?' and the name and age of each child. Next thing I remember, he was a-sayin' somethin' about visitin' every family, and about a pastor's duty, and a parent's duty; and that this, and that, and the other was a means of grace, and a Bible doctrine, and talked as solemn about the worth of the soul, and all that, as if he was at meetin'. I didn't know what to think or say; and then he turned to the children, and asked them the queerest questions about the creation, the ten commandments, and what not. When they all stared at him, and couldn't answer a thing hardly, he took out a little thin book, and read some out of it, about the 'chief end of man,'

—Adam and Eve a-eating that apple, 'forbidden fruit' he called it; 'the decrees,' and ever so much more, with the most long, hard words in it. I couldn't half understand them myself; for I'd never seen sich a primer as that in my life. He said it was a very valuable little book, should be in every house, all the children in the congregation studied it, and asked — couldn't mine study it too? I guess mebbe he thought we'd never seen a Bible neither, for he took one out of his pocket, and read us a few verses, and then, to cap all, he finally finished his insolence, by kneelin' down, and prayin' for us all,—for Molten, and me too, as if we were a set of heathens. He was just tryin' to spy out what kind of folks we was, and how we had raised our children; and did you ever hear of such doings in any respectable house? I didn't quite order him out, but I went on with my work, as fast and noisy as I could, to show him I was not to be insulted, and teach him better manners." And fairly out of breath, she paused, flushed and excited, to see what effect her story had produced on Bessie, and what sympathy or explanation she could offer. That lady took the floor with alacrity, and broke forth vehemently:

"Oh, Mrs. M.! you should not have done so on any account. Whatever *will* Mr. S. think of you? He meant no offence in the world, but only kindness. It is their rule to read a portion, catechize, exhort, and pray in every house they visit, no matter whose, or whether the owners be rich or poor, high or low, learned or ignorant."

Mrs. M. was mollified on hearing this, and wished she had been less hasty; confessing that he had addressed her most respectfully as Madam, had prayed beautifully, etc. The dominie always maintained a discreet silence on the subject, and no one ever heard of this pastoral visit but through Mrs. M. herself.

Up to this point, only the Presbyterian preachers have been described; but the "Baptists were also very early

in the field, and labored with great diligence and success, especially in Fayette County." One historian states that Redstone Association was organized in 1776, and embraced a large part of the talent and enterprise of that society. One of the oldest churches was gathered by Elder John Sutton, and was first called in the records Great Bethel, but later, "Uniontown Baptist Church." This was the mother of many other churches which arose around it, and prospered through a long period. Father Sutton was a native of New Jersey; and one of five brothers, all of whom preached the Gospel in the same denomination. He settled in Fayette County, when it and all the surrounding country was still a wilderness, and was a laborious and much respected preacher.

As the respective families of the R.'s and the T.'s in New Jersey, were Presbyterian throughout all their branches, the children of course had been trained in that faith, and in it, Paul T. lived and died. But Bessie, on her removal to Fayette County, believing that though less learned than her own, the Baptist pastors were equally pious and useful; and that perhaps there might be more plain Gospel simplicity in their denomination, sought and found a home there. Of this old church, "Great Bethel," she was a member, and this holy man, Elder Sutton, was her pastor, and one of her most venerated friends. Still, she very often attended the church of her fathers, with her husband and family as before, and the Presbyterian clergy were always welcomed most cordially to her house and table.

"Contemporary with Elder S., and united with him in the Master's work, was the pious and distinguished John Corbley, an Englishman, who settled in Virginia as a preacher in early life. But being persecuted and imprisoned there for his faith, he came to Pennsylvania, and assisted in planting the first Baptist churches in the West. While pastor at W——y, Green County, on the second Sabbath of

May, 1782, while on their way to church he and his family were surprised by Indians. His wife and three children were instantly killed and scalped; and the two remaining children were felled, scalped, and left for dead, though afterward restored to a miserable, lingering kind of existence. This dear servant of God was occasionally at the T.'s, and with his own lips told them his sad story of suffering and bereavement; and was greatly beloved and honored by them and the entire community. He hated bigotry, and loved the image of Christ wherever found; and lived in sweet Christian fellowship with brethren of other denominations, and especially so, with Mr. Dodd, the Presbyterian pastor, laboring nearest to him."

The culture and refinement, as well as the piety and zeal, of these pioneer preachers have been noted; but the first church buildings were little in keeping with their courtly, dignified incumbents. They were built of "logs, left round, and roofed with clapboards, held in place by clogs laid across them. The windows were small openings, glazed with paper, made transparent by a coat of hog's lard or bear's grease; a puncheon floor, rough slab platform, and slab seat for pulpit, and some seats of the same kind for the congregation, completed the arrangements. They were constructed entirely with the axe. No saw, plane, hammer, nor even a single nail were used; there being no such articles in the country. Neither was there stove or fire-place found in them. Some authorities say that it was not till 1800 that fire or backs to pews were introduced into churches, and then not without fiery opposition from many, as great or greater than greeted the entrance of Watts' 'Psalms and Hymns.' . . . . At the communion seasons people often came ten, fifteen, or more miles, and remained throughout the four days, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, of the meeting. . . . . At that day the opening prayer was frequently an hour, and sometimes *two* hours long; the sermon

from an hour and a half to two and a half hours long ; and, so far from taking one or two naps on Sunday (not deemed necessary on working days), the whole night as well as the day was occasionally spent in warning the careless, teaching the anxious, and in praise and prayer. Nor did the time seem long, for God *was there*, and His work went gloriously on."* Nor need they rashly be termed fools or fanatics if occasionally, when the work was great, these zealous Christians did obey the Scripture literally, "gave no sleep to their eyes nor slumber to their eyelids," especially while the great apostle Paul and Christ Himself, and others of whom the world was not worthy, have sanctioned it by doing the same. But how preposterous, how unendurable would those old-time usages appear to some dainty Gospel hearers of this day, who are continually grudging the time spent in the sanctuary, forever crying, "What a weariness it is ! When will it be over ?"— though the whole service is now compressed within less than the time then used in the opening exercises alone. True, in towns and cities the greater number of religious meetings now, perhaps more than compensates for their brevity ; but in the country there are still many places where there is but one service held in a fortnight, a month, or two months, and some travel several miles to attend. This homeopathic-like system seems not entirely suited to such places ; yet even in these cases the greater number of hearers seem to prefer brevity. Well, possibly the feebler constitutions of these later generations, really could not bear any approach to the spiritual regimen that delighted our stalwart fathers. Possibly we may be led partly by necessity now, as well as by the spirit of the age, to court ease, and condense, curtail everything,† everywhere, as far as possible. And yet a rea-

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* Old Records.

† Some have said "a sermon should not exceed twenty-five minutes in length, and fifteen is better still."

sonably close observer will note that this law is scarcely that of the Medes and Persians.

It is not made to apply *everywhere*, and change not. There is as much time and spirit as of old for some things. People still delve and plan and worry early and late to secure the treasures of this life. "Still scheme and strive and strain from youth to age for wealth or fame. Still spend whole days on work, whole nights on amusement over cards and novels, in ball-rooms and bar-rooms. Yea, spend freely whole life-times on business or pleasure. No retrenchment here! Despite the jaded nerves, despite the rush of this age of steam and lightning, there's *strength enough to serve the world; there's time enough to serve the devil.*" *

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"The groves were God's first temples," and in summer, especially at the thronged communion meetings, the rude, cramped churches were often forsaken for those cool retreats. Witnesses have left graphic descriptions of the beauty of those sylvan shades, and the solemnity of the sacred rites enacted there on those far-off summer days. The wide-spreading forests of mighty oak, with giant branches gently swaying in the pure wood-scented breeze. The vast crowds; the picturesque attire; the long sacramental tables spread with snowy linen, stretching under the leafy colonnades. The charm of the open-air music swelling up from the great congregation. The earnest, impressive tones of the speakers in their deep, fervid, persuasive sermons, and exhortations solemn as eternity, tender as love. And high, overarching all, fit emblem of the pure realms they pointed to, the peaceful, far, blue ether.

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"In those early times," says a quaint old writer, "the citizen was the pagan,† the rustic was the Christian, for ALL the

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* Old paper.

† In point of religious privileges and general lack of piety.

churches were in the country. In 1785 there was not a church, chapel, or priest of *any* persuasion in Pittsburgh or any other town west of the mountains. But in the rural districts were many large and prosperous congregations, and to these the members in towns resorted. Those in Brownsville went to Dunlap's Creek, those in Washington to Chartiers or Buffalo, those in Uniontown to the Tent, etc. As to time, the Presbyterians sent out the first ordained minister who ever settled with his family in Western Pennsylvania, and others soon joined him. But according to their historian, Benedict, the Baptists (perhaps) erected the first church court. He supposes that 'Redstone Baptist Association' was organized as early as 1776. While 'Redstone Presbytery' held its first meeting in 1781, just one month before the surrender of Cornwallis. This infant court, consisting of Revs. Powers, Smith, McMillain, and Dodd, was to meet at Laurel Hill, but owing to Indian incursions, was held at Pigeon Creek instead. These two oldest ecclesiastical bodies in the western wilds were so named, because then, and for many years after, the expression, 'Redstone Settlement' was used to designate most of the country west of the mountains whether claimed by Pennsylvania or Virginia. This title had its origin from a creek of that name that rises among the western glens of Chestnut Ridge, and enters the Monongahela below Brownsville, which was long known as 'Redstone Old Fort.' The hills around this beautiful mountain stream abound in bituminous coal: in places this has been fired by the Indians, or as some think, by spontaneous combustion, till the banks in some parts are thoroughly calcined; so much so, that the baked earth has often been pulverized and used in painting instead of Spanish brown. It is of a dark red color, hence the name 'Redstone Creek.'" ("American Pioneer," Vol. II.; "State Geologists of Pennsylvania," Third Annual Report.)*

* These old-time, open-air meetings mentioned, were a necessity

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Round these hearth-stones used to be free-hearted hospitality,

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The home fires blazing broad and bright and high,
While the roofs rang with laughter light and loud."

HAVING described the churches, it is scarcely necessary to add that the dwelling-houses were similar, smaller size and

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then, as no frontier building could accommodate the congregations, for each preacher having a large circuit, when he held a communion service at one place (generally aided by a brother minister), many from the several charges at other points, having no other preaching to attend, followed their pastors to this, making a vast audience. But these great, solemn assemblies, hearing reverently, where hundreds were converted, must not at all be classed with the average bush or camp-meeting of this age. These, most religious journals, and some secular ones, denounce as an evil and an injury to the cause of piety and good order in any community they invade, filling the sweet groves with confusion, dust, and smoke; with the racing and lashing of livery teams, and the thundering and shrieking of locomotives; where chaffering, buying, selling, eating, drinking, and smoking go on continuously, and the giddy crowd promenade up and down, laughing, chatting, and amusing themselves, the most part seeming to consider the whole thing a sort of religious frolic, or huge Sunday picnic, or at best as a kind of light, pleasant, religious dissipation. But unfortunately, whatever else the thing may or may not be, it is attractive, not only to the careless, but to others; draws many professors to neglect known duty, turn their backs on their faithful pastors, leave their places in their own orderly, quiet churches and Sabbath-schools vacant, to attend where, however good the services may be (and sometimes are), the atmosphere is unfriendly to worship; the noisy, distracting, ever-shifting crowd, and endless, useemly sights and sounds, making devotion impossible to some and difficult for any.

But though many customs of the fathers have changed, perhaps none should say, "the former days were better than these," for despite the evil that abounds, and the declarations of infidels that Christianity is declining here, the Bible growing obsolete, etc., really the Scrip-

chimneys excepted. There, too, nothing but round logs, clapboards, and slabs were seen. Tables, seats, everything almost, were of slab. Two or three strong forks with poles laid along them, and several others across, with the ends resting in holes in the log walls, formed a bedstead. House building and furnishing then were somewhat different from now. Three days and less sufficed from the time the timber was waving in the forest, to transform it into warm, cosey cabins and very useful, if not very handsome furniture. And this style of housekeeping answered for all classes, rich and poor, high and low.

Dr. John McMillain writes in 1778: "The cabin I was to occupy had neither roof, floor, nor chimney when I arrived with my family at the beginning of winter; but the neighbors were very kind in helping me finish it, and we moved in the 16th of December. But for the first day or two we had no bedstead, table, chair, stool or bucket, as we had brought nothing over the mountains but what could be carried on pack-horses. The second day, a neighbor coming to my assistance, we took the remainder of the slabs left from the floor, made a table, seats, etc., and soon had everything comfortable about us. Sometimes, indeed, we saw no kind of bread for weeks together, but had plenty of squashes, pumpkins, and potatoes; all that was really necessary."*

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tures were never so much studied in Christendom before, never so much demanded in pagan lands as now, and it is stated that for the last fifteen years an average of one church each secular day has been built.

* No other set of pioneers labored harder or did more for Western Pennsylvania, morally, spiritually, and intellectually, than the clergy (especially the Presbyterian clergy), many of whom taught as well as preached, turning their cramped cabins for years into grammar schools and colleges for the advancement of the infant colony. They shared fully, too, in all its poverty, hardships, and danger, and it is but meet that they should share fully in its comforts and advantages now.

What would our polished D.D.'s of to-day think of such lodgings and fare? How could any class live so now? One writer says :

"Till my seventh year I had no idea there was a house in the world not made of *logs*. Then, being sent East, I at Bedford saw a stone house, plastered on the inside. We lodged here, and I examined it closely, but whether it had been reared by men or had grown itself, I could not determine. I saw odd cookeries at this table, too. One of the oddest being a small cup set in a larger one, filled with neither hominy, gruel, nor soup, but with a thin, brownish liquid, of a *most villainous taste*, and called *coffee*. The men at this tavern were talking loudly about catching and hanging Tories, and, as they frequently mentioned the 'backwoods,' I was in mortal fear lest my uncle and self might be Tories too, so kept very silent, and dared not ask a single question about any of the marvels I saw."

The dress was almost entirely of homespun. There were no factories of any kind. The women picked, carded, and spun the wool, then colored, warped, wove, cut out, and made up the cloth. They also pulled, spread, turned the flax, scotched, hackled, spun, warped, wove, bleached, and made up the linen. Good housewifery and thrift were known by the amount of clothing displayed ; for the coats, hunting-shirts, short gowns, etc., hung in one corner, or along two or three sides of the room, according to the means of the owners.

These garments of flannel, flax, tow, and linsey-woolsey, of many colors, with several comb-cases, pin-cushions, etc., decorated the walls* instead of tapestry, pictures, and brackets. And in lieu of carpets, the floors of spare rooms

* Once Grannie J., returning from a call on a new family, told her daughter, "They're decent folks, but I'll lay you a dollar they're poor enough, for the clothes-pegs were nearly empty. I don't think there was ten hunting-shirts and short gowns on the wall."

(if there were any) in genteel families were covered with fine white sand, in which, if *very genteel*, wreaths or bouquets of flowers were drawn with a pointed stick. In summer the walls were freshened with a coat of blue clay (lime whitewash not being known here then), the hearth covered with a rug of soft, verdant moss, and the fireplace filled with

"Aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay."

This pretty arrangement gave a cool, sweet, bower-like aspect to the room, grateful to the eye. Almost everything corresponded. The table was covered with homespun cloth and laid with pewter plates, spoons, and basins; but these, with the cutlery and pot metal, were so heavy to carry on pack-horses over the steep mountain paths, that usually very little was brought.

Doddridge says: "As the family increased, wooden trenchers, bowls, and noggins were brought into service, and often the shells of gourds and squashes were used too."

Bessie T., coming somewhat later, brought more ware of every kind than many of her neighbors; but being choice of her bright pewter and costly, brittle, white dishes, kept some trenchers too, one of which troubled a town boy very much.

Having company at dinner that day (Mrs. S. and her three-year-old Bennie being two), she seated the urchin in a corner, and filling one of these said trenchers with goodies for him alone, left him as happy and rich as famous Jack Horner.

Before the grown folks were half done, Ben, having satisfied his own demands, and disposed of the remainder to puss, began to play with and examine the strange dish that had been imposed on him.

The right side being ornamented with several creases and curves (and pretty well smeared with syrup and pudding), looked like ma's dishes; but the other side he imagined

seemed queer and wooden-like. All unconscious of the dinner party watching him with "nods and smiles," he was surveying the Janus-faced thing with the greatest care, and subjecting every part to the severest scrutiny. Gravely poising it in his chubby fingers, slowly and thoughtfully turning it over and over, now right side up, now wrong, he was ejaculating, *sotto voce*, "Plates, board; a plate, a board!"

In those early times there was a great deal of sociability and fellow-feeling among all. Neighbors gathered together and assisted each other in almost everything. There were huskings, clearings, flax-pullings, spinning-bees, paring-bees, sewing-bees, quiltings, etc.

As a quilt took up so much space in a small house, it was always expected that the company would finish, and take it out of the frames, and probably hem or bind it before they left. And great was the ambition among those invited to be marked prompt. Many a brisk, industrious damsel had finished home duties, dressed, and was on her way to the quilting before the stars had faded in the sky. Another reason for diligence among the belles was that there would be no place to receive the beaux or carry on the evening sport till their work was completed and removed.

Another kind of party, the "Kicking-bee," seems so rude and outlandish now, that a description will scarcely be tolerated; yet it was a positive necessity then, and very common. As there were no factories, no fulling-mills, no *anything*, as now, every good housewife, on cutting her web of blanketing or winter cloth from her loom, called in the neighboring yeomanry to full it for her. The goods, thoroughly saturated with soft soap and hot water, were spread on the floor. A row of seats placed close together round it, and about dusk the guests came in and made ready for the work. A score of fine, athletic "barefooted boys," with their "turned-up pantaloons," soon filled the seats, seized

the strong rope that extended round the circle, and waited the word of command. Then forty stout blows fell at once on the soft wet folds beneath; and on, on, thumping, banging, stamping with might and main, faster and faster every foot flew. Now and then a short recess was held while the web was turned, refolded, etc.; and every few minutes fresh soap was added, and more water from a huge caldron over the fire. Then, the hubbub redoubled, the water splashed, and the foam flew far and near.

There was a great deal of fun and laughter at these primitive "fulling frolics," often heightened by some saucy madcap giving the shower-bath rather warmer than the law allowed, and whom her victims, with loud exclamations, threatened with condign punishment by and by. Or occasionally one of the fullers, seeking to outshine his fellows by some extra flourish, betrayed by the slippery floor, would lose his balance and fall with a splash into the foaming suds. In a couple of hours or so the cloth would be well thickened, and was quickly carried out, the well-washed floor mopped up in a twinkling, and the table drawn out and spread with the best the house could afford, as was mete to such faithful laborers, and which such heavy exercise had given them good appetites to enjoy.

During the winter season there was not less sociability; perhaps there was more of other kinds, as there was less work going on. There were Christmas and New Year dinners, wedding feasts, barbecues, skating parties, sleighing parties, and also many happy family reunions—many quiet evening visits where friend met friend. In those bleak winter days and long winter nights, were seen those wondrous wood fires of which the poets sing,—"Perfect holocausts of wood,—where a log three feet in diameter and twice that in length, was rolled in as 'back-stick,' supplemented by one of smaller size in front, on the andirons, and half a cord of kindlings and middle-sized sticks heaped

between—enough to supply a score of our Liliputian grates and stoves."*

And what a royal blaze it made! What warmth and light and heat! What cheerful, open-handed hospitality was dispensed around those ample hearths! What circles met and sported in the ruddy glow! What songs were sung, what tales were told!—Surprise parties are not a modern invention either, but were common then too, and sometimes were returned with interest.

One cold December night, when the snow lay deep, all the B.'s, with friends stopping with them, made a sudden move on the T.'s, filling the house almost to overflowing without a note of warning. However, they were welcomed cordially, and passed a very pleasant evening, and on leaving, bade their entertainers return the compliment while the sleighing lasted. And they did; for, gathering all the force they could muster, they swooped down on the B.'s and their allies the very next night, to the great surprise of the late surprise party.

The amusements of the age, carried on in summer evenings at the close of the numerous bees, or on winter nights beside the roaring fires, varied to suit the various minds. Some companies, with quiet tastes, played quiet games—"parlor games" (only there were no parlors)—or sung, conversed, or told stories. As noticed in a former chapter, books were very scarce, and periodicals almost unknown here in the backwoods; hence a good story-teller, or a good reader with something to read, was a prize in a community. Bessie T. was *par excellence* the former, and was everywhere a loved and welcome guest. However, she did not always depend on her own memory and language, especially if the narrative was strictly religious, but read it. When she received her copy of "The Dairyman's Daughter" from the East (the first book of that class ever seen in the vicinity),

* Old History of Backwoods.

she carried it with her into company, and read this simple, touching history of the lowly, but sainted Elizabeth Walbridge, to listeners as rapt and silent as ever waited on the public "Readings of Shakespeare or Dickens." . . . . Others engaged in "blindfold," "black man," "poor pussy," and such-like lively, romping games, while others still, delighted in "forfeits," "cross-questions," dancing, "sleight of hand," practical jokes, etc., etc. These tricks and jokes, generally played off on the ignorant, were usually simply amusing, but sometimes rather rude and alarming. "Dough-face" and hokonono were often played. The latter (probably corrupted from the Indian, hobomokko) was done in this way: A large sheet or blanket was folded corner-wise, sewn partly up, and stuffed; a huge pair of black ears and a couple of red goggle eyes were added, a strong stick inserted to make the head and neck move naturally, and the thing was done, and looked considerably like the caricature head of a long, lean steed. A pair of bright, quick-motioned girls, in some closet or outhouse, would prepare this in half an hour's time; then, quietly re-entering, bearing refreshments or something else to conceal their depravity, they would innocently take their seats. The performer, already outside on some pretence, would now quickly whisk off his shoes, mount the massive head on his shoulders, envelope himself in the remaining drapery, and, dropping on all-fours, this ghost of Rozinante would glide softly into the room, where generally at that moment the lights happened to be rather dim. As all shrieked and fled before it into the darkest corners, the uncanny beast (its long nose aloft, its great ears turning sharply from side to side) would pause and listen; then make a furious onset—now on one screeching squad, now on another, till the whole band was routed and flying.

As a missionary once said of a bugbear seen among the heathen: "Though it was broad daylight, and I knew what it was, yet it looked so prodigiously frightful that as

it approached me, I involuntarily shivered and shrank back." So even the initiated could scarcely control their nerves as this weird nightmare bore down on them closer and closer; while the young and ignorant were sometimes quite overcome with terror. At that double surprise party at B.'s, two girls, Hally E. and Hannah N., were singled out, and pursued by the hokonono, and frightened to such a degree, that the company, fearing serious consequences, were obliged to interpose, and with all haste explain the matter.

Much such a cabin as those lately described was the T.'s. Here Delia and Ethan died; here Rowland and Fred began their studies; and here Rose and Elza were born, and lived till they had reached their seventh and tenth years. About that time they moved into a new and larger house of hewn logs, built a few rods from the old one,—nearer the mountain, and still nearer to, almost on, the very brink of the Redstone. The children haunted it now more than ever, and if it were possible, loved it more, and Elza in her devotion very narrowly escaped drowning in it,—and must, but for Fred's coolness, for both the parents were away. He was just in time to see her black hair floating on the surface, and seizing her by that alone, dragged her safely to shore.

Fred differed in many ways from his elder brother; he was like him, and unlike him. For one thing, though loving books nearly as well, he was not entirely absorbed in them, nor in *work* either, but loved play most devotedly; and instead of wishing the boy-callers gone, that he might study and work, he wished them to stay long, that he might play. His first business with a new boy was to compare notes on games; find out what he played best, what worst; try his metal in wrestling, lifting, pitching, and a dozen other things. When Fred was turned into his teens, Si. Morris (son of a new settler) came to the mill first, and re-

ceived a hilarious welcome from the young host, who firmly believed the saw, "The more the merrier." And he at once began to talk blithely, and ask, as a matter of course, "What will you play?" But Josiah drew back as shyly as a girl, declined every proposal, and as soon as practicable secured his grist, mounted his old roan, and slowly and soberly jogged away, more like fourscore than fourteen. Fred stood looking after him a moment contemptuously; then inwardly dubbing him a "milksop," returned discontentedly to his work. But on reflection, he generously resolved to give him another trial, and let him retrieve his character if he could. And he did bring up the subject, over and over, as often as 'Siah appeared; offering him his choice of games, and doing all in his power to encourage and please him,—but all in vain. After he had run over a list of all the sports in creation, and exhausted all his eloquence, painting the special charms of each, the stolid Virginian was just as cold and uninterested as ever. Not an hour, not a minute would he spend on any of them. Fred had often hinted some disapproval of his new acquaintance; but after a dozen of these failures with him, lost all patience, and abused him roundly; declaring to mamma and the girls—that "of all the stupid, lazy, sleepy, wooden-headed, good-for-nothing boys in the world, Si. Morris was the *good-for-nothingest!*"

Bessie was accustomed to these boyish tempers, and piles of adjectives, and for the hundredth time said reprovingly: "Come now, hush up, Fred; what can that young Morris have done?"

"Done, indeed," he retorted; "catch him doing anything! He's done *nothing*, that's all he's good for. He won't run a race, he won't jump, he won't wrestle, he won't lift, he won't pitch, he won't play ball, he won't play *anything*. He's no better than an old stump; he's good for nothing, *nothing*, I say!"

"Hush, hush," said mamma, "you should not speak so. Josiah seems a nice, quiet boy; a little dull, certainly; but I daresay he's good for *something else*, if not for a play-mate. And as for that, I heard your father saying you had more than enough already; a good many more than agreed with your work, my boy."

At this hint the grumbler thought best to retreat, and discreetly betook himself to his unfinished task. But not long after this outbreak, he came in one day noisy and jubilant; ingenuously confessing his error in railing at 'Siah M., and affirming, that after all, he was *good for a great deal;* worth ten of the other boys, etc. By mere accident he had discovered that Josiah was a reader,* a *great reader;* and like brother Rowland, loved and pored so much over his books, that he cared but little for play. Moreover, they were going to read together; exchange books, and what not; and he was to have a new book from Morris that very week.

Mamma could not forbear smiling at, and mistrusting this sudden and violent friendship; but the girls were delighted at the new turn of affairs, for who did or could prize a new book more than they? However, Elza had something else on the brain just then, too. She had only lately gained the accomplishment of riding on horseback, but already managed her steed so cleverly, that she had been promised a ride that week to F—— (if nothing occurred to prevent).

She was to go on Saturday and take her best gown along, so that on Sunday she could attend meeting at G—— with her friends.

It was seven miles or more distant, a nice road, lovely September weather, and great was her pride and joy, and elaborate her preparations. But a few hours before the time to start, some of the family, returning from town brought a

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* Later, he discovered that the dull, sleepy-looking 'Siah was also a fine singer.

message from Charity E., stating "that a very famous preacher would be at Bethel next day, and her friends, Mr. and Mrs. T., must not fail to hear him."

Mrs. T. at once decided to go, and promptly conveyed the pleasing intelligence to her daughter, that now as she and papa would be absent, her visit must be postponed, as it could be taken as well another day, when the great D.D. would be gone.

But Elza could not see it in that light at all. To her, there was no time like the present. Her whole heart was fixed on going, and going now. She could not give it up; no, *no*. On mamma repeating, "that as matters stood now she *must* give it up," she burst into a perfect torrent of words and tears, reasoning, beseeching, reproaching, till her mother sternly commanded silence, and for her noisy insubordination, added a two hours' task.

Some have said of that age, "Parents ruled their children with a rod of iron, often punished them cruelly, and sometimes contrived marplots and disappointments purposely, to inure to hardships, and prepare them for the trials of coming life."

The T.'s were not so severe as this; yet their discipline was not slack. They firmly held the good old doctrine, that as God had placed the parents (not the children) at the head of the house, therefore it was the positive duty of parents to rule their households; to do and order what in their judgments was best for all, and the duty* of children to trust and obey, asking no questions nor answering back.

Their aim was to do right, yet in their wise dread of the weak indulgence and cruel kindness that bring so many children to shame, they may sometimes have erred on the other side. Possibly there were occasions when they mis-

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* A grand rule where parents are wise and pious; but if weak and vicious, what, then, is children's duty?

took the path of duty, or where at least more consideration and tenderness should have been used, lest in their wholesome fear of strengthening the child's self-will, they should have injured its sense of justice.

Such a case of mistake and wrong the spirited, sensitive Elza felt sure had occurred on that sweet and yet most dismal September day. Child casuist that she was, was she right or wrong?

But its weary hours at last wore away, and chores were finished. From the great clay oven without, and from crane and hearth within, the savory Sunday stores had been transferred to safe and cellar; lines of freshly-ironed linen, and hose great and small, aired beside the fire; while near them stood a row of well-blacked shoes, with large, shining buckles. The kitchen wares were brightly scoured, and the floors lately washed and sanded. "Another six-days' work was done," and over the well-ordered house the Saturday night closed in.

If nothing had been promised Elza, she would have been the gayest, prettiest figure in this quiet domestic scene; but as it was, proved anything but gay. She had cried till she could cry no more; and now, with the heavy sobs shaking her slight form, she shrank from sight, and feeling that all the world was hateful, and she was utterly miserable, and never could be happy any more, crouched down in the darkest niche she could find, and buried her swollen, tear-stained face in her hands.

Half an hour or less after, Fred came cantering home from M.'s, and quickly turning his horse to the pasture, came tramping in, singing as he came; but Elza, though devoted to music, would not aid or listen, feeling only mocked by the cheery, ringing strains. They soon ceased, however, as Fred, sitting down by the light, began to talk something about "that new book"; but she did not know what it was, nor care to know. Mamma remarked:

"You had better read it aloud."

But Elza was not going to be interested if he did. No, indeed; she was not going to listen to a word of it, not she. But Fred, knowing little of her trial, and nothing of her contempt for his prize, cleared his throat, and innocently began.

The book was that beautiful creation of Goldsmith's, "The Vicar of Wakefield" (also including "The Traveller," and "Deserted Village"), and, as Fred's sonorous voice rolled along the polished periods, the youthful misanthrope found to her surprise that she was a little mistaken about "not listening," and not quite so dead to the world as she had supposed. She could not help listening, she could not help admiring those inimitable pictures of simple, homely joys, and care-free country life. The cheerful united summer labors in field and meadow; the dining and resting under the trees at noon, among the wild flowers and the birds; and the equally charming winter scenes, when with music, work and books, the contented, loving family gathered around the happy fireside.

The mere sound served somewhat to divert, and the fine sense calmed and soothed her troubled mind. But when the "Family determined to make a figure," furbish up Moses, Blackberry, and the colt; go to church in style, snub Mr. B., and exult in the acquaintance of the high-toned Miss Caroline Amelia Wilhelmia Sheggs, etc., a new light began to brighten the sad eyes, new lines to curve the drooping, pensive lips. Ere she was aware she was smiling, then laughing outright; and before the story closed, she had discovered that it was no use to pretend to be miserable any longer, for she was *not*.

The ache and sting in her heart had been gradually wearing away, till now they were gone, she knew not whither, and all her angry, excited feelings were lulled to rest. She was forced to confess that in spite of her bitter disappoint-

ment, it had been a very nice evening. And from that time on, the "Vicar" was ever more associated in her mind with this great childish grief, and she always after felt a kind regard for the genial magician that had come to her that night like a benison, and so gently charmed away her wrath and sorrow.

Nor was the sudden intimacy between the owner of the book and her son, at all so short-lived as Bessie had anticipated, for this "good-for-nothingest boy in the world" became one of the closest, most esteemed friends, not only of Fred's, but of the whole family.

Not long after confessing his wrong to Si. M., and sealing a compact of friendship with him, to last while sun and moon should shine; this hope of the house contrived to get himself into a snarl with another boy, that did not end quite so pleasantly. Henry Lacy was one of the handsomest, best dressed, best mounted young striplings in U——. His clothes were not only finer, but more fashionably made; his colt sleeker and faster, and his watch costlier and with more seal attached, than any other farmer's boy around could boast. And so well aware was he of all these distinctions, that he seldom consorted with those of his own age, and sometimes almost ignored their presence in company. These were his faults; he was not idle, quarrelsome, or profane, but simply inflated with pride and vanity. But this self-importance was very exasperating to the other boys, and many a time they frowned and muttered, as with neck curved as proudly as his blooded nag's, and scarce a nod of recognition to them, he galloped by. The Grand Mogul could scarcely have carried himself more loftily, or held himself further aloof.

One day at home, as Frederick was complaining of some fresh insult from Henry, a happy thought struck him, and he exclaimed, exultingly:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll *whip* Hal Lacy!"

This sudden announcement did not startle the family nearly so much as it would now, because boxing was very common then, both among men and boys ; yet the T.'s considered it a rude pastime, and still less would they tolerate it if carried on in anger, and they at once expressed their disapproval.

"Why, father," returned Fred, "you and mother don't begin to know how provoking Hal is ; if you did, you would say some of us ought to box him."

"No," said the father, "I should never encourage that kind of thing, even if Henry were much more provoking than he is ; but from your own account he goes about his own affairs, and meddles with none of yours. You had better follow the same course, and keep yourself out of mischief."

When he had gone out, Fred continued :

"Why, father needn't be so careful of Hal. I only mean to cure him of a few of his tricks, but don't intend to hurt him much."

"Oh, as to that," said mamma, laughing, "as Hal is both older and larger than you, I daresay he can defend himself ; and it is more than likely it will be my laddie who will fall in the battle."

"No fear of that," cried the young stalwart; "I can settle the pretty fop directly. He's two years older, I know, but I do not care for that. I'll make him cry for quarter in less than no time. You'll see ; but (magnanimously), as I said before, I won't hurt him much."

But as Fred, like many others when in a passion, often said more than he meant, they supposed that when cool again he would probably think no more about it, so they had better say nothing more, and it would soon drop and be forgotten. But this proved a false induction, for Fred was in grave earnest this time ; and it soon began to be whispered among the clan that all their slights were to be avenged at the first fitting occasion. This offered before long, when all the parties met at the Jones' husking-bee :

and some one soon carried the challenge to Hal, who seemed neither surprised nor disturbed, but stepped forth with alacrity.

Both sexes at that period powdered their hair, and generally wore it hanging down, plaited or tied, and the longer and heavier the better. But Lacy, having heard before what awaited him, had acted on the adage that "Everything is fair in war," and had his head shaved like a monk's, while his antagonist's hung full and long, as usual. All saw at a glance what an advantage this would give the former; and they cried "Shame!" "Mean!" "Unfair!" etc.

But their champion grandiloquently scorned the danger; and, brave as Mars, strong as Hercules, smiled at the hubbub, and royally waving his hand for silence, addressed his peers; rising to the occasion by imitating, as nearly as possible, the style of some stump orator he had heard:

"Let that pass, my friends; let all pass. We yield the advantage; fair, or unfair, let the enemy come with all his powers. We wait! we are ready! I say, 'Let the foe advance'!"

And the foe did advance gallantly, and "then came the tug of war."

Neither of the boys knew or heeded any rules for fighting, but each in his own way struggled manfully, and cuffed and pummeled with all his might; and the others looked on, and laughed and cheered.

But Fred discovered, when too late, that that shaven crown, so smooth and slippery, affording scarcely more grip than a glass ball, was a master-piece of strategy; for his long hair, whisking round, was continually being captured by the foe, and held tightly; while he, nearly powerless, was pelted at will, till, by a powerful effort and at the risk of his scalp, he would wrench it away and recover his lost ground, and hold it well, till the next turn again brought his cue within Hal's grasp.

But why go on? The result was most disastrous,—a total defeat of the "allied powers"; and the victor marched haughtily away, "not much hurt" indeed, but prouder now than ever.

As all considered the conquest unfairly won, none thought the less of Fred's strength or courage; but he himself, being as ambitious as Cæsar, never brooking to be second in anything, felt exceedingly chagrined and vastly dishonored. Then he had been so confident of a different result, and had boasted so loudly, it is no wonder that it was with a shamed and lengthened visage he turned homeward, to give an account of himself to his parents. They, however, knowing his proud and sensitive nature, and seeing how much he was suffering already through the humiliation, as well as the beating, thought perhaps he was sufficiently punished, and said but little on the subject. But secretly they were quite resigned to his misfortune, and thought the affair had ended admirably, and they hoped most salutary effects from it. They trusted that this seasonable defeat would check their boy's excessive self-esteem and boastfulness; teach him to have more respect for their advice; destroy all taste for such low, rude pursuits, and, above all, cause him to remember in future, and heed the divine precept that bade him "rule his own spirit," and leave off contention before it be meddled with.

Nor were they entirely mistaken, for though the vanquished hero soon recovered his spirits and his self-esteem, and always indulged some love of pre-eminence, they never more prompted him to seek fame among the pugilists, or led him into bear-baiting, cock-fighting, or any other cruel, debasing sport (as they did many). And for all his life, this one occasion, when he was moved to take on himself the burden of reforming the manners of the ingrate Lacy, was his last fight,—the first, and last time, that Fred Traulie ever graced, or *disgraced*, the "boxing ring." But if he

"came to grief" in the "ring," there were other things in which he excelled. He was not only a good player and prime mover in almost all kinds of proper games, but a good story-teller; and as he grew to manhood, a keen debater, and also a fine singer, and something of a rhymist; making many rebuses and acrostics for the girls, and witty, amusing squibs on the lads. These, and other accomplishments, added to his buoyant spirits and inexhaustible humor, made him a favorite in society, and he was invited far and near, and went out a great deal. Still, he was not at all dissipated, but spent a large part of his evenings very quietly and happily with the home-circle alone;—where mamma, in her easy-chair, carded wool or spun flax, in one corner; and papa, in *his* easy-chair, rested in the other; and the round-table, surrounded by the children, filled the space between. Various pursuits were followed here. Sometimes they wrote compositions; every now and then submitting their last verse, or period, to the family admiration or criticism; sometimes they all practiced the new pieces for the next singing-school, etc.; but many whole evenings, and parts of many others, the girls, too, carried on some quiet kind of work, while Fred read aloud to all. His appetite was never feeble, but singing, reading aloud, and sharp, frosty weather whetted it still more; so, by nine o'clock, or sooner, mamma would produce a basket of nice apples, a platter of tender, delicious doughnuts, and perhaps a pitcher of milk or cider. After all, or as many as chose, had partaken, the working and reading were resumed till, by and by, papa and mamma, feeling that sleep was more seasonable than history or poetry, however good, would retire. But the young ones often sat the volume through; and then, cuddling round the fire, discussed and criticised it; and laughed, and chatted, and sung, till the remnants of the huge heap of oak and hickory that had filled the hearth at twilight, and for hours had blazed, and sparkled, and roared up the wide chimney,

fell together a shapeless mass, and silently smouldered among the snowy ashes and glowing coals. And still they lingered; basked in the grateful warmth, re-read striking paragraphs, tried one more apple, tried one more tune, till sometimes the clock striking eleven, or a call from mamma, admonished them that they must sing the closing hymn, for the evening, too, as well as "the day," was "past and gone." Peaceful, happy seasons were these; remembered and loved through life, and thus they came, and thus too quickly sped, those nights at home, those long-past winter nights.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"She is a mourner, and her heart is broken;
She is a widow, she is old and poor."

Rum, rum, brings curses dire.
Ah, many a wife a martyr dies without the rack and fire.

New settlers were always welcomed cordially by the community, if they were of the proper kind. But when a family arrived that, instead of being beneficial, appeared likely to prove a disgrace and a burden, the larger part received them rather coldly, and many neglected them entirely. Of this latter class were the Doans, from M——, and from most they met with but a chilling reception, for they were not only miserably poor, but had a degraded, vagabondish look generally, that was anything but promising. The parents looked old and feeble; the sons were mostly grown; but the fifth was a cripple who had never walked, and the other four were great, shambling, lazy, worthless drones, of little use at home or abroad; while the sixth, and last, was a poor, neglected-looking girl of thirteen. And yet the

coldest acknowledged that the mother, "Granny D., seemed a decent, pious old body, and would do well if better situated." Poor Mary D.! her history is that of countless numbers. The same curse that has blighted a million other homes had blighted hers. She had married with as fair prospects as others; both were young and industrious, full of hope and energy. Land was cheap, timber abundant, nothing to prevent their soon owning a house and farm like their neighbors.

But James D. drank,—very moderately, it was true; at first only the slightest sip, when the bottle passed round in the harvest-field, at huskings, on election days, etc. Just a little now and then,—*only a little;* but *thus the terrible taste was formed,* and gradually it grew and grew. Before very long, business began to be neglected more and more, and customers dropped off one by one. No more property was gained, and what little they possessed began slowly but surely to melt away. In half a dozen years or so after his marriage, he was known as a confirmed drunkard; and though he worked occasionally, it was so irregular, and so much was spent on liquor, that his family often lacked the very necessaries of life. Mary, the kind and faithful wife, had always borne her full proportion of the burden of labor; but now felt constrained, in addition to her own tasks, to take up what his idle, worthless hands had laid down. If he would not support the family, she must; and having formed her resolution, she went out to engage work at once. This was soon done, but the children troubled her. If carried with her, they would hinder the work, and annoy her employers, and they were too young to stay alone. But generally she was forced to leave them so, while she went forth day by day to wash, clean house, act as field hand, do anything to earn honest bread. Often she labored thus, five days in the week, and washed, mended,—did all her own work at night and on Saturday. Meantime, James was

absent a great deal, carousing with his boon companions, and in their vile society growing worse and worse; and what little he worked was mostly done around still-houses and taverns, only enough for his own support and liquor. Occasionally, he would come home nearly or quite sober, bringing a little meal, a bit of bacon, or such like, to the family; but much oftener returned empty-handed to devour the hard-earned stores of the feeble wife, and to abuse her in drunken frenzy, with brutal language and cruel blows. And thus the bitter, dreary years dragged on. She had longed, and hoped, and prayed for her husband's reform in vain, till she had almost ceased to expect or think of it; but as all hope of happiness with him was abandoned, so much the closer she clung to her children. For them she toiled harder than the galley-slave, "through summer's heat and winter's cold." Watched over them in health and sickness, through weary days and sleepless nights,—watched and wept with all a mother's measureless, tireless love. On them every earthly hope was centred. They would grow up strong, and fair, and good; reward all her care and pains, comfort her declining years, and be her crown of rejoicing forever. But alas! alas! for the mother's hopes. "She looked for good, but evil came." Dark and gloomy as her past had been, her future was to be shrouded in tenfold gloom.

As her sons verged toward manhood,—one by one they, too, began to tamper with the accursed cup: at first, but slightly, and secretly; but by and by, grown bolder and more hardened in sin, would sit at home and drink shamelessly before their mother's eyes. In vain she wept, and warned, and implored them to desist, for their father drank; —their father laughed and encouraged them; and blindly, sottishly they followed in his footsteps, till at last all became drunkards, as wicked and degraded as himself (one only escaping, the youngest, the poor weakling). And yet there

were men (were they men or demons?) who, knowing all this poor woman had suffered, would sell this family the poison, and after securing their money, drive them from their premises homeward, sending this whole gang of profane and quarrelsome sots to insult and torture the wretched wife and mother. It was sometimes said apologetically, "Yes, Mr. O. runs a distillery, and Mr. P. has a liquor store, —those D.'s get most of theirs from them ; but never drink there, for they both keep very decent, quiet houses, and allow no drinking on their premises." But why not!—were they ashamed of their own work? Surely, if there is a fitting place to drain the liquid fire, this side tophet, it is where it is made and sold. If any must witness its terrible effects, should it not be those who administer it?

It is a world-wide custom to keep on exhibition samples of the wares dealt in or manufactured. Why should not these liquor-dealers have done the same? The five drunken D.'s, and a score or so of brother topers, "tattered and torn," reeling, fighting, swearing, defying heaven and earth, and polluting the very air with their ribaldry, would have been a telling advertisement of their business. Respectable distiller! Decent liquor-house! What misnomers are these terms. What an abuse of language.

Is it not enough that in these dens of Satan, the wretched dupes are tempted out of their all,—to the last penny? Their suffering children robbed of bread : poison—only poison—received in return? Poison to frenzy the brain, wreck character, curse body, curse soul forever? Must the madmen then be sent forth to carry terror to their helpless families?—to break and burn their scanty stores,and in maudlin glee dance around the destroying fire, drinking to the ruin? Sometimes forcing wives and children to drink with them, or, their mood soon changing to demoniac rage, pursuing them with heavy blows, driving them out shivering in the midnight storm, or maiming, or murdering them in their

beds! O terrible rum traffic! more deadly, more cruel, than a thousand Molochs, when will the besom of destruction sweep thee forever from our sin-blighted earth?

The curse had fallen with crushing weight on the D. family, and it was then, when scarcely any change could be for the worse, that they decided to leave M——, and in all their poverty and squalor, made their *début* in U——. The father, worn out, but less with age than with vice, survived this change but a short time; and, as men usually die as they have lived, so did he. Miserably he had lived, and miserably he died; and the dry-eyed neighbors, with "scant ceremony," hustled him under ground; whispering to each other, "A good riddance"; "A fortunate thing for Granny"; "The loss of more of them would be a gain," etc. Their cold indifference could scarcely be blamed, for they saw him only as he was: the bloated, loathsome drunkard. But poor Granny saw him as he once was, a promising youth, an honorable man, a tender lover, a kind, true husband. Thought of all that "might have been," of all that *was*, and sorely she wept over the wreck and ruin rum had made.

The sons, descended from such a sire, and from a mother habitually worn down and overtasked in mind and body, had not inherited very vigorous constitutions; and exposure and excesses of all kinds had weakened them still more. But they took no warning from their father's fate, refused all counsel, and ran, with head-long speed, the downward road. "Being often reproved, they hardened their necks," and went heedlessly on to "be destroyed without remedy." And one after another they, too, sank down to the drunkard's grave, and went to the drunkard's doom.

But, through all their sin and shame, one had never forgotten, never forsaken them; through everything, the much-injured, long-suffering mother had clung to her outcast children, forgiven and loved them, and she loved them to the end. Like a pitying angel, she hovered round their pillows,

and watched and prayed; while her own feeble, withered hands ministered to their wants and fondly soothed their pains. And when even her love and prayers could do no more, and swiftly the last dread hour approached, shuddering with horror, still she kept her post, watched, in untold anguish, their dying pangs, and bowed, in despairing grief, above their Christless graves. Being a plain Christian, happily knowing nothing of the glosses and sophistries of rationalists and critics, she received the whole Bible for *truth divine, truth only;* and all its history, promises, and threatenings as real, not figurative. Judgment and an eternity of bliss or woe, *according to the deeds done in the body,* were dread realities to her; and no popish fables of a cleansing purgatory after death for the sinful soul, could ease her pain; no Utopian dream of a heaven for all, yielded her the least relief. She believed God's word rather than man's, and in it she had learned of but two future states, prepared, the one for the *saved*, the other for the *lost;* and these two, divided by a gulf impassable. He had testified, in language unmistakable, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." . . . . "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." "God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." . . . "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." And in the face of these texts, and hundreds of like meaning, what hope could she see for unrepenting sinners? If (as the Bible plainly taught) worldliness alone was fatal, if only forgetting and neglecting salvation destroyed the soul, what shadow of hope was there for vice? It taught that the purest moralist could not stand before God; that the strictest formalist in religion was vile in His sight; and all mere human righteousness but filthy rags; and if none could be saved by their own good works, where must the impious and profane appear? And of this latter class, alas! of such were her dead.

. . . . Yet she dared not charge God foolishly, nor lay their ruin on Him. Had He not placed them in a Christian land and given them time and opportunity to seek salvation? Given them a chiding conscience, a striving spirit, Sabbaths, sermons, an open Bible, and living teachers to instruct, persuade, and warn. Yes, God had done much for them; what had they done for Him, or for themselves? They had despised His laws, dishonored his Sabbaths, neglected His house and word, shunned and hated His ministers, resisted His Spirit, held fast their iniquity, and refused to return.

It was over now. She could counsel them no longer. She could pray for them no more. They were gone—and where! Nature sickened and fainted at the thought, but grace upheld. The Judge of all the earth would *do right.* She could but still the wild tumult in her heart, and leave them in His hands. . . . .

But it is only the rich who can wear the costly trappings and indulge in the luxury of woe; whatever betide, the "poor must work for their bread." Two of her family still remained, and for their sakes she would shake off the lethargy of despair, and live and struggle a little longer. She was old and worn, but Nanny was young and strong; and though labor was but poorly* rewarded, she hoped, by careful managing, they might provide decently for themselves and their helpless Jamie, and so, for awhile, they did. But, for this most hapless wife and mother,

> Misery had another cup,
> And to the brim she filled it up.

Two years after the last doleful funeral passed over her crumbling threshold, another sorrow darkened it, a great, an overwhelming sorrow; and this time Nanny, the darling,

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* Fifty cents a week was a girl's common wages then, and sometimes less.

the only daughter, brought the grief and shame. Obliged to be away among strangers, laboring, where she could find a place, a drunkard's child, with none to care for her, direct or protect, she had drifted out among godless companions, who, having thrown off restraint and made themselves vile, sought to tempt and taint all around them, and, with many, too well they succeeded. Here Nanny's principles were gradually undermined, till she at length swerved openly from the paths of virtue, and continued straying farther and farther in sin, till her once fond mother learned to shrink at the sound of her footsteps, and blush to hear her name. Poor Granny! Poor Granny D.! How much, how long, she had labored, and loved, and hoped, and suffered; and all for what?

Now, youth, health, strength, hope, *all* were gone: she could do nothing more, and, utterly crushed and heart-broken, she gave up the struggle and came with her maimed and feeble Jamie on the town. Paul T. was overseer of the poor, and went as soon as notified to confer on and attend to the case. Some felt and expressed genuine pity for the poor unfortunates, and all agreed that they were incapable of self-support; but more than one grumbled and hinted that they ought to be returned to their native place. None, however, were so determined and persistent as Sally Thornel, the prudent woman of the district. Over and over again the old dame came on her sleek steed ("the eyes of both standing out with fatness") to advise, coax, or scold Paul into this measure, urging, "We have poor folks enough of our own, and taxes are high enough, dear knows. The old mother possibly mightn't trouble us very long—maybe, but Jimmie's lameness will never kill. He may live fifty or sixty years, and what a bill he will run up! An overseer in old N—— said one pauper (a crazy one) had been an expense of $3,000 to the county, and he was strong and hearty still; good for $3,000 more, likely. Now," she continued, "do, *do* try to get rid of this pair, will you?"

Paul made some evasive reply and tried to change the subject, but the "woman of business" interrupted.

"Come now, neighbor T., let us finish this first. You see, them D.'s will have to be taken care of the rest of their lives, and none of 'em was ever any use here; they belong to M——, and do you send them there."

Mr. T. as politely as possible proposed that "as she was more anxious than any one else, she should pack them up and send them herself."

"This is nothing to joke about," returned Sally, severely. "You are overseer,—your work has been to tend the poor this many a day; do tend to these and get 'em started afore the winter sets in, or besides their board, we'll have a lot of new clothes to get."

But Paul replied that "They had been citizens of U—— too long to be returned, and he, for one, would have nothing to do with any measure for banishing Granny: she had suffered enough already."

So the matter dropped with all but Sally, who talked and worried over it for years, without being able to accomplish anything. At that day there was no County House. The poor were "let out," or "boarded round," and this new lot, the D.'s, fell to Mr. T. himself. So the loom-house, a snug room hard by his own, was cleared out and fitted up. Granny's own scanty, but familiar "household stock," was arranged around it; a cheerful fire built on the wide hearth, and herself and Jamie moved in. Here, without her thought or care, shelter, food, fuel, everything, was furnished liberally, and, with none to molest, she spread her own table, and sat by her own bright fire. The T.'s, old and young, were kind and considerate to her, for they not only "pitied her for the trials she had borne," but honored her many virtues, and often dropped in by night and by day, to cheer her loneliness, or with knitting-work, sewing, or a book, went to spend the entire evening with her and Jamie. It needed

but a draught from Lethe, to make this the happiest period Granny had known since her youth; and though the sad past was not forgotten, time gradually softened its pains, and the combined influence of kindness, rest, plenty, and safety, added to her earnest piety, made her contented and grateful, and sometimes even cheerful.

She became strongly attached to these true friends and fellow-Christians, and also to the place; thanking Heaven for so calm a harbor after her dark and stormy life, and humbly hoping and trusting here to spend and end the remnant of her days. This seemed a very humble wish, a very small petition, but it might not be. . . . . Once more the way-worn pilgrim heard the summons, "Arise, for this is not your rest." There was a "County House" ready now, and the poor from all the districts were to be congregated there, under one roof. Of course there came an "order" for the D.'s too: and their unwillingness to obey, their tears and entreaties to remain where they were, all passed for nothing. The little home was broken up, and they were carried away to join, and make a part of the motley throng of all ages and colors, of diseased, deformed, idiotic, insane, degraded, repulsive humanity that filled the common poor-house. There, Granny could not but feel, not only the humiliation of, but the hardness of her cruel lot. Others, who began the race with her, had, without a tithe of her striving, won the goal, gained competence, honor, friends, and home; while she, for all her weary days and sleepless nights—her seventy years of ceaseless care and hardship and unremitting toil—had gained little but a life of pinching penury and crushing trials, and for her age a pauper's dole, a pauper's shame. She had read, "In all labor there is profit, and the hand of the diligent maketh rich." And for all her care and toil was this—was this indeed, her *only reward?* Why, the most useless, idle drone, the veriest blot on society, could scarcely have expected less or fallen lower. True, she

had been on charity before, but during those halcyon days with the T.'s, she had scarcely realized her position; but here, no "flowers concealed the cruel chains" of fate; all was hard, unrelenting reality. And often when rudely crowded and vexed by the unclean, noisy clan; feeble and harassed, with nerves unstrung, and brain throbbing with pain, she longed unutterably for the mountain-side, to rest once more in the peaceful cot by the Redstone, cool her fevered brow in its waters, and sleep with their murmur in her ear. But the longing and wishing were vain,—utterly in vain.

Poor Granny D., her faith had long been tried in the fiery furnace. What wonder if it was sometimes weak, seemed well-nigh lost, and that terrible doubts and fears arose in her troubled mind?

Did God, indeed, know *her* sorrows? Could He really *love* her, and yet permit such countless griefs and temptations to assail her? True, she read, "Whom the Lord *loveth* He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

Satan himself could not make her envy the *wicked*, however rich and prosperous; but he craftily reminded her that there "were many *Christians* no better than herself, living all their days in ease and plenty; rolling in their coaches in silks and velvets, surrounded by godly families, dwelling in happy homes. *All this* and *Heaven besides.* Where are the chastening and scourging here? Why, if your Master is no respecter of persons, does He make you so to differ? Have you not kept His ordinances in vain, and served God for naught?"

Sometimes faint, discouraged, and perplexed, she could "answer him not a word"; but again by prayer and the sword of the Spirit, "resisted the devil and he fled from her." One comfort she had, and that from what had generally been considered one of her great burdens and crosses. Jamie became hopefully pious, and of all her family, this poor cripple and fellow-sufferer, proved her only hope and

helper. Together they had ever borne the ills of life, and shared its little good, and now together they sought to strengthen their wavering faith by reading God's Word, and spake often one to another of its precious truths.

The highest intellect never yet comprehended the ways of Providence, or why events are ordered, or families or nations dealt with thus and so; and certainly this humble, unlettered pair could not solve the wonderful problem. But they could pray to be kept from meddling with things too high for them to understand, and for submission to His will, who had made both rich and poor, and with them and all things would *do right*. He had promised His people, "All things shall work together for your good; and what I do you know not now, but you shall know hereafter." And they would strive to cease their repining and envying at the good of others, and trust and wait. And then, too, perhaps they found some comfort in likening their condition to that of their Divine, yet lowly, Master, who for their sakes had become of no reputation, had lived a life of poverty and died a death of shame.

And this surely should be a great consolation to all lowly disciples, to remember that it was among the humblest of their class that the Saviour chose His birth, His friends, and passed His life. If they are poor, so was He; "born in a borrowed stable, buried in a borrowed tomb," and through all His days "having not where to lay His head." Are they lightly esteemed? "He was despised and rejected of men." Are they sad and hopeless? His soul was exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death. Are they sick and suffering? None ever suffered agony like their blessed Master's.

In all things the Lord of glory was made like unto them, not like the rich, the great, the happy. And if their condition brings some temptations, it is exempt from others. Dr. Johnson once exclaimed, as a friend displayed to him his costly mansion, and all his grand possessions: "Ah, Davy! these are the things that make death terrible."

And to leave great joys and many treasures here, is terrible to those who have none laid up above ; and doubtless give an added pang even to the Christian's death. But from love of the world, and many temptations and snares that beset wealth and state, the poor suffering believer is largely delivered.

It rarely requires a volume of "Dying Thoughts" and learned arguments to wean him from earth, and persuade him that Christ and heaven are better, and that death is gain. Oh, no! Many such have had so few ties, and have so longed to leave this world of sin and pain, to "see the King in His beauty and dwell with Him in the land that is afar off," that they have been fain to check their warm desires and sue for patience to wait their appointed time.

And the D.'s, little, very little, had they to bind them to a world that had truly to them proved a vale of tears. Literally strangers and pilgrims, they lived by faith, and all their inheritance was on high.

In the dreary years that followed their removal to the alms-house, one of the few pleasures that varied the sad monotony, was an occasional visit from one or another of the T.'s, who went now and then to call on their former charge, and assure them of their continued remembrance, regard, and sympathy. These little kindnesses were very grateful to the lonely, friendless pair, and were continued at intervals for years ; but by and by they needed them no longer ; strangers filled their places, and Granny and Jamie were gone.

Long ago those maimed, withered, worn-out bodies, were borne away, and without holy rites or mourners' tears hidden in the potter's field, none guessing as they tossed the rough clods with heartless haste, that under those rude, nameless mounds slumbered the "children of a King." By all the world neglected, forgotten; no man knoweth their place of sepulchre ; but what matters it? Jesus never for-

gets, never forsakes. Living or dying, He knoweth His own and guards the dust of every sleeping saint. And when He comes to make up His jewels, and gather His elect from land and sea, from palace and hovel, 'neath minster domes or pauper graves; then, when all the proud, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble, shall these meek, suffering ones (with all who have endured to the end) be safe and blessed. Sown in dishonor, but raised in glory, exalted to the many mansions, the new song, the harps and crowns, to be forever with the Lord, and enjoy the "all things" prepared for them who love Him. For these are of them "which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne." . . . . "They shall hunger and thirst no more, for the Lamb shall feed them, and lead them to living waters"; they shall weep and sorrow no more, for "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Hear the merry wedding-bells, golden bells!"

Meanwhile time was flying, and everywhere scattering changes in its flight. The T.'s felt them too; not even in their sweet hermitage, afar from noise and strife, had they discovered the mystic fountains that exempted from Time's power. Paul's and Bessie's brows were less smooth; there were "silver threads among the brown"; while the children were daily growing taller and stronger, and leaving their happy childhood behind them. It was well that Rose had so loved and revelled in its joys, for of the pleasures of the next period—youth—she was destined to know but little

more than the name. She was in her teens now, growing up lithe and slender; fair, blue-eyed, with a good form, a well-shaped head, and an abundance of very dark brown hair. She was tall for her age, and as she had much force of character and uncommon firmness, really seemed older than she was; and, if not extremely pretty, she was at least very interesting and attractive, as she had unconsciously captivated the hearts of more than one of the neighboring swains before she was fifteen. One of these, braver or more ardent than the rest, soon made his sentiments known; and as he possessed a fair character, and was sufficiently agreeable and well-born, she accepted him as an escort, and before many months as a favored suitor. It was common for girls to marry very young then, but all did not approve of it; so that when Mr. Elmer waited on the parents, not only asking their daughter's hand, but that it might be bestowed at an early day, they looked grave, demurred, and finally entirely refused to sanction such haste. They did not dispute his right to take a wife, nor his ability to support one; *his* age and circumstances were suitable enough. But Rose was too young to know her own mind yet (probably); and at all events, was far to young to be married or engaged either. At eighteen or nineteen, she would be abundantly young to assume the cares of life; certainly it would be best to postpone the nuptials for two years at least. And if at the end of this period both were still constant, they would offer no further objection.

The young folks had too much good sense to consider the parents cruel or unreasonable, and were too well-trained to think of disobeying them, eloping, or anything of the kind; yet, all the same, the terms were unsatisfactory to both. Still Rose, trusting her parents' love and wisdom, would have accepted them quietly; but Elmer was constantly unsettling her by seeking to have them modified, and by affirming that "she did not love him well—at least

not with the deathless devotion he felt for her—or she could not silently bear a wearisome delay of years." Said "he would not ask her to marry without her parents' consent, but if she were half as ardent as he, she would assist him in gaining it." And with the knowledge of human nature his twenty-five years had brought, suggested that as other means had failed, perchance the seniors might be melted, not by letting "concealment feed on their damask cheeks," but by plainly showing their love and unhappiness; and urged and conjured her to lend her aid.

The tender-hearted maiden, thus appealed to, consented; and thenceforward they played the *rôle* of the "Lorn Lovers" to perfection.

Elmer presented himself week after week with a depressed air, and lengthened, care-worn visage; while Rose began to avoid society, and go about her accustomed duties silent and abstracted; often walking sadly under the pines along the Redstone, or with her work or book sit pensively on its banks. She had always been a singer, warbling like a bird from her infancy, but now her voice was seldom heard, except in some dolorous love-ditty. Nothing was sung oftener than the song from "Twelfth Night," beginning with—

"Come away, come away, death," etc.

. . . . . .

'Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend weep
O'er the grave where my bones shall be thrown," etc.

Paul T. was not specially sentimental or fond of any songs, and this class he could not appreciate at all. And after some weeks of this persecution he lost patience, and in a secret conference with Bessie declared that:

"If this couple were to go on after this fashion—with Rose perpetually solemn and silent, or else crooning such

abominable die-away trash, full of 'bleeding hearts,' *death* and *despair*, and all about her lone *grave*, her *black coffin*, and her *bones*, he neither could nor would endure it for two more years—the young simpletons might marry and be done with it."

Bessie could not help laughing at his free version and opinion of the soul-touching madrigals of the poets; but she checked herself, and agreed that "they were really acting in a very uncomfortable sort of a way; that Rose, though as dutiful as ever, was no longer the light and joy of the house. And she did not wonder he was growing weary of the performance, for she was also"; but added, gently, that "they must not forget that they were lovers once themselves, and should understand and make allowance for others."

"Aye, that we were," he rejoined heartily, "but you were not a chit of sixteen, but a woman of twenty, and I was twenty-eight. It is all right and natural to love and marry, so it be done wisely. There was 'no nonsense' about our courtship; and powerful as love is, I never would have thought that even *it* could have made so sensible a pair as this so childish and lackadaisical. As it is, we are making the whole household unhappy as well as them. Let us have an end of it."

And the end was that, after several more consultations between themselves, they decided it would be best to withdraw their objections, and they did so; and Elmer, happy rogue, rejoicing in the success of his plan, bore away this fresh mountain rose in the first blush of its beauty.

At the marriage, as the company was large, extra help had been engaged; and one of the old "merry wives," looking up from the midst of her pots and pans as the younger sister entered, said, laughingly:

"Now, Miss Elza, I allow about next thing you'll be off, and we'll have another wedding dinner to make."

But the little maid gravely shook her curls, and answered with great dignity and decision :

"No, indeed! I intend to *enjoy* myself."

This dubious compliment on matrimony by the wiseacre of thirteen, given so innocently and solemnly, diverted the cooks very much, and was repeated to the amused guests, who thought it a most palpable hit on the bride and groom; and could not forbear adding the old proverb, "Marry in haste," etc., and reminding Rose, that as she was only sixteen, if she did not secure happiness she was pretty sure of abundance of "leisure to repent" of that day's doings. . . . . Next day the festivities were continued at the Elmer house; and after they closed, and various invitations had been received and responded to from other friends and acquaintances, the young couple prepared for housekeeping. The new home, situated a little south of the T.'s, and a mile east of the Elmers',—perhaps half-way between the two,—stood near the edge of a thick forest, on ground slightly sloping toward the west. Hard by was an unfailing spring, whose soft, clear waters welled out from beneath a shady bank, and, half hidden by reeds and rushes, stole softly down the vale ; and, just beyond it, sloe-bushes and dogwoods spread their snowy blossoms, and beneath them violets, anemones, honeysuckles, and other wild flowers, grew in thick profusion. To these the young wife speedily added rose-trees and other roots from her mother's garden, till the place was abloom; and here we leave them, to enjoy love in a cottage, and a life all their own.

CHAPTER XXIX.

" Creeping, like snail, unwilling to school."

Perhaps Fred and Rose received as much schooling as most children of that day; but, from one cause and another,

Elza received but little; but, as soon as she could speak, almost, she began learning from the elder children, and, at three years old, could read a little, and write legibly, or rather print, for it was pica type she copied. She was an odd little thing, had a strong penchant for public affairs, and was patriotic to the last degree. One day, while still quite small, Bessie found her with Rowland's Atlas open on a chair, gazing long and admiringly at a map of the western hemisphere.

"We lives in 'Merica, don't we?" she asked, as her mother sat down to her work.

"Yes," said mamma.

"It's our own, our very own, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes," said mamma, abstractedly, laying her patterns on her goods, and watching that the figures all ran one way, and right side out.

When she found time to look up again, Elza was proudly spelling one hard name after another, and softly tracing the coast line from Behring's Straits to far Cape Horn.

"Well, sis," she inquired, laughing, "you don't claim all that land, do you?"

"Yes, I does," replied the student, "it's 'Merica all over this nice round map."

"Oh, well, we don't live all over it, if it is, nor own it, either; don't you count any below that line—that's South America, and we live, you must know, in this part, up north, in the 'United States of North America.'"

Slowly, and reluctantly, Elza retreated northward; and pretty soon Bessie, glancing up from her work, saw her busy counting and surveying her possessions again; this time measuring from the Isthmus of Darien to the North Pole.

"Oh, child," she called, "that will never do; I see you're all wrong again."

But Elza answered, triumphantly:

"No, I isn't wrong a bit; it's all in Norf 'Merica, this time, where you said go."

"Right, so far, Elza; but you go too far, every way; we don't own the hundredth part of the land you are measuring. Pass me the book, and I will show you your claim," and she set her thimbled finger on the United States, saying, "That's our land, daughter."

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Elza, as she glanced contemptuously, at the small black spot designated; "that ain't nothin'."

"Oh, yes, it is—thirteen States, a very good country, and all we own," said Bessie.

"Jest that, mamma," retorted the child; "that leetle speck of a spot you most covered with your thimble?"

"Yes," replied Bessie; "that, and that only."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Elza, in a tone of distress and disappointment, "that ain't no 'Merica at all; I want my own big 'Merica."

Bessie was amused, but answered, chidingly (for she had a great regard for her country, and for those who had fought for it): "Now, Elza, don't you be a bad, thankless child. You must know that a little time ago we had no country at all, not one foot of land; and would not have any now if our brave men had not gone and fought, more years than you have lived, to gain it. Mamma herself saw the soldiers on their dreary marches; saw them hungry, ragged, shivering; with their half-naked, frosted feet bleeding over the snow. And a great many of these poor fellows never saw their little boys and girls again, but were shot down or cut to pieces by the English; and all, that this good land might be ours. My little girl should never forget that her home—all our homes—were bought with their blood; but be forever grateful to them, and to God, who gave them the victory."

Elza was quite abashed at this long speech, and affected, too. Yes, she did love and pity the brave soldiers very much, and sighed over their griefs and sufferings; but she could not forget her own griefs, either. What rude havoc

mamma had made that afternoon among her fair possessions; yes, and in spite of all that could be said, she went to bed feeling wronged, dejected, and "miserably poor."

That night Bessie reported the geography lesson to Paul; telling him what a high-minded, far-reaching young woman they had sleeping in the trundle-bed beside them. What a little spread-eagle she was. She would be annexing Europe and Asia to "her 'Merica" pretty soon.

The precocious infant should have more playmates; and some of these days might start to school; she would make a scholar if she had the opportunity. Before long she was sent, but only went two quarters, and both these before she was seven years old. The rude log school-house stood in a lovely spot, surrounded by a grove of oak, a profusion of wild roses, and all manner of outdoor delights; yet Elza's recollections of it were not specially pleasant. First, the distance,—a mile and a half,—was long for so small a traveller; and secondly, she went all alone, and half the way lay through a thick wood, that her fertile fancy peopled with she knew not what. But of one bugbear she very soon became certain, for she saw it often crouching in the thicket by the creek; and though at some distance, and, so far, peaceable, there was no telling when it might arouse from its lair. And she daily passed through its dread vicinage with trembling haste, and nightly rejoiced and wondered that she was still uninjured. Though in one sense brave and spirited, in others she was timid, and exceedingly afraid of ridicule; but after weeks of doubts and fears, ventured one day, when faithless papa and teasing Fred were absent, to confide her dangers and hair-breadth escapes to her mother, and was soon enlightened. Her bugaboo was a disused bark wheel, left there by old father G.; and a clumsy, crazy, weather-stained old machine it was, with its menacing spikes reaching out on every side; and half hidden, half revealed, in the underwood, looked not all unlike some many-horned monster watching for its prey.

This case was disposed of satisfactorily; but there were other trials too. Sometimes overcome with the long walk, heat, and unwonted confinement, she would fall asleep and drop from her seat to the floor, to rise frightened and blushing, to be frowned on by the master, and laughed at by the scholars. Then she had no really congenial mates ; most, if not all the pupils were much older than herself, and if not positively cross, were domineering or indifferent. However, there was one exception in Tilda Cheeth, a broad, short, black-eyed girl of thirteen, who was generally good-humored and patronizing ; but even her friendship brought trouble. Having accidentally discovered her protégé's talent for drawing, she forthwith ordered a picture. But the young artist having neither studio or stock in trade, Tilda surreptitiously tore a leaf out of her own copy-book for the work, and directed Elza to take it, and sit at the obscurest corner of the writing-desk, that ran round three sides of the room, where she soon joined her, bringing black ink for sketching and shading, and a generous handful of pokeberries for paint. Elza could imitate many flowers, but made a specialty of roses, and these were what her patron desired that day. No one disturbed them. The other students were all intent on their own studies, or their own mischief ; the master was engaged writing copies at the other side of the house, and the bouquet was growing apace, covered with blooms in every stage of development, and looking sweet enough to scent the whole house, when the lynx-eyed tutor suddenly espied them. Wondering what branch the large flaxen head and the small black one were bending over so closely, he tiptoed softly up in his slippers to see, and the very first intimation the artists had of his presence, was when his left hand snatched the drawing from between them, and the right wielded the ferule, bringing down half a dozen rousing thwacks on Tilda's plump shoulders. On the little one he laid two or three gentle taps, accompanied by "his most

judicial frown," and handing her her discarded lesson-book, returned to his throne. Easy-going, good-natured Tillie, though her white shoulders were red and tingling with pain, treated the whole thing as a matter of course, and was laughing again directly; but Elza, though not hurt in the least, was hurt very badly.

To be publicly called a bad girl, be frowned at and threatened with the rod, with all the girls nudging each other and laughing behind their books, and the boys making eyes at her over the top of their slates, was too much. This open disgrace and sly ridicule that was nothing to some, was everything to her, and she cried and sobbed inconsolably. And though Tillie pitied and coaxed, and whispered over and over, "Don't cry, Elza; never you mind, we'll tell papa on old Crossgrain, so we will. There, there now; never mind, Sissy; don't cry no more."

Yet, "Sissy did mind" a great deal, and it was a long time before she could be comforted. But undoubtedly her greatest trial was the Bayne children, five or six of whom attended school, and came a half-mile or so along her road. And great, overgrown, ill-bred, mischievous elves they were too, every one of them, boys and girls; half of the time teasing or tyrannizing over somebody. They were nearly related to the teacher, who often boarded with them, and the three elder children were the largest pupils in the school: two facts that may perhaps account for some of their airs and arrogance, and for the influence they had over others. Did Elza or any of the smaller scholars offer to join in any game started, some, or all of the B.'s would snarl out, "No, you'll not, neither; we'll not have you little cubs in the way. Clear out, clear out, with yourselves." Was there a walk proposed to the creek, or to Wintergreen Hill; to Marshal's meadow for strawberries, or to Morton's thicket for wild plums, these doughty autocrats were ready with their lordly orders as to who should go and who should not. And to all the smaller

fry it was proclaimed, "No, you sha'n't go where we go at all. We ain't a-goin' to have no little brats along. Begone, every last one of you. If you don't go back quick now, you'd better," etc. If any persisted in following, a host of begrimed, ink-stained fingers would be pointed at them with derisive cries of, "Here comes the tag-afters," "Hurrah for the tag-tails," "Oh, Bubby and Sissy, run home to mamma," and so on. And by one means or another, they generally had their way, and cut the younger ones completely. Some of the scholars were not specially ill-natured, took no part in these petty persecutions, but they were thoughtless and indifferent, and found it easier to follow the lead of others, than to contend with them and try to check their tyranny.

One day, Elza, gathering acorn cups under the oaks, by the roadside, found a nicely mottled side comb, striped and clouded with red, black, and yellow, not undamaged, but still very good, and quite beautiful; and boughten playthings of every kind were so scarce and dear in the backwoods, that the other youngsters, too, all gathered round to look and admire, and Elza marched around with it in her hand, proud and glad to show it. But no sooner did one of those teasing creatures see it, than she authoritatively forbade her amusing herself with it, and bade her put it away. Elza tried to beg off and compromise in this way, by saying, "No, no, she must comb her hair first." "You can't comb it," retorted Jane. "Young ones can't use combs worth a cent; they jest get their hair into witch knots. Give it here, and I'll sleek it up myself." Elza unwillingly submitted, and after the "sleeking up" was finished, Jane placed the comb in the back part of the owner's hair, with strict injunctions not to move or touch it,—a dictum Elza did not feel bound to heed, and broke at the first opportunity.

As soon as the mighty Miss of twelve discovered the misdemeanor, she ran scowling up, and snatching it away,

again replaced it, with still more peremptory orders to "leave it alone."

"Why, Jane," remonstrated the child, "it's mine, and I want to have it and play with it."

"No, you mustn't play with it, 'tisn't a plaything ; and it's most Books now, too," she answered.

"Well, then, I won't play with it ; I'll just hold it in my hand real still, 'deed I will, Jane."

"No, you won't hold it in your hand at all ; that's no place for a comb ; keep it where it is, I say."

"Oh, Jane," pleaded the little one, "you know I found it ; and I don't want it away on my head all the time ; I want it down to see ; do let me see it some."

"What a little fool you are," cried Jane, waxing impatient. "You have seen it over and over, and there's no more C's on it. Better hush up, or I'll put it in my own head."

Twenty times during that interminable afternoon, the little hand, fairly aching to hold the late found, bright-hued treasure, would steal slowly and timidly upward to grasp it ; two or three times actually secured it, but only for the briefest season, for directly the sharp-eyed keeper would discover the harmless theft, and snatch the bliss away. But it was on her homeward road that Elza had most to dread from this wild Ishmaelitish clan. Then, there was no one else to share with her ; and she received the full benefit of their exuberant spirit and endless pranks. Their lawless tongues vexed and annoyed her much with their ill-flavored stories, and rude songs and jests ; but their hands were not idle either. Sometimes they would seize her precious books, and run ever so far away ; another time it would be her shawl or bonnet that was carried off ; but oftener, it would be her basket that was clutched from her, and flung from one to another as a ball. But whatever else was done with it, they almost invariably ended with tossing

it into the top of some bush, or the lower limbs of a tree; and then the cry would be, "Now let's run, and let the buggers catch Elz." And with whoop and halloo, away they would scamper home, leaving their luckless mate with most of the lonesome, woodsy road still before her, and their mischief to undo before she could start on it. Left to her own resources, the little maid would gather sticks and stones, and throw, if haply she might strike, and bring down her property; and these failing, she would run here and there seeking a pole long and light enough for her to raise and dislodge it.

All this was a business of time; and as school was held more hours then than now, it was often late before she reached the wood; which, gloomy at noonday, looked wild and eerie in the fading daylight; causing her to fly through its dim, bosky alleys, trembling with fear, and starting at every sight and sound. Very probably those thoughtless children had no worse motive than amusement, and showing their authority; and as they never really injured either her person or property, thought themselves innocent. But whatever they thought among them, they contrived to steal very nearly all the sunshine out of Elza's school-life,—changing those sweet, summer-evening walks to dreaded ordeals; and in one way and another causing the nervous, delicate child not only a loss of much pleasure, but much real suffering. In the mornings she could, and did, avoid them; but returning, there was no escape. They would be with her; would tease, provoke, and hinder, though night was coming, and the long, dark forest all yet to pass. Sometimes they were more perverse and mischievous than at others; but if there was ever a single evening that they were really peaceable and kind, there is no tradition of it. When her parents became aware of the facts, they insisted on complaining to the teacher; but in that school, so great was the odium attached to the name of an informer, that the child

begged them to forbear; choosing to suffer the ills she knew, rather than to brave the withering contempt and positive ill-usage that awaited a tattler, or as they termed it, a "tell-tale." All things considered, it is no marvel that the poor unfortunate had few treasured memories of this period; but generally considered her school-days as evil as they were few.

This second session closed (in the old log *academy*), on the last day of July, 17—, and though Elza still lacked three months of counting her "seven times one is seven," she never entered it again as a scholar. Sometimes there was no school at all; or when there was, it was in the winter, when the weather forbade so small a girl going so far. But this suited Fred well, for being six and a half years older than Elza, he could not be spared in summer, and cared little how great the cold, or deep the snow, so there were plenty of play and playmates. However, he studied well, too, and won the first prize,—in fact, the only prize offered. For while punishments were very common then, rewards were almost unknown. At that period, the good, wise custom of reading the Bible,* and studying its doctrines an hour or two each day, prevailed in many or most schools; and this particular teacher being "truer blue" than ordinary, even offered a nice prize for proficiency in the Westminster Catechism. The children generally needed considerable prompting in all their lessons; and Fred had little fear of any competitor here, except in Avis Molley, a tall, strong, sharp-witted girl near his own age.

This shrewd, blue-eyed damsel had formed views of her own concerning the reward; and was not a little aggrieved and chagrined at the success of her rival. And the teacher kindly considering that she also had studied and recited well, good-humoredly promised that she, too, should have

* Though, as stated, some of the early schools were very inferior in many ways, yet this was to their honor.

a present; and the following Monday brought her a pair of sleeve-buttons with glittering, green-glass sets. This unusual generosity somewhat soothed her; but her pride was wounded still at being counted only second; and laughing over this childish trial sixty years after, she remarked, "The buttons were very pretty, and fashionable too; but for all that, I had a spite at Fred for a month."

But to return to Elza. Though no longer at school, she studied some, and read with avidity all that fell in her way; and not heeding her old master's rebuffs, still kept an eye to the fine-arts. She and Rose had both learned something of embroidery, and Bessie had permitted them to exercise their childish skill on their brown linen short-gowns and pinafores. This was all well enough in its way; but when older, Elza yearned for something nobler than this. In her reading she saw many references to tapestry; even whole histories portrayed in "needlework sublime," and she early conceived the idea of a grand picture of this kind by herself.

Rowland, when at home, had occasionally amused a leisure hour in translating an ode, or other short piece, from the ancient poets into English verse. And Fred, unable to join in this pleasure, sometimes enjoyed a similar one, in trying how well he could imitate the spirit and diction of some old English poet, but oftener wrote his songs, ballads, and burlesques in his own way, and altogether had a drawer full. One day, while Elza was thinking of her coming work, she suddenly bethought herself of Fred, and his many rhapsodies. Surely, among all those odds and ends, something might be found to serve as a motto for her piece, and then his name, too, might go down to posterity; and this happy thought she determined to act on. Pretty soon after this she obtained a few skeins of silk of suitable colors, and other materials; and the first leisure afternoon put on her sun-bonnet, and went out as for a common stroll. On

reaching her favorite nook, she sat down on a mossy rock among the pines ; and at once began her attempt to transfer the scene to canvas.

But what had seemed so easy in imagination, in execution was difficult enough. She went again, and again, adding new features to the original plan, till nothing more seeming necessary, she stopped, and called it finished ; but it was hardly satisfactory. The sky was clear, but somehow had a rather singular appearance. The trees were a most vivid green, but stood as stiff and straight as so many pokers ; and the babbling brook wouldn't babble, but lay as still as a stone between its emerald banks. In short, it was not a *great success*. Still it was a bright, clean, nice, smooth, prim little thing,—very well for an untaught young Miss, and the mottoes answered nicely also, many pronouncing the literary part in advance of the artistic. A double circle surrounded the whole, worked in green silk, and between these lines the poetry ran, thus :

" To shadowy groves and lowly plains ;
To silent glades and murmuring streams,
O pensive muse, repair," etc.

—GEORGE FREDERICK TRAULIE,
June, 17—.

And in two oblong spaces (also stitched in green) beyond the circle, these quaint lines, reiterating the same sad meaning over and over, were written :

" When life has like a phantom fled,
And I am numbered with the dead ;
When iron slumber binds this frame,
Here, you may read my empty name."

—ELZA R. TRAULIE,
June 10*th*, 1799.*

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* Both scraps were written by Fred ; the latter being brought out in this way : One of his backwoods chums, calling one day, became so interested in the former's dictionary, that he asked leave to carry

CHAPTER XXX.

"We linger while we turn away, we cling while we depart,
And memories unmarked till now come crowding o'er the heart.
Oh! what a moment, when we stand with farewell words and staff
in hand
Upon the sill, the old home sill, the gray-worn sill,
That lies beneath the door."

A YEAR or so after his marriage John Elmer left the U—— neighborhood for one a few miles beyond F——, where he remained two years. But, still being dissatisfied, he resolved to change again, and this time to the far West. Several of the relatives demurred at the idea of this undertaking, seriously doubting its wisdom; but the strongest opposition came from the elders, especially from his wife's parents. Pioneers themselves, they knew what such a step involved of trouble, hardship, heart-sickness. They knew all the cost by sad experience, and deprecated the same trials for their child; the same or greater; for the new country was unhealthy as well as wild, and the journey thither by flat-boat so tedious and full of peril. But the thing was determined on, and after the sale, Rose left her own dreary, dismantled house to spend the last few days with her parents. She came to climb once more the moun-

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it home. Whether he purposed reading it through to the family, or only displaying it to them as a curiosity, is unknown; but he kept it some time, and when it was returned, a verse of poetry graced the fly-leaf, and beneath appeared the friend's and author's name—Clark Woodmancy, 1790.

Though the sentiment was good, the rhymes were rather stiff and lame; and no sooner had Fred read them, than with his usual conceit, he fancied he could improve them: and taking the same thought (and words too, mostly), he wove them into the stanza above, and traced it, and his name too, near Clark's.

tain heights, sit beneath its pines, and view the landscape o'er. To listen once again to the busy mill, drink once more from her own sweet spring, wander and weep by the Redstone, and then to bid to each, to all, a long farewell. Grieving with her and for her, Paul and Bessie could not but feel injured and disappointed. They had broken up all the ties that bound them to their Eastern home, and journeyed to the wilds of Pennsylvania, not for their own sakes, but for their children's, knowing that here all could obtain a competency ; and had trusted that by thus sacrificing their own feelings they would be enabled to see all their loved ones settled near and permanently around them. But though fertile farms, well-watered and well-timbered, were still moderately low, and the whole country was healthy and beautiful ; yet its charms were powerless to hold many of the young ; and already their own band was breaking up and scattering abroad. Rowland's distant home and Rose's extremely early marriage had given them many a pang ; but the father being reserved by nature, and the mother often equally so from principle, little had ever been said. But this new trial revived those that were past ; and all combined, caused them to feel (as many another has) that the parents' reward was often meagre indeed. After spending so many weary, anxious days and sleepless nights for their child ; after years on years of teaching, guiding, reproving, encouraging, restraining ; after such unmeasured love and care, then comes some gay stranger, and with a few soft words, a few vows and smiles, the young heart is won. The endless favors, the kind protection, the watchful, ceaseless, tender care, fade and sink into insignificance in the light of this new-found joy. The changeless friends of a lifetime are nothing to this friend of a day. Where he goeth she will go ; where he dieth she will die, and there will she be buried. Their loss is his gain.

"They sow the seed with toil and pain,
But another the harvest reaps."

And such life is, and must ever be. But happily, not many feel its trials so bitter as did this pair, especially the mother, whom both joy and grief affected so deeply. Ofttimes through the passing years had they watched by dying-beds, and stood by open graves. Time and again from their own embraces one and another had been taken; those in their smiling infancy, these in their youthful bloom. But scarcely were the tears shed for the dead, so many or so sad, as those wept for the living. For those who were 'not' they had mourned, but dared not repine. God had but recalled His own, and they had striven meekly to resign them in faith and hope—their spirits to His bosom, their bodies to the lasting rest—both alike forever secure; "safe in the arms of Jesus, safe in the sheltering tomb." Yes, with the dead it was well, but for the living and the absent there was many an anxious thought and fervent prayer. For Rowland,—surrounded by all the snares and temptations of city life; associated with proud, godless men; flattered by careless, pleasure-seeking women living only for time; and, worse than all, dwelling where French infidelity was slowly permeating society and poisoning the air with its noxious breath;—for him they often feared and trembled. Amid all these baleful influences, would he be enabled to maintain his integrity? What would it profit if he attained the highest honors in the state, if he made shipwreck of the faith; ah, what would it profit if he gained the whole world and lost his own soul?

Often thus their hearts had questioned and feared for their first-born son; and now no less, though in a different way, they yearned over their absent daughter so early removed from their fostering care. Banished, so young and inexperienced, to the very verge of civilization; there, without society, in some lonely little clearing, a stranger in

a strange land; to live enfeebled by malaria; dreading Indian incursions; exposed to all the manifold and unavoidable dangers and privations of frontier life. Gone, with all her strong local attachments, her warm, clinging, imperishable affections! Gone from their arms, and, haply forever! Yes, often in such scenes as these might some prophetic voice have fitly proclaimed, "Weep not for the dead, but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more; there shall he die, and shall see this land no more."

Possibly some may smile at the desperate grief of these partings as over-wrought and absurd, but they must not judge the past by the present. Living in this age, when the ends of the earth are brought nigh together by the steam-king, and the lightning itself darts from the sky to bear love's missives, they can have little conception of the well-nigh impassable barriers a few hundred miles interposed when travelling was so tedious and perilous,* and post-offices fifty or a hundred leagues apart. Persons setting out on such a journey almost expected it to be a returnless voyage, and parted with friends as those whom they would in all probability never meet again, nor even hear from but very seldom.

No marvel, then, that to some, to the tender, timid women especially, the emigrant wagon often rolled away as drearily as a hearse, for well they knew that many a time the grave itself scarcely separated more absolutely such divided ones than did distance and time. And as for this sad father and mother, as their hearts boded, so it was. At long, weary intervals came loving messages from the absent ones, but they—*never*. Ah! well might these partings be bitter, for never again did eye meet eye, or hand clasp hand. Through many a year they longed, and looked, and hoped in vain, for Rose and Rowland returned no more.

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* For some description of these perils, see Chap. XXXII.

CHAPTER XXXI.

What next—books, work, new plans, or friendly chat?
Yea, all—with music, art, and this and that.

THOUGH little, if any, past nineteen at the time of her departure, Rose was already the mother of two children, the eldest being a trifle over two years old. This active, mischievous sprite, all knew would require such ceaseless surveillance on a flat-boat, to preserve her from the river and other dangers, and would add so much to the young mother's care and fatigue, that it was thought best by all that she should be left behind, to await some better, safer opportunity.

"Some other family among the neighbors might perhaps follow them before long, who, having no small children of their own, would take charge of Bess, and bring her safely," they said; "or some way would be found."

This new bereavement could not but add increased poignancy to Rose's trial; but recognizing the wisdom and kindness of the plan, she silently submitted. So little Bess was left in the paternal mansion to take the old-time play haunts and fill as best she could the place forever left vacant by her mother.

Some one has said, "A babe is a perennial well-spring of joy in a house," and though the T.'s scarcely accepted so "poetical a view" of babyhood, still they grew very fond of the child, and her pretty prattle and endless mischief served somewhat to divert their sorrow. Then there were their constantly recurring duties claiming attention, and breaking in on their hours of sad brooding with wholesome importunity. And if "cares are comforts," they surely had many consolations, for the work and care of that age seemed endless, indeed, as mentioned in a former chapter.

Everything being done by hand, there was not a great deal of idle time, and the T.'s were as busy as their neighbors. Bessie and Elza, besides the usual housekeeping work and attending the garden and dairy, manufactured during the summer forty pounds of wool—picking, carding, doing everything from the time the fleece was sheared from the sheep till the finished cloth was cut from the loom. And then during the winter the flax was worked up till a forty-yard web of linen was ready for the spring bleaching; when, according to the old song,

> "March winds and April sun
> Make linen white, and maidens dun."

Then there was much fruit to be gathered and prepared for winter, especially wild fruits and peaches.

Paul T. delighted in orchards, and, like many others, had early planted hundreds of peach and apple trees, also adding several varieties of cherry and plum. But none of them were producing much as yet, except the first mentioned. These were so abundant as to frequently break the trees, and they added not a little to the autumn's work.

Drying and preserving were the only modes then in vogue for keeping fruit; and Mrs. T. and Elza worked diligently at it,—some seasons, besides their huge jars of sweetmeats, having twelve bushels of dried peaches in their store-room. A part of these they managed with some difficulty to dispose of in town, but the green fruit would not sell at any price. As a last resort, Paul called up his whole herd of swine, and turned them among the trees; but the fat, lazy porkers, soon sated, grew as dainty as the town epicures; and hoggishly snuffling and snouting over the mellow, luscious heaps, saucily refused to taste any but the very freshest.

The work of various kinds often went on continuously from "early morn till dewy eve," and in busy seasons till

eight or nine o'clock at night. Occasionally help was hired, but oftener all was performed by mother and daughter. However, few if any did all their own sewing then. A regular seamstress made the Sunday gowns, and a tailor was hired in the house to cut and make the men's clothes; and some of these needle-folks and other transient help, had oddish notions and ways of their own. One day, when expecting one of these functionaries, Bessie was startled by seeing an apparition in flaming scarlet, and bearing some weapon in each hand, emerging from the pines.

Her first thought was of the British red-coats, so familiar to her eye in Jersey; but on a nearer view, saw that this imposing personage, instead of sword and gun, bore peaceful goose and press-board. It was no fiery son of Mars, but only Jones, the new tailor, coming to make up the gray cloth. During his stay, finding him easy and communicative, his hostess ventured to refer to the extraordinary hue of his dress, and he replied, good-humoredly:

"Why, madam, I wear red just because I think it's the prettiest color in the world."*

And, with an admiring glance at his unique toilet, he went on with his stitching.

The sober Scotch lad that for a time assisted on the farm did not have such strange taste in dress as he had in eating. He had his doubts about Yankee cookery, and a frank way of expressing them. As one day, finding Fred dressing a pair or two of black squirrels for dinner, he remarked, anxiously:

"Oh, maister Fred, them black cats turn my stamach. I dinna ken whither I can tech a bit o' them or na."

Another time, as Bessie was cutting up a whortleberry pie for dessert, Sandy watched her uneasily; while the rich

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*Nor was J. alone in his fancy for red cloth. Once when Mrs. Z. asked Z. to buy the baby a frock, that obliging soul came home with a package of scarlet broadcloth worth $7.00 per yard.

crimson juice spread over the white plates, and when she offered to serve him, edged away with ill-concealed disgust, saying :

"Mistress T., I na think I can taste the bluidy thing."

A dish of nice, sweet, roasting ears he thought "good enough for the pigs," and so on.

Many would have been angry at the free-spoken Gael, but he said everything so naively, and was withal so good and faithful, that his employers were more amused than offended. Everything he understood was well done ; but he found much American work as strange as the fare ; and in cutting timber he needed constant watching, as he knew no more than a child which way the tree would fall, or where to place himself to escape being crushed.

Another expert among the woodsmen of the day, was Barnaby Clint, who, with the old hunter, his father, once accompanied a chestnuting expedition hereabouts. On a halt being called, young Clint volunteered for his part to climb the trees, and cut off the fullest branches, shake the burs, etc. No one objecting, up he went, and soon

"Made the tree quiver from rootlet to crown."

And having shook the ripest of the nuts, and thrown down many small limbs, the rest gathered them up, and commenced hulling ; and he began chopping vigorously on a large limb, selecting (far-seeing youth that he was) the very one on which he was standing. Presently, "when the bough broke," not only the chestnuts did fall, but "down came" Barnaby, hatchet, "and all." And creeping out sheepishly enough from among the *débris* of yellow leaves, burs, and boughs, he reported himself "all right."

Fred and all the boys greeted this most masterly exploit with a perfect storm of cheers, jests, and laughter ; and their elders joined in with hearty zest. Old Barnaby laughed too, but provoked at the ridiculous awkwardness of the thing that had made his son the butt of the boys for a

"coon's age"; he growled out: "Oh, Ban, you great pumpkin-head. Whoever seed sich a greenhorn, to hack off his own foothold, and cum tumblin' down like a bear. Mought ha' knocked yer brains out, I reckon, if you'd a had any to knock."

To which poor Greeny retorted with some spirit:

"Now, dad, you can scold, and the rest can haw-haw about that pesky limb, and say I hadn't orter to have chopped it. Nation smart, all of ye, now, arter it's dun. But if any of youins had b'en up fust, afore ye seed me do it, I guess ye wouldn't a bin any perter yerselves, nor tho't on't a bit more'n I did."

When work ceased in the T. mansion for the day or the evening, Elza would at once seize her darling books and soon forget everything but them, though mamma generally prohibited the candle aften ten, hoping thus to tempt or drive her fledgelings to their nests. But as she did not command it, the brother and sister often sat reading long by firelight, Elza not unfrequently till twelve or one o'clock. This was wrong, but her thirst for knowledge and small leisure were some excuse. Still it must be confessed it was not always science or solid history that "consumed the midnight" fires, but something lighter: fables, poetry, or fiction. And one of this latter class she once unexpectedly changed for a very different treatise. Miss P.* was an acquaintance that Elza had first been interested in by hearing she had been named for one of Shakespeare's heroines, and afterward because they had many tastes in common. Thus they gradually became intimate, and from talking of books, naturally began exchanging them with each other.

On one of Juliet's visits Elza brought out a new work she

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* The P.'s possessed a fine library for that age, including considerable solid and elegant literature and some burlesque. Here Elza first saw "Hudibras" and some other books.

had lately received: a tale commencing with a scene in a "wild, barren country, along a wave-washed shore. On the summit of a lofty hill, three leagues from the sea, stood a Gothic castle, long since deserted, covered with ivy, and crumbling with time." Both girls thought it opened very grandly; and after reviewing it a little more, Juliet carried it home with her. Some time after, when Elza went to return the visit, they enjoyed new pleasure in talking the story over together, and when the guest was about leaving, Juliet ran up-stairs to fetch it, but returned without it, looking not a little annoyed. Cato had been amusing his pupship by reviewing "new publications" himself, and so severely, that the "crumbling castle" was now completely demolished; the brave knights unhorsed; the lords and ladies butchered. In short, the pictures were so mutilated, and so many fine passages destroyed, that Juliet begged the owner to "leave it and accept one of her books instead." But here Mrs. P. interposed, saying that "with Miss T.'s permission, she would find one in her own collection," and going out, she soon returned with a nice-looking volume, of much the same appearance as that of the injured one; and presenting it to the waiting visitor, asked "if it would suit her?"

Elza gave a little start as she opened it, and saw such headings of chapters as "Conviction," "Repentance," "Faith," "Peace of Conscience," "A Future Judgment," etc. It was a solemn theological work, by a sound old Calvinist; surely, anything but light literature; yet after a glance or two here and there, she bowed her acceptance, and took her departure. Whether mamma P. thought the young ladies were indulging in too weak and sweet a pabulum, and it was high time they had stronger meat, or whether simply because this book happened to be nearest the other in price and size, she chose it, is unknown. But at all events it was chosen, and Paul and Bessie were delighted with the change, and

considered that Cato had done more of a favor in the business than of a wrong. And though Elza never saw her beautiful "romance" again, she, too, was content; read these sober pages with serious attention, and through life kept and prized her "Knox's Essays."

Some time before this another event had taken place that was highly interesting to those concerned. The new house so long desired had been erected. Paul, cautious and far-seeing, had delayed building till he could do so without debt or anxiety. Had laid his plans wisely, prepared abundance of materials of the best quality, engaged his workmen, and partly paid them in advance. Had everything ready and waiting to make good and speedy work; but owing to the unfair dealing of the contractor,* it was not entirely finished for two years. If not the first, this was one of the first houses of any pretensions in the neighborhood, and was considered an elegant and spacious mansion by all. But no sooner had they fairly taken possession of it, than a slight contention arose between mother and daughter as to furnishing; the one insisting that they needed much new furniture, and the other asserting that they needed little or none.

"Why, mamma," continued Elza, "do tell me what we have to furnish these nice, new rooms?"

"What have we, do you ask?" replied Bessie. "Well, here are the tall cupboard and the great chest of drawers, and Rowland's small one, the square dinner-table and the round work-table of solid walnut; several good beds, the chairs, and"——

"Yes, yes, mamma; I know they suited our log-house very well, and will do well for the kitchen and bed-chambers

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* The first man who built a house over one story tall, here in Fayette, immortalized himself, it being dubbed the "High House" ever after.

here; but we have nothing, positively nothing, fit for the front rooms."

"Elza," returned mamma, severely, "you are too proud and discontented for any use; you are very, very ungrateful. Just when your father has provided you a nicer house than one girl in a thousand has, you want to go to teasing and worrying him for something more."

In earlier life Bessie had not been deficient in taste and regard for appearances; but long absence from the East, and lack of handsome surroundings, had made her somewhat indifferent to them now. However, she continued presently:

"Your father has plenty of seasoned lumber, I know, and if you choose to ask to have some new furniture made, I suppose you can; but I shall not trouble about it, nor tease him, and neither must you. But you can mention the subject and see what he thinks best."

And with this not very cordial permission, Elza dropped the thing with mamma, and went to interview father. She found him tolerably indifferent too.

"Oh, yes," he said, "there was lumber enough, to be sure." He would have a workman hired (as many did) to make it up at home, or else exchange it for ready-made furniture. But there was no hurry, he was busy now; he would see about it by and by. But this goodish, slow plan did not suit the daughter at all. With the impatience of youth, and the natural ardor of her disposition, she felt as though she could not endure to wait, and next proposed that "she herself should furnish the front east room as soon as possible." Her parents laughed at her childish eagerness, and Fred stood carelessly neutral; but no one saying "nay," she carried her project through, and it was ever after called "Elza's room." This, then, became her sanctum, her haven of rest. Hither she came, when sad and weary, for solace and repose; here retired in her hours of leisure to her books, her needle-work, or her pen; here built many a

grand air-castle for the years to be, and "dreamed the dreams that come at seventeen summers."

One calm, still afternoon of an autumn day, sitting in this quiet retreat, writing on the broad sill of her east window, she saw a horseman of genteel exterior cantering down the lane, whom she presently recognized as Mr. J., the post-master of B——, and an intimate friend of Fred's. "The entertainment so long talked of in town and country," he said, "was now positively fixed for the following Wednesday evening; hour, seven o'clock; place, the court-house. And he had ridden out purposely to apprise them of the time, and urge them not to fail in attendance"; which they promptly assured him there was "no danger of their doing." When the important time arrived, and the brother and sister with it, they found quite a festive scene. The house was already lighted up, and packed from end to end; the stage decorated with flags and festoons, music pealing from the gallery, and everybody gay, smiling, and expectant. At precisely seven o'clock the curtain rose to the "Miser's Daughter." And young lawyer S., wrinkled and bent, with unkempt locks, grizzled beard, and rusty, sordid dress, stepped forth as the old miser; while Dr. B., then a fair, slender, blue-eyed youth, disguised in a scant, thread-bare gown, and thin, tattered shawl, with pale, sad face, personated his unhappy daughter; expostulating with him in low, piteous tones, on his hardness and unkindness to herself, his cruelty to the poor, his cankered gold, and so on. After this piece, and several others, had ended in loud applause, this same dejected young lady appeared again, this time happily much improved both in dress and spirits; for she was now radiant in a robe of white mull, a blue-silk sash, and a wreath of roses in her hair; and assisted by a tall, stately cavalier, sang an ode to Washington, then fresh from the fields of his fame; and this, with a last tune from the band, closed the performance.

This, the first exhibition of histrionic art ever attempted in B——, delighted the audience generally, and Elza especially, who wrote a glowing description of it to Rowland, saying she had found a new charm in life; she would enjoy such entertainments very often, if she had his opportunities; perhaps might make a great actress herself; and other girlish nonsense.

Now, Rowland had long earnestly wished to place Elza in the city awhile; but mostly for the sake of its culture, and not to mingle in its exciting, dangerous pleasures, which he deprecated. So, when replying to this part of her letter, he reminded her that "however pure and instructive the Miser and such pieces might have been, many others were widely different, and many actors, actresses, and others who habitually followed them, were persons of the worst possible character, disgracing and corrupting any society they entered. And considering the many and great evils (seemingly inseparable from the theatre), good men in all ages had felt constrained to condemn it as prejudicial both to religion and good morals. As a matter of fact and history, some knowledge of the origin and progress of the drama might be well; and some *good selections from the masters* of comedy and tragedy could be read with pleasure and profit *at home*; but whatever opportunities she might find, he hoped never to see a sister of his in a theatre." So Elza's dramatic penchant was nipped in the bud; but there were other entertainments that no one objected to; and she enjoyed none of them more, or oftener, perhaps, than the singing-school. Though instrumental music, except that of the violin, fife, and drum, was seldom or never heard; yet vocal music was much cultivated; classes or schools for this purpose being held weekly during the winter at the different school-houses, besides many social singings in private ones. And as there were then no "patent notes," or other means, by which to gain a smattering knowledge of the art, all who learned at

all began at the first principles, and learned thoroughly; and thus, if only half a dozen happened to meet, there was good music; for all parts were carried; all kept time, and sang correctly. For a long time Er. Merilton was teacher in U—— district, and 'Siah M. and Fred T. were his unfailing friends and assistants; while Naomia S., Linda J., and Elza T., were acknowledged leaders among the girls. One night when the circle met at D.'s, Elza there found a pleasant and unexpected addition to the company; for Mr. and Mrs. Bell, from the W——g neighborhood, being on a visit to S.'s, had accompanied Naomia and Dick to the social. They were only lately from the east, and Elza found them intelligent, interesting people. Mr. B. was a stranger, but Mrs. B. she had met once before, and on this occasion happening to be seated together most of the evening, they became quite intimate and confidential. The new friend had in her "singing-book" several pieces of good music, copied by herself on foolscap; and during recess she gave it to Elza to look over; and while thus engaged, the latter made a discovery that completely absorbed her attention for the rest of the evening. On the last page was a simple cluster of pinks and roses; some in bud, some full blown, two or three past their prime, and beginning to fade and drop their petals, and all tied carelessly together with a blade of grass. Elza's eyes were riveted to the page. This was like nothing she had ever seen. It was not done in chalk nor keel, as her baby efforts had been; nor yet in ink and pokeberries, like hers and Abby Cheeth's at school; nor was it in the least like her later attempts in silk and crewel. Yes, 'twas something like too, yet different, so different; such graceful outline, such exquisite coloring, such delicate shading, so natural, so lovely, so every way perfect. The girls found Elza no leader at all, and but a very poor assistant, for the rest of the evening; for once, she had no taste for tunes, no ear for harmony. All her interest was centred on one page, this first view of water-color drawing.

Mrs. Bell was pleased and surprised at this unexpected, unfeigned admiration of art, and of her own handiwork in particular; and on leaving, gave the young girl a cordial invitation to visit W—— the next summer, examine all her work, and make as many inquiries about it as she chose. And Elza thanked her gratefully, and went home elated and smiling, to tell mamma of her obliging new friend, and speculate on the coming pleasure. But when, at last, winter wore away, with the pleasant spring weather came, as usual, the endless spring work. Really, there seemed to be no time to go to W——; but Elza was not to be foiled; she would go, if it was but for a single day; and she did. Rising one fair morning early, she got breakfast, milked five cows, and was dressed, mounted, and away before the stars had waned. The distance was some seven or eight miles; the road strange and woody; but after half a score of queries the place was really found, and also the artist, who, with gown tucked-up and sleeves above her elbows, was in the midst of the week's wash. This was promptly set aside, of course, for it could wait for another day; but there were many other things that could not be deferred. However, she welcomed her guest warmly, mentioned their former conversation, and, according to promise, brought her portfolio for her inspection. And, giving a hasty explanation here, and a hint there, excused herself, and hurried back to her manifold duties, that occupied her several hours; and Elza saw at a glance, and most clearly, that however free and easy her friend's former life might have been, there was no more elegant leisure in the present part, than in her own. But after dinner was over and baby asleep, her hostess kindly laid all other business aside; and unlocking her desk, showed Elza her pallet, paints, brushes, and all the implements of her art, explaining the use of each; and to make it still clearer, drew a tiny spray of one or two leaves and flowers, and colored them before her. She also wrote out a full list of all

the articles, their price and where and how to obtain them. In short, did all that could be done in the time to interest and initiate a novice. True, she also hinted something about "difficulties in the way; some spending many years, especially on the higher branches, without attaining excellence or fame," etc. And though Elza had read all this and much more, and now heard it personally from one who had seen fine pictures, and knew by experience something of their cost, yet she could not realize it. She recalled the proverb, "Where there's a will," etc. If there were difficulties, surely they were not insurmountable; but really to her the work looked not only easy but enchanting, and she rode homeward, thinking of nothing else but drawings and paintings, and longing to begin two or three at once. But that was impracticable; her purse was empty, and as her parents seldom if ever gave their children money—thinking it taught them more self-reliance and economy to allow them the means of earning it themselves—she must curb her impatience and wait till her gains came in. In this way she had furnished her room, bought some of her books, added all the finer articles to her wardrobe, and she could also get her materials for painting without telling any of the family. That would be best; for then, if she got no sympathy, neither would she receive blame or ridicule. So going on with her work as usual, the six good silver dollars soon shone in her purse, and this being the sum required, was quietly forwarded to a merchant going to Philadelphia. He had promised to make the purchase, and on returning, handed her the package in safety; and she, grasping it as eagerly as a miser his gold, bore it stealthily to her room, and locked it in her top bureau drawer. At the first possible leisure she flew to her sanctum, and seizing her small magicians, bade them call forth, and make visible, one of the many pictures ever floating through her brain. But they were powerless, almost as powerless to aid her taste and will as former and cruder

helps had been; and soon at the sound of footsteps she returned them to their hiding-place. The next evening, when all was quiet, she came again, and the next, and the next; many times, many trials; but all her efforts were unsatisfactory. Her flowers were rather neatly outlined, though a trifle too prim, but the coloring bore slight resemblance to Mrs. B.'s or to nature. Her "human forms divine" had not much of either divinity or humanity to boast, their author thought, and quite disgusted, she flung these into the fire. Then she tried landscape, not sparing her paints; but that was most abominable of all. She had made flowers that were praised, with nothing but ink and different colored berries, and some kind of landscape with only floss and silk; and now, when she had gone and got everything right to work with, why couldn't the work look right?

Poor Elza, she had laid such a beautiful plan of keeping for a time her wondrous skill* a secret from all, but especially from Rowland, who was to suspect nothing, till surprised by the reception of an elegant picture of her own designing. Now it seemed there was no skill to hide, no picture to send; everything had gone and turned out perversely. And inwardly moved to execrate the whole thing, and almost crying with vexation, the sorely disappointed genius sat down, and instead of a handsome present, sent a dolorous eight-page letter to Rowland, giving the entire story from first to last.

Mails were uncertain and infrequent then, as we know; but as soon as possible, a long, kind answer came, full of love and sympathy, but not without a spice of kindly sarcasm, too, at the girlish ignorance and huge self-conceit betrayed in the affair. Reminding her that "very few things were learned well, if at all, without a teacher, not even the com-

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* Comparatively speaking, "wondrous skill," "nice picture," considering that she had done it alone.

monest, homeliest trades, much less, then, any of the fine arts, which required not only taste and talent, but good masters, good models, endless patience, and long practice. However, she might paint some day, perhaps. He was glad she desired more culture every way; he agreed with her fully. And finally he proposed she should for a season give over her many duties to hired help, and herself rest and study awhile ; for he, with their parents' permission, intended soon to find a good boarding-school, and bear all her expenses there for two years at least." Elza was completely overjoyed at this generous offer; and no one else made much objection, for Rowland wrote also to the family on the subject; and as he was a lawyer by nature as well as by profession, he reasoned so clearly and persuaded so eloquently, that when he ceased there was no more to be said.

But now that the thing was settled, and near at hand, Elza began to feel a little frightened. She had never been twenty miles from home, and seldom, if ever, a week away from her friends. Perhaps she would be very lonely in B—— without one familiar face or voice. And some doubts about other matters that she had thought lightly of before, began to disturb her a little too, as, How would her frontier village dress and etiquette pass in a city? Her eighteen-penny prints would probably do well enough for school; her new hat was pretty enough at home; her painted muslin gowns, and her three white ones, were very neat and becoming for country meetings ; but would they answer equally well in a city church? Her good gray habit was just the thing riding up the streets of B——; would it look the same in the streets of B——n? But it was too late to worry. There was no time for changing style or quality of wardrobe now ; and as to size, it was more than sufficient for their means of transportation, as the entire jaunt was to be by horseback.

And so the important period arrived ; good wishes were

exchanged, adieus ended, and at the dawn of day on the morning of May 12, 18—, Elza, escorted by Fred, set forth on her journey.

She had in one way and another secured and read most of the standard works of fiction ; and her young head being filled with their haunted castles, brigands, caves, lords, and ladies, and all their romantic nonsense, she felt like a heroine herself, and half expected to see or hear of some thrilling incident in the way, or meet with some strange characters ; but nothing unusual occurred. Not a single prince or princess crossed her way ; nor did she encounter one fierce bandit, or wandering knight ; but without any adventure worth mentioning, passed quietly along the regular route, reached her destination in safety, and was courteously received by the principal.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

'Tis done so soon, life's last page turned—
Each—all—the angel's eye hath met ;
Written—is written—the scroll is closed,
And for eternity the seal is set. TO J. W. C.

PERHAPS this chapter belongs here exactly ; perhaps not ; but it does not matter, for as it is a world-wide custom to abuse the absent, this is a favorable time to tell tales on Elza while she is away, safe in school.

As has been mentioned, Fred and his sister habitually filled their places in church, but at rare intervals were absent. At one time they went to return the repeated visits of the O. family, and were surprised when Sunday morning came to find no one preparing for meeting.

"There was no preaching nearer than ten miles," their host said, in apology. "The horses are tired," etc.

It was a German settlement, and after breakfast the neighboring mynheers and their frows, sons and daughters, began gradually to drop in, in a social sort of way, till there was quite a party. Some fine old hymns were sung, which was well, and a few read a little ; but the more part laughed and chatted merrily, and the family worked, for at noon a sumptuous repast was served to all.

After dinner there was some napping among the elders, some little singing, but more laughing among the young folks for awhile, and then some one moved "walking out."

It was a sultry, midsummer afternoon, with some appearance of rain ; but two or three couples rose and sauntered into the yard, and from the yard to the orchard on the hill.

One or two of the youngest of the company had never seen a river ; and as two, the Cheat and the Monongahela, united within half a mile, they extended their walk to the forks.

The strangers admired the scenery very much, and after passing from one point to another for better views, till hot and weary, all entered the light skiff that lay moored beneath the trees, and sat down. While resting here, some one proposed a short sail, to which one or two demurred ; but Will O., reaching out his hand, loosened the cable, and almost before all were aware, they were gliding over the smooth water, and leaving the safe shore behind. When once on their favorite element, some were in no haste to return, and they drifted on and on.

Meanwhile the threatening clouds seen when starting, had been lost sight of after entering the woods, and quite forgotten. But now, when loitering along the "Old Virginia shore," a flash of lightning, and a peal of thunder, startled them from their security; and glancing westward, they saw the dark, ominous clouds looming up over the river

hills, the sky gathering blackness, and fitful gusts beginning to sweep down the valley.

Quickly heading the boat toward home, they made all speed; but before they were half there, the storm was on them with bellowing thunder, blinding lightning, and a tempest of wind and rain that beat them back continually. None of the party were very experienced oarsmen; but they rowed for their lives, for dangers were thickening. The wind was increasing; swollen streams bearing rails, logs, limbs, were dashing down to swell "the brimming river" that was momentarily rising higher and flowing faster.

The frail skiff, drifting down the mad current, rocked, tossed, well-nigh careened; but at last it touched land, and with thankful joy they looked back on the seething water that had so nearly been their graves.

After landing, there was a considerable lull in the storm, and they thought best not to stop on the way, but reach home if possible while it lasted.

About a furlong distant from the harbor, was a house, and just beyond it a huge sycamore stood in the middle of the road. And on reaching this place, the neighbor standing in his door, called to them to "come in and stop with him." But they refused, and were just hurrying by the gate, when one turned about, paused suddenly, and, raising the latch, entered, all the rest following. And scarcely had they left the road before another fierce gale swept over, and, wrenching the giant tree from its place, dashed it to the ground a mighty ruin, filling the highway on every side.

Not one of the company could give any reason as to why they changed their minds or their course; but had they not done so, and at that moment, some, and probably most of them must have met as sudden and awful a death as they had just escaped.

What effect this twofold deliverance had on the others,

is unknown; but Fred and Elza were very deeply impressed. And the latter especially was filled with admiring gratitude to her Heavenly Father for His mercy, and with grief and shame that she should ever have been found even once among the thoughtless, open violators of His law. From what unseen dangers He had shielded, she could not tell; but did know that thrice in her short life He had snatched her from the jaws of death, and that twice such deliverance had been given on this one Sabbath day; and she resolved henceforth by His grace to honor all His commands more, setting a special guard over the fourth, which (influenced by others) she had that day so flagrantly broken.

And first of all, she would ever more echew all unnecessary common social Sunday-visiting herself, and discountenance it in others; for she could not but see, that, as commonly practiced, it brought no blessing to visitor or visited, but on the contrary, often led (as in the present case) into danger, and open sin, and was, in short, wrong in principle. For what else was it but robbing God, by taking His time to use for social duties, to save spending one's own, though He had already kindly given man six days for his own work and pleasures, and had reserved but one specially to Himself. This habit seemed insulting to Him, mean, unjust, unkind, as she looked at it now; nor did she forget it, for her conscience was thoroughly roused.

After returning home, while considering what kind, and how many rules she should make on this point for the future,—she happily bethought herself of those already made, and lying ready on her table. Nothing could possibly be better than the command itself, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," etc. And what could be plainer and stricter than the inimitable Westminster notes on it,—as "The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days; and spending the

whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy." And "the fourth commandment forbiddeth the omission or careless performance of the duties required, and the profaning the day by idleness, or doing that which is in itself sinful, or by unnecessary thoughts, words or works, about our worldly employments or recreations." * How very pertinent they were; and she noticed more texts on the subject (now that she was interested) than ever before, or rather saw them in a new light, such as, "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary. . . . . Verily, my Sabbath ye shall keep, ... to observe through all your generations for a perpetual covenant. And the Lord said, ... How long refuse ye to keep my commandment and my law? They have defiled my sanctuary in the same day, and profaned my Sabbaths. . . . . It is holy unto you. . . . . Whosoever doeth any work therein shall be cut off from amongst his people. . . . . Every one that defileth it shall surely be put to death. . . . . Blessed is he that doeth this, that keepeth my Sabbath from polluting it. . . . . If thou turn away thy foot . . . . from doing thy pleasure on my holyday; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." These she marked specially, and some stronger passages still, such as Jer. xvii. 27; Ezek. xx. 21; Num. xv. 30–36; with many others.

But marking texts, and laying down rules for Sabbath living, was much easier than following them strictly. Like most other people, Elza found it particularly hard to govern

* Catechism Questions 58–62.

thought and speech, and keep them in proper Sabbatic channels; very, *very* difficult to refrain entirely from "speaking her own words." However, she conscientiously attempted it, and checked both worldly thoughts and conversation much, by allowing herself little or no idle time for them. She habitually attended public service (when there was any), and when there was none, or when it was over, she would quickly dispatch the few necessary home duties, and then at once sit down with her Bible and other Sunday books and study, and read sometimes silently, oftener (if desired) aloud to the parents. She sang a great many hymns too, alone, or with Fred when present; or listened while he or father read a sermon. And sometimes she and all the family listened admiringly, while mamma chanted one of David's psalms after the old fashion learned of Granny Robinson in childhood. And then there was little Bess getting rather too much indulged by the tender grandfolks; she must be watched, taught, and trained in the way she should go. And thus, as a general thing, in sacred lore and sacred song; in gleaning and teaching truths, new and old; in musing on that already learned, and learning more, the hours passed by; so wisely filled up with better things, that evil and foolish ones were measurably crowded out.

Elza had long known, and often been impressed with religious truth even from infancy; but after this sad day of open sin, and double deliverance, was more habitually watchful and serious than before. She had a great dread of grieving the Spirit, and being left to hardness of heart; and hoping thus to ward off worldliness, and keep the danger of delay, and the uncertainty of life, ever before her mind, she began to take special note of striking providences and sudden deaths, especially if among the young and thoughtless. Some of these incidents are still on record, and may enter here, as :

On a fair summer's morning, in a pleasant, low-ceiled chamber, an invalid turned wearily on her pillow to watch the brightening east; knowing that haply for her, the sun might rise no more; while her daughter Amy, a blooming, buoyant girl, midway in her teens, tripped lightly back and forth ministering to her wants, tidying the rooms, and bearing all the household cares. But before ten o'clock, the strong, active girl was herself stricken down with some dire, unknown disease, and rapidly grew worse. But the former patient improved, and the setting sun looking through the same low casement, saw both at rest,—the mother, wrapped in health-giving sleep, resting on her bed; the daughter locked in dreamless slumber, resting on her bier.

And there was Morris B., whom Elza knew so well. When the great spinning-bee was to be at Ruth K.'s, Morris, though only in his teens, was invited; and as it was his first invitation to a "grown-up party," he was much elated, and could scarcely wait the appointed time. "Yes, yes, Aunt Ruth," he cried, "I will come, and I will dance at your bee. Whoever fails, I will be there." The waiting time was not long,—only a few days; "but it was too long to trust, 'twas time enough to sicken and die." . . . . The evening came, and from farm and hamlet, the guests began to arrive. But one was not there. One merry voice was missed. One young face had that day been changed, and hidden in darkness.

"Hidden away,—shrouded and hid,
For aye beneath a coffin's lid,
And for the school-boy fair and bright,
He slumbered in undreaming night,
Low in his grave, low in his grave."

And there was young Gerald Hall, leaving home but for a day, smiling and looking back on her he loved best, to promise again and again, "I will return to-morrow"—who

ere the appointed hour, was carried home to her—*dead.* And Philander Orme, meeting his young friends at the Mason bee ; parting with them in perfect health at eleven in the evening, and dying at sunrise. One night, "full of lusty life," in their midst,—the next, the same friends keeping the solemn watch around his clay.

The death of these young acquaintances (the latter two called without a moment's warning), affected Elza very much, as did also that of Harry H., a friend of Fred's and Josiah's : for though less sudden, this, too, was a striking instance of the uncertainty of youthful hopes. Though heir to a good estate, his parents (old Virginians) having money, land, and servants born in their house ; yet Harry was not entirely content with either his prospects, or with country life, but was looking restlessly forward to something different, or better. Glowing reports often reached him from the South, stating that persons who had gone from here there, were living in affluence, had grown wealthy and influential. The same opportunities awaited others ; enterprising young men of means might soon double their money there, and possibly gain office,—marry a planter's daughter, or all three.

Young, enthusiastic, and anxious for change, Harry's imagination was captivated by these accounts, and he resolved to test their truth. Yes, he, too, would see something of the world, and make a fortune with the best; then travel further, or else return here to enjoy his untold riches at home. But when his resolution became known, every one almost, from his nearest kin to his merest acquaintance, rose as one to oppose and forbid it; for Harry was a general favorite, and the journey was so long, so tedious, so fraught with dangers.*

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* Says a late writer : "A voyage by flat-boat from Pittsburgh to New Orleans then, was an enterprise of greater peril than a tour round

But he could not be persuaded. A golden future seemed beckoning him forward, and he must away. At length his friends, seeing that his purpose was fixed, ceased to importune him, and with aching hearts began to assist in the preparations for the doubtful journey, and unknown years of absence.

By previous agreement a comrade, Allen A., joined him in B——, and together they proceeded to Old Fort (Brownsville), where the boat was lading. It was a June morning when all was ready, and though friends wept, and passengers solemnly bade good-bye, the gay sailors laughed at both, and with jest, and cheers, and winding horn they sailed away.

With a careful, skilful pilot, and a brave, determined, experienced crew, this proved one of the more prosperous voyages; bringing no great fights with Indians or outlaws; no very disastrous trouble with the deep, mad river. Still

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the world is now; but though full of danger, there was a charm and a romance about it befitting the grand scenery and rude times. Ninety days slowly, dreamily floating down the Ohio, the scenery constantly changing, but ever wild and beautiful, with the boatman's horn waking the echoes from the distant hills, was a thing never to be forgotten; as see that brave old warrior-poet, Gen. O. Butler's, song on it, commencing:

'O, boatman, wind that horn again,
For never did the listening air
Upon its lambent bosom bear
So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain,' etc.

"But the pleasures and perils of flat-boating as experienced then have gone by, and the fine flavor of the poem is in a degree lost to a generation who know them only by tradition.

. . . . . .

"It was full of adventures, any one of which might terminate abruptly the voyage and lives of the sailors. A moment's neglect of the steersman might wreck at once the unshapely craft and their hopes in an inhospitable wilderness hundreds of miles from home. There was danger everywhere, in the currents, eddies, whirlpools, snags, saw-

there were troubles and dangers enough, and when ten or eleven weeks out, a new one appeared that even the bold, reckless boatmen feared—*yellow fever.*

Harry H. was stricken, and all at once shrank fearfully from his vicinage—all but one, Allen A. This comrade and true friend, forgetting his own danger, or not heeding it, stood faithfully by him by night and by day; administered food and medicine, soothed his delirious wanderings, sheltered him from damps and drafts, changed his position continually, and often drew his pallet out beneath an awning where he might watch the land and sky, taste the fresh air, and look toward home. For all the dreary days, through all the dismal phases of the hideous disease, he watched him like a brother ; but in vain. Just as the long journey was ending, and the fair haven almost in view, Harry died.

It was over ; and scarcely were the pulses still, till at the

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yers, and bayous of the tortuous Father of Waters. . . . . The current was constantly changing. It was easy to be deceived into an old channel from which there was *no return.* Bayous were often traps leading nowhere but to ruin. The banks of the Ohio swarmed with hostile Indians, the banks of the Mississippi with no less dangerous whites. Here outlaws, criminals, and reckless desperadoes formed organized bands of pirates, river sharks, and wreckers, always watching for the unwary voyagers, so that a slight mishap generally ended in complete disaster. Sometimes passengers arrived safely at their destination, and boat-owners made large gains; sometimes little or nothing was realized, and after fighting for their lives, captain and sailors returned haggard, foot-sore, and penniless. And often, alas, neither boat or crew were ever heard of more. Under these circumstances a safe voyage, even when it had proved unprofitable, was a grand event, and the occasion of tumultuous joy." Yes, truly, a journey by flat-boat then was uncertain and perilous to the last degree; and on such a craft Rose E., Rowland T., Harry H., and the mass of emigrants to the South and West embarked. No wonder their friends watched their departure with fear and trembling, and mourned them almost as dead.

word of command, a detail chosen by lot approached the corpse. Quickly, and with bated breath, they wound it up in its bedding, bound it securely, and, attaching a heavy weight, were about to sink it in the deep, turbid waters, when Allen, rousing from his grief, interposed, and begged them to desist. Such obsequies as these for Harry H. he could hardly endure to witness himself; but more he thought of others still nearer—father, mother, sisters—praying for him they would never see; watching, and longing, and waiting for tidings of Harry. How could he bear to send such a message as this—so brief—so cruel—"Dead, and cast overboard."

Shrinking back even in anticipation from such a task, he hurried to the captain to entreat him to carry his dead friend on a little further, to their destination, and give him fitting sepulture. Let him enter the longed-for port, though all unknowing, pass through the fair Crescent City once, though but under the pall; or, if that seemed too much, would he not land, order a deep, deep grave, and, as far as possible, give him Christian burial there where they were?

But to both propositions the captain said nay. "The men would mutiny if ordered to carry the corpse to Orleans or handle it at all, unnecessarily. Sinking it would certainly be the best and safest plan, and it had better be done at once," he said.

The crew were ready and waiting to perform their duty; but Allen interposed again, begging them to forbear, and adding, "that if none would venture to bury his friend, he would do it (if they permitted); would do it *all himself*, and ask no aid. And the rough boatmen, touched by such unselfish devotion, consented, though reluctantly, and, running the boat ashore, anchored where, for half a mile, the low, sandy beach stretched inland.

Giving Allen some slight assistance in raising the body to

his shoulder, some strolled away among the trees, and others sat in the boat and watched him, while, to the best of his ability, he accomplished his sad task. But, alas! the morning's light disclosed love's labor lost. The night had brought rain and storm. The swollen waters had reached the unsettled mound, the cruel waves were swiftly sweeping the sand away, and already the corpse was partially exposed. And Allen, in helpless grief, looked wistfully now at the deep rolling river, wishing, vainly wishing, that the dear form were indeed beneath it, sleeping, securely sleeping in its darkest caves, till earth and sea give up their dead.

But regrets were useless. It was too late now. He could do nothing more ; the boat was moving. And thus alone, unburied, exposed to tropic sun, to unclean birds, and beasts of prey, thus they left him alone on that foreign shore.

Poor Harry H., his "South Sea dream" had cost him dear. His false Eldorado had been taken all for nought ; promised much and given nothing. It had given not even a *shroud* or *coffin ;* nay, had denied him even a grave.

Many other cases noticed by Elza must be passed over entirely, and even the one most thrilling, that impressed her most, can have but brief mention.

The subject of this was a person of some influence in society, an heiress, and a belle, but also a lover of pleasure, an habitual Sabbath-breaker, almost a scoffer, whose short life of folly, and death of despair, were a loud warning against stifling convictions; a sad example of one "often reproved, called in vain, and destroyed without remedy." This, with all its details, would form a strange, solemn story, not without a touch of the supernatural too; but reasons, circumstances, prevent its insertion here.

The marking of, and meditating on, these early deaths of the young and gay, these crushed hopes and joys, joined to other discipline to which the "fair penitent" subjected her-

self, were salutary, for her principles gradually grew too strong to yield to either enticement or ridicule. And when in after years she professed conversion, and became the mistress of a home, there was nothing more firmly settled there than the difference between *common and holy time.* For while she constantly aimed to have religion run through every week-day, governing all worldly employments and recreations, it was also a fixed rule that not only worldly business,* but worldly plans and pleasures should cease during the Sabbath, and (as far as possible) all talk and thought of them be put away, and changed for those befitting the sacred hours.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Wealth, station, learning, wit, are talents—talents *lent,*
And time is precious, priceless and fleeting.
"Part with it as with money, sparing—pay no moment but for its worth."

But to return to B——, where the young student has been growing accustomed to city ways, and has fairly begun her studies, and has at the same time made some acquaintance with the various characters forming the small world of Park Street Seminary.

The higher powers here she found were Miss Gertrude Ellis Sydney and her father, Horace Holland Sydney, Gent. The latter, though, was rather the head of the house than of

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* One of her plans for preserving the sanctity of the Sabbath was this: If any of the family had an engagement for Monday morning, she would cheerfully rise at two or three o'clock, or at twelve if necessary, prepare breakfast, waken the sleepers, and get them to their destination in time, and yet without profaning an hour of the day she loved best.

the school, for in this he took but little interest. The Sydneys had been an old family in Yorkshire, England, but the present representative of it had indulged in so many extravagances and played so deeply that his debts of honor, or *dishonor*, and other follies had completely wrecked his fortune; and the age of sixty found him an exile and a pensioner on his daughter's bounty.

But though no longer wealthy and surrounded by tenants and retainers, he was still in appearance and manners the "fine old English gentleman"—hale, florid, portly, bewigged, bepowdered; full of stately politeness to visitors, and patronizing to young lady pupils; but sufficiently imperious to servants, and occasionally equally so with his lady daughter. This last, though, usually happened when he had taken too much wine, or had a fit of the gout, when he often brought her to tears with his snubbing. Miss S. was a far better financier than her sire, and on the final dispersion of the family and bulk of the property at her mother's death, had proposed that, as they two were left alone and in poverty, it would be better to emigrate where they could make the necessary change and retrenchment in their style of living easier than at home, and where by this means her portion of a few thousand pounds could be made to support them decently. Whether willing or not, he consented, and not long after reaching the New World, she sacrificed her pride still further by opening this school that had been in successful operation for several years. In person Miss Sydney was unlike the majority of her countrywomen, having a pale, white, care-worn face, and a figure so tall and so very thin as to involuntarily suggest a *lath;* and though scarcely thirty-five, she looked nearer fifty. In manner and conversation she was quick, sprightly, easy, and graceful, with more of the animation of the French woman than of the dignified reserve of the English one. She was easy of access and extremely affable at times, but was somewhat subject to

moods and tempers, during which she was rather cross, and sarcastic. A church-woman, she honored the rector, heard him preach on Sundays, invited him to tea on half holidays, and herself constantly read the daily lessons and prayers to the school. Some probably considered her an eminent Christian, others thought her more of a formalist; but all acknowledged her an accomplished, efficient teacher, and with this they were content. But more of her anon.

As to the pupils, they generally appeared as quiet, amiable, and ladylike; and all received the new-comer with marked politeness. Some one has said: "Many of those fashionable institutions seem emulous of finishing all their work after one pattern; and with this laudable aim they grind down, smooth off, brush away all sharp angles, distinct personality and freshness, and polish and gild till their young ladies have as much sameness as so many peas in a pod or beads on a string." Whether "Park Street School" was of this class or not, Elza found few salient points among her mates. They almost without exception belonged to wealthy families holding about the same position in society, and they dressed, talked, acted, etc., very much alike. For, though sometimes hasty and rather informal herself, Miss Sydney repressed all eccentricities, and insisted on ceremony and repose of manners among her pupils, and everything was done by rule. They daily walked two miles—no more, no less—and every step had to be taken *just so*. They scarcely filed along more slowly and decorously to meals, or more silently and solemnly to prayers or to church than they did in these solemn walks to Granley Hills. The languid city girls did not much worry, but the lively mountain nymph could scarcely restrain her bounding feet. Probably her health might have suffered for lack of exercise; but fortunately the garden wall was broad and high, and concealed by this, she often stirred her blood by running and skipping like a wild deer.

There seemed to be little scheming, envy, or mischief-making among the girls. Almost the only faults Elza observed were their slight appreciation of their privilege of improvement, and their careless use of time. Scarcely a tithe of them seemed to have any serious aim in life. Her room-mate, *Miss* Katy Dale (every one, from the oldest to the youngest, received her title), though an average student, showed far more enthusiasm over fashion plates and her own appearance than in the most interesting study. Her slender form and golden locks were her special pride, and she would stand before the glass an hour at a time, laboring with her stays and her curling-irons, and every few minutes naively called on Elza for admiration, exclaiming, "Look, Miss T., how neatly I am laced! Did you ever see a more sylph-like figure? See how well I have dressed my hair. Are not these curls too lovely? Are not my new gowns elegant? Did you notice my hat? It is just from Paris. Do, please, Miss T., shut that stupid book, and take some proper interest in things."

Adah L. was another of the elder pupils, and one of the prettiest and wealthiest ones—the only daughter of Judge L., Chief-Justice of the State; but, though cradled among books, neither did she care to dim her bright eyes with too much study. On the contrary, though a sweet-tempered, obliging girl, of good capacity, she was one of the most easy, careless, idle ones in school, needing both urging and chiding from her teachers.

Her seat was next to Elza's, and one day, when the drawing lesson began, she took out a new pencil of such superior quality that none of the school had ever seen so fine a one; and it was passed from hand to hand through the large class, every one admiring it, and wishing for one like it. But the very next lesson Adah asked Elza to lend her one, remarking, "The fine one you were all so excited over is gone, used up."

"Certainly," said Elza, passing it to her; "but you are jesting about yours. One of that length and quality would last for months."

"Oh," returned Adah, laughing, "it is certainly worn out, but perhaps I should not have said used, but *abused*. I will tell you about it. Yesterday, when there was no school, I sat all the afternoon by the window, looking into the street, and, happening to pick up my pencil, I commenced pointing it, and having nothing else to do, I kept on cutting and cutting, till there was nothing left but a heap of dust in my white apron. The poor thing was all whittled away."

A man worth his millions, it is said, always formed his opinions of persons by their little acts—their use of the stray hours, minutes, and pennies. So that a poor boy, after being refused, was recalled and received a place, and eventually a fortune, because he had seen him stoop as he went out and *pick up a pin*. With such judges, pretty, careless Adah, and some of her mates, would have found small favor. And to Elza, too, who never could find time enough for the half she wished to do, and who thought the wanton waste of the least useful thing wrong, this half day of sheer idleness and mischief seemed very foolish and trifling; and several other things appeared to her in the same light, that to them seemed but matters of course.

Here, for the first time, she heard piano music. Perhaps her expectations had been raised too high by all she had heard of its sweetness. At all events she was somewhat disappointed in its tones, and as to most of the songs the girls were practicing, she thought them very frivolous indeed. She herself, though full of life and buoyancy, invariably sang either sacred music, or something pathetic, as "Pastoral Elegy," etc. Even the critical Miss Sydney found little or no fault with her singing, but she exclaimed often against the sentiment of her songs.

"Now, Miss T.," she would call out in her semi-jesting

way, "what doleful ditty are you rendering? It quite gives me the horrors to listen. What can possess a bright young lady like you to so delight in dirges and dead marches? Why can you not sing something nice and fashionable, like other folks?"

Much has been written concerning the ill-furnished rooms and poor, insufficient fare of boarding-schools; but, if ever true, this one was an exception; for all over the house, from kitchen to dormitories, everything was plentiful and well-ordered. For breakfast and tea there were but few dishes —only three or four; but what there was, was abundant and well prepared. For dinner, there was the best the market could afford — always two courses, often three. Roast-beef and pudding, as near like those of old England as possible, were standard dishes. Fowls were not uncommon, and no meal was set without butter and cream, the latter being used lavishly on toast, green beans, and other things that Elza had never seen dressed with it among the large dairies of the country. Broken or cold meat in its own form, or any other, never appeared on the dinner-table the second time; and as there was much more than was needed in the kitchen, careful Elza often wondered if so clever a manager as Miss Sydney knew or allowed such shameful waste.

But one day, walking in the garden, she met the gardener bearing a large basket of edibles to his lodge, just beside the wall, and afterward learned that all the cold victuals were thus disposed of to outside work-people. So that was settled satisfactorily. But another trifle somewhat annoyed her. The cook was a good creature whom all the girls liked; and one morning Elza, passing the back-porch, saw her busily preparing to bake.

"Good-morning, Esther," she said, pleasantly; "what a quantity of eggs you are beating!"

"Yes, Miss," said cook, complacently, "and the best lot we have had for a good while."

Elza stared. "Why, cook, eggs are either good or bad. You can't have different grades and prices of them, as you can of your flour and butter."

"Oh, I daresay not, in the country, Miss, where everything's sweet and fresh. But here in the city we do have several kinds, specially at this season, and likely you wouldn't think any of them just first-rate."

"Then I would dispense with them entirely," said Elza, disgusted.

"Ah, but Miss Sydney always insists on her last courses; so I looks sharp, and buys the nicest I sees; but they're often a bit mixed and bloodshot; but really, these are a middling good lot."

After this revelation, the dainty Miss was a little cautious of the tempting cakes and custards; but there was all that was needful without them. . . . .

Like most institutions of the kind, this school also excluded all lovers and love-making, and with excellent success, too. Yet even Miss Sydney's authority could not prevent the neighboring students and others from occasionally choosing to take the air at the same hour with her young ladies; nor could her utmost care detect or prevent every admiring glance that followed them. But of all these casual street admirers, perhaps none amused so much, or was so long remembered, as Gray Wolf, an Indian chief, who, having some treaty, or other business with the city fathers, spent some time in B——. This child of nature, in the gayest of gay blankets, and all the glory of beads and plumes, ear-rings and nose-jewels, was forever crossing their way; often halting the whole demure procession to insist on shaking hands with the stately principal, and also with several of her charge. Elza was light of foot, straight and slender, with dark, piercing eyes, and long, dusky hair. Perchance she faintly recalled to him some maid of his native forests; at all events, she and her mate, Miss D., were

honored as the goodliest of pale-faces, "as much purty squaws," and whoever else was slighted, they seldom, if ever, were able to escape his eagle eyes, or to avoid the grasp of his huge, not over-clean hand. But Miss Sydney, reminding them that it was never wise to give needless offence, bade all treat him civilly, and herself set the example by invariably returning the chief's courtesy with punctilious politeness. As has been hinted, this august lady, though a pattern in many things, was not without her foibles; and she had one serious fault, that so nearly affected Elza's prospects, that it may not be omitted. This was nothing less grave than ("not to point it too finely") an occasional deviation from truth. The first mistake Elza noticed was that she was frequently introduced or mentioned as "from the South." Miss T., from L——, etc. After correcting this error various times without any effect, she concluded that Miss Sydney must have a very poor memory indeed, or else she preferred the mistake, as pupils from a cultured capital would bring more *éclat* to her school than those from a rude frontier.

The next odd story related to her drawing-lessons. For awhile at first these had been delightful, and she had received warm praise for her aptness, docility, and diligence. But gradually this had changed, and the longer she worked and the more she improved, the less approbation she received, and the oftener Miss S. shook her head. Often the exercise closed with these remarks, "Ah, Miss T., you will never draw at this rate." "Take more time and care, Miss, or you will never draw well." Elza was troubled and vexed. She was taking quite as much pains as formerly, following every direction to the best of her ability, and, as she and her mates thought, making good progress. But then, of course, her teacher should know best; and her sharp criticism, or, at best, "faint praise," worried and puzzled her continually. But at length she was unexpectedly enlight-

ened and consoled. On a dull, rainy evening, while busy in her own room, Adah L. came smiling in, exclaiming gaily, "Good news, Miss T. What will you give to hear it? A first-class compliment for you from headquarters."

Elza bowed.

"Many thanks for kind intentions," she returned, laughing; "but is there not some mistake? You know Miss S. pays me no compliments of late, and seems quite discouraged about my case."

"Yes, yes, but that is all pretence; she don't mean a word of it," retorted irreverent Adah. Continuing, "I overheard some whispers from her camp lately, and have come on purpose to report. Yesterday, after I had got excused from walking, and the rest of you were gone, I went down-stairs. There was a lively hum of conversation in the parlor, and as I distinctly heard your name mentioned, I pricked up my ears, and as I came nearer, what should I see but our venerable principal entertaining her guests with views from your sketch-book, and "——

"Adah! was Miss S. really exposing my errors and turning them into ridicule before company?" Elza exclaimed, and her dark eyes flashed.

"Silence in court! Don't interrupt and cross-question a witness till her story's finished," laughed the judge's daughter. "I speak truth, nothing but truth, as the law demands. Really your work was on exhibition. Truly, Miss Sydney was the showman. Just as truly the company were nodding and smiling over it. Bot don't you grow so flushed and angry. No, no; there's no occasion at all. Be easy now, for I assure you no one was sneering at your pieces; but all were praising. The ladies were passing them from one to another, and glibly exclaiming over the talent displayed; and, as I passed out, I heard Miss S. reply in her decided way: 'Well, well, be it talent, or be it care and diligence; I never had a pupil in my class before who made

such progress, such remarkably rapid progress.' So there now, get out of your blues ; be lively as a cricket, or I sha'n't go eavesdropping for your benefit again."

Elza was all smiles and gratitude ; but presently her brow clouded again, and she queried :

"If Miss S. really thinks I am getting on, why does she not say so, instead of finding so much fault?"

"Oh, as to that," returned Adah, "who pretends to fathom her motives? She may have a dozen reasons, known only to herself ; but I can guess at two or three instantly, that may account for the snubbing you receive."

"Then pray go on, Miss L.," cried Elza ; "I wait with impatience." And Adah gravely proceeded :

"Perhaps she thinks it wiser to clip your wings in time, lest so bright a genius soon soar beyond her ken. Or possibly she prudently fears the effect of praise on your tender mind, lest you be too much elated, too sadly puffed up with naughty pride and vanity."

Elza winced at this sly thrust at her peculiarities ; for she did love praise, and, like Fred, had her full share of self-esteem. For a moment she frowned, and then she laughed. 'Twas no use trying to be vexed with gay, good-humored Adah. Besides, the girl, in her own way, had done her a true favor, in showing her Miss Sydney's real sentiments. For after this information, undue censure did not disturb and vex her as before. . . . .

The Sydneys were staunch "church" folks, and though no formal "Act of Uniformity" had been passed in their school ; yet, they both wished and expected their boarders to attend it with them. Elza had often heard her mother describe the Episcopal service as common in the Jersies ; but to her, it was a new experience and not wholly a pleasant one. She had always been accustomed to the dignified simplicity, and reverent, orderly solemnity of a simpler form of worship ; and it held a place in her affections that

no other could. This new worship, she confessed, was good also ; the same old Gospel read and preached ; the doctrine sound ; prayer and praise devout. But then, everything else was so different. The oddly-shaped, variously-hued, often-changed garb of the minister seemed so strange. The loud responses, frequent change of posture, and repeated "amens" confused and embarrassed her. She was always losing her place in the lessons ; always fearing she had done, or should do something wrong, and perhaps be blamed by the polite, well-drilled congregation for contempt, awkwardness, or irreverence. To avoid this, she was forced to watch the movements of others, and her own closely ; and this constant looking on the outward appearance, left her little time to keep her heart and tune it to devotion.

After a number of Sabbaths, finding herself still but partially initiated, she perceived that it would be a long time before she could worship there without distraction, and she resolved to ask permission to go elsewhere. But where could she go, was the question ; for on inquiry, she found there was not such a sect as Baptist in the place ; and though the Presbyterians were pretty numerous, they had no church in that part of the city. These two were the only sects she was acquainted with ; but in fact, there was no place of worship of any denomination near the school but the Episcopal church, except a little, mean-looking, homely chapel of some description, that she had sometimes seen Esther, the cook, and other servant-girls resorting to. Nothing else offering, she thought of this ; perhaps here, without "pomp or circumstance," the poor had the Gospel preached to them. But would she get liberty to go and see for herself? At the first opportunity she went to the principal, and in her most respectful manner explained the whole case to her. Miss S. bridled and flushed ominously at the first hint of dissatisfaction ; but when the lowly chapel was mentioned, did not attempt to conceal her contempt. "What!

leave 'the church' for a place like that? Change a fellow of Oxford, and a venerable D.D., for a vulgar, ranting ignoramus, whose whole library is carried in his pocket from one low conventicle to another! Truly, Miss, your taste is admirable; your judgment does you honor." And yet after cooling down, and a few minutes' reflection, she confessed that "there really was no impropriety in the request. The place was decent, and near by, and Esther was a staid and faithful attendant; she could go." Elza waited for no second permission; but on arriving there, found the picture had not been much over-wrought. The congregation was small and meanly attired. The preacher uncouth in name, form, and feature; with little knowledge of books and still less of society. Yet he was mighty in the Scriptures, powerful in exhortation, fervent in prayer. There were few modes and forms, little to distract the attention; and though some things offended her taste, yet, on the whole, she went home refreshed and well pleased, and gladly returned to it as often as the Sabbath dawned. Meanwhile, Miss S. had watched her jealously but silently. She had supposed it would be but a brief, girlish whim; but when weeks went by, with no sign of recanting, she waxed indignant, and began to cast about for some plan to mete out a little wholesome punishment to such temerity; some small penance that would be noticed and felt by the culprit alone, but make no talk in her quiet, genteel school.

Yes, she had it now. Some day when the rector was there she would manage to bring this case of conscience up, and talk it over with him in Elza's presence. That could not be called punishment; would make no gossip in school or out, and yet she felt sure would cut keenly, and "confuse and confound" the delinquent more than ever the "church service" had done.

An occasion soon offered by a half holiday occurring, when the rector, as usual, came to tea. He was a grand old

man,—grave, stately, learned, and pious, and withal a polished gentleman, revealing unconsciously in every word and act cultured intellect and gentle blood.

Most of the pupils had gone out, or were about going; and as soon as only the proper trio remained, Miss S. easily brought up parochial affairs, the new clerk, the band of young ladies soon to be confirmed, and so on, and so on.

And presently, to Elza's consternation, her own case was mentioned; her sad declension reported, and the descent she had made socially and ecclesiastically, dragged to light, ending with, "And can you credit it, Dr. Woodbridge, though Miss T.'s enlightened conscience forbids her worshipping with us, it gently leads her to the Grub Street Conventicle for instruction, where she is privileged to hear sermons she prefers to yours (or at least enjoys more), from his grace, the cobbler, old Peter Wolfgang."

All this was said smilingly, in my lady's own airy, half-jesting way ; but neither of her listeners laughed.

Taken thus by surprise, his reverence coughed and hemmed; poor Elza crimsoned and trembled, and, burning with anger and mortification, rose to explain; to try to offer some apology, to beg leave to correct a mistake, and—— But Miss Sydney, enjoying her embarrassment, gracefully waved her aside, and declined all correction or controversy. But happily the doctor's politeness proved stronger than either his church proclivities or personal pique, for quickly recovering himself, he skilfully introduced a new and interesting topic of conversation, and during the rest of the evening, and as often as he met her afterward, treated the young dissenter with unvarying kindness.

This incident discovered to Elza that she was not quite so strong-minded as she had supposed; for, though she had pronounced those little meetings good, and had enjoyed them much, yet she did not in the least enjoy having her connection with them exposed to the courtly English rector,

and herself made to appear more rude and silly than was true. She thought mentioning this matter at all entirely uncalled for; but if it must be done, the simple truth would have made her position sufficiently embarrassing without anything added that was not true; for Miss Sydney well knew she had never preferred old Peter's *sermons* to the rector's; her objection having been solely to the intricate service. She could not but be much aggrieved and justly indignant at her ladyship, and inwardly resolved that she would never esteem or trust her again. But Miss S., being satisfied with the penance she had inflicted, was now ready to be all amiability again; and in her gracious moods few could resist her. Elza found it impossible to maintain her icy reserve very long, and soon this little ripple sank away, and things proceeded more smoothly than before.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"An apple of discord
That warked the simple lassie mickle woe."

"Lie not one to another. . . . . The Lord hates a lying tongue."

"Render to all their dues; . . . . fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor."

But much must be passed over while we hasten to close the scene with the tale of a book, that strangely enough bred mutiny in the camp, and eventually overturned all Elza's plans.

In one of Rowland's letters to his sister he mentioned a work he had lately read, which he said every young person should read, as it taught many useful lessons in a most attractive manner, abounded in natural incidents, life-like characters, and was every way as instructive as it was enter-

taining; and ended his panegyric by requesting her to procure it if it was in the city.

Elza, as has been before stated, had been a tireless reader from childhood, whenever she could obtain anything worth perusal, and her thirst for books was really almost or quite insatiable. So a new work by an entirely new author, and recommended by that matchless paragon, brother Rowland, could not fail to be everything that was charming.

School-girl like, she soon confided the coming pleasure to the others. None of them had seen it, and all agreed that it must be very fine to elicit such praise as she quoted to them from her letter, and several of the elder girls at once asked the loan of it when she had finished it. This she willingly promised, for, of course, anything that Rowland liked would be a treat fit to "set before the king."

She told Miss Sydney too, who soon after permitted her to go in quest of the treasure; which, having found and paid a round price for, she carried to her room, all impatience to begin it. But she was doomed to disappointment.

The title can not now be known, but it was a very taking one; the contents she thought not in keeping with the witching name. It was a very good book, to be sure, brimming with pure, fresh thoughts—interesting, too, after a fashion; but then such common, every-day life was depicted; such plain, homespun, matter-of-fact people were introduced; such lowly, homely duties enjoined; no glamour of romance or poetry thrown round it, "not a bit of high life in it."

Such a simple, quiet, quaint, countrified story as it was! How would the gay, fashionable young ladies take it? Whatever would they think of her brother's taste and judgment? Doubtless they would consider her but an empty boaster for leading them to expect something so rare and elegant; but harder and more monstrous still, the airy sprites might feel moved to laugh at darling Rowland,

and that would be insufferable insolence not to be thought of. Laugh at Rowland, indeed! One minute she felt provoked at him herself for causing such a pother, and the next repented of the thought; for was he not the best, noblest brother living; always seeking her welfare; constantly interested in her pursuits; ever guarding her from evil? and though this was annoying, he had meant it for good only. Perhaps he judged her present atmosphere was not favorable to heart culture, and such reading would be a help heavenward; or feared that while surrounded by wealthy companions who felt exempt from all the sober duties of life, she might be growing away from them, and in the future would find them distasteful and difficult; and thinking thus, had sent these sketches of lowly, useful lives as a kind of antidote. But whatever his motives, no shade of shame or blame must rest on Rowland. And this very fulness of sisterly pride and love made her so anxious about the reception of his book, for what would the "Miss Grundys" say?

Perhaps her feelings were right and natural under the circumstances; perhaps they were weak or wicked; but wise or foolish, so she felt and reasoned, and she sat for a long time thinking, and wishing for some fair and proper way of escape from her small but vexing dilemma—forgetting for the time her ill opinion of the principal's principles, or because there was no one else to consult, she at length ventured to confide the matter to her sympathetic breast.

Happily (or unhappily) that lady was in one of her sunny moods, and she listened with kind attention, and readily promised her aid. First she examined the book.

"Quite an original work," she said, after giving it a hasty review. "The author has fine descriptive powers, and wit and pathos; but the field he has chosen, and his peculiar style, will prevent popularity for a time. It is new, quaint; in short, not the *fashion*." And she agreed with the owner that "the girls, in all probability, would feel more disposed

to ridicule her brother's choice than to appreciate it." And to avoid all danger of such an unpleasant finale, advised that she should show it to none of them ; adding, "Your mentioning and praising the book does not make it absolutely necessary the girls should read it, though they may expect to."

"Ah, but you forget, ma'am, that it is the same as lent already; that is, is promised. I was so stupid as to promise it to ever so many before I bought it, and they will be offended if I don't."

Miss S. assented, and then she considered a moment.

"Yes, if you refuse it to them now, without excuse, they will be justly offended ; and if they read it, and laugh at both it and your idolized brother, you will be angry, and I can have no feuds in this school ; I must have only harmony and good-fellowship. But if you are sufficiently clever you can manage to escape from this slight web of your own weaving, and give no offence either."

Elza brightened up and began thanking her ; but the speaker, not heeding, went on:

"Tell the girls you are sorry to disappoint them, but that either you or the shopman mistook the title of the book for one somewhat similar, and that as you can not exchange it for the right one, as you find it is not in town, you propose that they all edify themselves by reading this good, though low-lived story instead, as you have done. That will be amiable and polite in you, and will end the matter smoothly."

Elza looked bewildered.

"Yes, ma'am," she said, slowly ; "thank you. That would end it nicely if there had only been a mistake. But see," and she drew the written title from her pocket and laid it on the book. "Please compare them yourself ; I fear you will find not the least mistake."

Miss Sydney laughed.

"Of course not," she said, lightly, as she saw the two cor-

responding letter for letter; "I did not suppose there was any discrepancy. This is only a 'make-believe,' as the children say, but it will answer very well to satisfy the girls, and you can tell them to-morrow and have it off your mind."

But Elza drew back.

"Oh, no; please excuse me, Miss S.," she faltered, "but I can not tell them that."

"And why not, pray?" asked the principal quickly, arching her brows; "it is very easily said. Why not?"

Elza was silent. The question was repeated more sharply:

"Answer me directly, Miss. Why can you not tell them this?"

And with no time to think or choose her language, Elza replied bluntly enough:

"Because it *would be a lie.*"

At this startling rejoinder Miss S. caught her breath, and her thin, pale face flushed hotly. She did not admire such off-hand, informal speeches in any one but—herself. Never had a pupil given her such an audacious, outlandish kind of answer before. But as she herself had called it forth, and also knew that it was not meant for impertinence, she thought best to pass it over leniently. So only demanding in a majestic voice, "Is that a proper answer to give *me?* Have you no sense of propriety at all, Miss T.?" she went on with the conversation.

"You did not mean what you said to be taken literally, I am sure. You can not really consider such little fictions as falsehoods that you dare not utter?"

"Excuse me, ma'am, but indeed I do," replied Elza, earnestly. "What is intended to deceive, told as *truth*, and yet is *not truth*, must be false."

"Then you would really call them lies?" retorted Miss S., half angry, half amused. "Why, you absurd creature, lies are base, black sins; Satan's own progeny; hateful and

hurtful to God and man; while these small, white stories, that prevent mischief, make peace, and injure no one, have no place in that vile catalogue at all. Can you not see the immense difference, the infinite distance between them, Miss?"

"Yes," Elza assented, there were many kinds and degrees of falsehood, and some were certainly far more heinous than others; but she thought *all*, even those told in mere sport and banter, wrong and to be watched against.

"No," replied Miss S., "what I defend are at least excusable, and are too useful to be totally excluded. You will discover, Miss, that you must resort to one occasionally, or you will never get on."

Elza gravely shook her head. "Then I must stand still till some way opens," she said.

Miss Sydney, seeing she was gaining no ground, began to lose patience. "Miss T.," she exclaimed, "you might as well have been reared in a French convent, for all you know of the world. You are as ignorant of its ways as the 'babes in the wood.' Why, such things are as free and common in *society* as the air we breathe. They are told everywhere and every day, to avoid untimely calls, disagreeable people, embarrassing positions, and what not. And they do prevent no end of awkward, uncomfortable things. This harmless ruse, planned for your advantage, will, I repeat, end this little affair pleasantly for all, and you will certainly see it wise to carry it through."

Elza thought of the old saying, the "remedy is worse than the disease," for the original trouble was nothing to the present one. She had found it delicate and difficult enough to at all contend with the principal when she was unjust and severe; but now, when she had kindly troubled herself to assist her, to be obliged to combat her reasoning and refuse her advice, *after asking it*, was difficult indeed. Her logic sounded plausible too—it seemed an easy way out of

her worry, and the tempter whispered, "Why not accept her terms? It is your duty to obey your teacher—she surely knows best. Why add to your trouble by provoking her anger?"

But she was enabled to withstand the temptation, and to the last firmly declined being governed by such crooked policy. Miss S. did not permit the affront to prey on her mind, as an ancient adviser did. She neither 'hung herself' nor Elza, yet she naturally felt incensed at such daring and obstinacy, and did not conceal it. Possibly, though, in time amity might have been restored again; but in an evil hour, Elza, feeling the need of sympathy and advice, sat down and wrote a long letter to Rowland. Only one passage of this unfortunate epistle can now be quoted verbatim, but that is enough to show its general character. After telling him that she believed he and others had been slightly deceived in Miss Sydney, and narrating many of her peculiarities (if not misdemeanors) to prove it, she continued:

"And this devout woman, who every day on bended knee prays, 'Lead us not into temptation,' has yet very dexterously contrived a lie for me to tell." Then followed a full account of the matter, and it ended by asking whether he judged such an one, however learned, polite, and accomplished, a suitable person to teach and mould the young. It was late on Saturday night when she finished this candid confession of another's sins, and she secreted it in the most secret part of her sanctum to await Monday morning's post.

Next day, the principal, complaining of indisposition, remained at home with little Edith, an English child she had lately adopted; but Elza went to church as usual. On returning, this small maiden, E., met her with a message from "auntie," that she would be pleased to see Miss T. a moment in her own room; and, without waiting to throw off hat or mantle, she ran up-stairs. She found the principal

waiting in state, richly dressed, enthroned in her high-backed, purple-cushioned mahogany chair, the look of a tragedy queen on her face, and—"confusion on confusion" —her (Elza's) last night's letter open in her hand!

As the door opened, Miss Sydney, trembling and white with wrath, started to her feet. And Elza, wide-eyed and white with fear, stopped, transfixed and dumb, on the threshold. And silent as two statues, there they stood and stared at each other. But Miss S. soon found her voice, and, as was to be expected under such a provocation, poured a perfect storm of indignation on the culprit's head; till, having exhausted all the English words used in *well-bred* "rating" and reprimand, she paused, and, in a calmer tone, asked if the defendant had anything to offer? But what could the poor criminal say? She was in a woful predicament; had no counsel, no friend; and all the evidence of her guilt was already in the judge's hand, and, worst of all, summed up by herself, and she could neither deny the writing nor the intention to post it. What could she say or do but offer her sincere regrets, and say that she had always been in the habit of confiding everything to Rowland.

"That," said Miss S., "would be entirely proper, if you wrote of proper things; but this communication is shameful, slanderous, perfectly outlawed, I might say libelous."

The listener started. She had not supposed the plain truth, however uncomplimentary, could be termed slander; but she held her peace; and directly Miss S. continued, more angrily:

"Yes, Miss, your conduct in this affair is nothing less than outrageous, without a parallel in my experience. You merit no consideration; you deserve instant expulsion; yet before proceeding further, I will be so kind as to again ask if you have anything more to say in defence or explanation?"

During all this trying ordeal, Elza had been terribly frightened, as well she might be; and seeing visions of pun-

ishment and disgrace looming up before her, had deemed a modest, discreet silence better than valor. But when her worst fears were realized in this open threat of dismission, seeing she was gaining nothing by meekness, she resolved to hazard a question she had all the time been burning to ask. So, steadying her voice for the effort, she replied: That it was not in her power to offer any defence except that this obnoxious sheet was never intended to insult or wound her feelings, being *strictly private*, written for advice in a case of conscience, to be read by one person alone living hundreds of miles away, who would keep it as silent as death itself; but if permitted she would wish to ask a slight explanation herself.

"Say on," said the judge, severely.

And she continued: "I would be glad to learn how a private affair became public? Who had the authority to enter and search my room in my absence, and carry away my own personal property?"

Miss Sydney colored, and answered more quietly:

"It was not searched at all. This precious missive was found by one not capable of searching for it. Little Edith found it somewhere, and innocently brought it to me."

Elza knew that a regular detective would not have discovered her secret soon, much less this artless child; but letting it pass, she continued:

"A letter might be found by accident; but pardon me if I ask, if when sealed and directed to another, could it be opened and read by accident?"

At this saucy question Miss Sydney's ire blazed out afresh:

"I would have you to understand," she cried, "that I have full and unquestioned authority to read everything that goes out of this school, no matter by whom written or to whom addressed."

Elza knew that such a law did obtain in some schools; it might possibly have a place on the statute-book here, too;

but if so, it must generally have lain there a dead letter, or why had she never so much as heard of its existence before?

She intimated this thought to Miss S., who, deigning her no explanation, she next inquired whether she might now reclaim her luckless letter?

Miss S. answered by dropping it into her own desk and turning the key.

"Have no fears, Miss," she sneered; "your fine composition shall be safe. It will be mailed to-morrow, enclosed with one of my own, to your brother. And while your case is pending, please to consider yourself only as a boarder. You will take no lessons, nor can you take the air with others, but alone in the grounds; and you will confine yourself principally to your own apartment."

Then, putting the key in her pocket, she silently motioned Elza from her presence, and swept haughtily down-stairs. Next day, according to promise, the two strange epistles, destined to amaze Rowland, were started on their mission, and were followed by others; but what the ireful lady wrote, or the cool lawyer replied, no one now living knows. Of course he lost no time in answering Elza's, too, condoling with, advising, and chiding, in brotherly fashion.

He was naturally not only sorely disappointed, but vexed and mortified at the thwarting of his plans; but while pained and surprised at the lax precepts and example of Miss Sydney, and proud of his sister's integrity, he yet feared that as a pupil she had probably lacked somewhat in showing the respect due the former's age and position as a gentlewoman, the head of the house, and principal of the seminary; and he wished to judge impartially, and assist Elza to do the same. He said, in substance, though he approved of her conduct in general, endorsed most of her sentiments, and gloried in her incorruptible truth; yet he would have been still more gratified if she had been a little more guarded in her intercourse with the principal at all times, and especially in

this present case. It would have been better if she could have conveyed the same meaning in a more delicate way; with something less of brusqueness of manner, without such downright offensive bluntness of speech. "A civil tongue," etc., was a wise maxim, and "A soft answer turneth away wrath"; "Be courteous; . . . . adorn the doctrines of God . . . . in all things," were older and wiser ones still, that she should heed.

Probably Miss Sydney would have been far less angry, far easier appeased, if her logic had been opposed, and her advice declined in a softer, more deferential manner, for firmness and gentleness were not incompatible. And yet, even yet, if with his assistance she could in any proper way conciliate Miss S., and settle the trouble without compromising her principles, he would wish her to remain; but if not, she must at least content herself till her father or Fred could be sent for to take her away.

Meantime, while this correspondence was going on, the days were passing slowly and sadly enough with Elza. True, when they met unavoidably, at meals or elsewhere, Miss S. treated her courteously; but she received no leave to enter the school-room,—no encouragement to remain unnecessarily below-stairs, and in many ways was made to feel herself a grievous offender.

The solitude of her chamber was favorable to reflection, and there, with no lessons, or settled occupation of any kind, she sat and thought the long day through; thought of many things, but principally of this strange and sudden change in her position and prospects. And sitting by her low table, her books and drawings beside her, sometimes busy, sometimes idle: she strove to examine every incident, word, and act, impartially, to test every thought and motive; and went laboriously over the self-same ground, over and over a thousand times. Often these cogitations wearied her brain till late at night, and the same doubts and queries

were ever recurring. Had she acted well or ill, wise or otherwise? Was there anything she should retract or apologize for? And having no one to enlighten or advise at hand, she could only fall back on parental example and teaching. This, from infancy up, had been, that falsehood was an abomination in the sight of God; and not only wicked, but mean and cowardly; a base thing, to be despised, feared, abhorred. And a hundred solemn texts on the liar's sin, and the liar's fearful doom, had been early and ineffaceably impressed on her mind. And now these strong truths, so fully learned, were her stay and comfort; for if she momentarily wavered under the keen trial by day, during the cheerful hum of the (now to her lost) lesson hours; yet at night when all was still, trying herself by these old rules, she generally was enabled to at last fall asleep in peace; believing that however much she might be misjudged and disgraced, her course had been dictated by conscience alone. And occasionally she even reached the comfortable conclusion that she was not suffering common punishment at all, but persecution, and that for righteousness' sake. Others may see it differently, thinking that her speaking evil of dignities, and pertly judging herself better, if not wiser than her teacher, were faults richly meriting severity, and proof that her piety * was sadly tinctured with pride and self-righteousness. Ah well, none are perfect; and if Elza's gold had some alloy, her motives some mixture of frailty, it was but human, and bitterly enough she atoned for it; for it not only brought her this present disgrace and loss of lessons already paid for, but eventually cost her the loss of all her late-found, much-prized privileges of improvement, and entirely ended all her bright dreams of an artist's life.

What became of the ill-starred book, the innocent occa-

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* Elza did not profess piety at this period, but only regard for it.

sion of so much mischief ; whether the girls liked, disliked, or read it at all ; or whether, as is more probable, it was lost sight of and forgotten in the excitement of the quick coming events it caused, is not clear. But, whatever its fate, it had already played an active part, and here disappears from the history and is heard of no more.

Things continued to go on about the same between the belligerent parties. The principal still treated the pupil with strict, yet frigid politeness, and recognized her only as a boarder. And Elza seeing no prospect of her relenting, wrote to her friends, and began quietly to make ready for her transit. Whether Miss S. was as deeply offended as she seemed, and really desired or expected such an ending, or was only holding the rebel under ban till thoroughly subdued, she should acknowledge her errors, and humbly sue for pardon, is not known. But whatever her wishes or expectations, they were ended by the arrival of Paul T., to convey his daughter home.

As Elza was expecting him, all her packing was done ; and knowing his great dislike of both scenes and tardiness, she only ran down long enough to give him a hasty greeting, then quickly returned to her room ; whence she presently emerged again, equipped in hat and habit, ready for her journey. Having no opportunity to bid good-bye to her pleasant companions, not even to her own classmates, leave-taking was but brief. She bowed silently to Miss Sydney, and giving one last parting look at the familiar scenes, bade farewell to school forever, and rode slowly and sadly away. But the city once out of sight, "home and mother" began to draw, and she soon became cheerful.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Work, work, duties and duties."

Wise or unwise, this rule proveth true,
The old love the old ways; the young love the new.

A DAY had been set for their reaching home, and no accident occurring, they arrived punctually at the time appointed. Bessie was too happy at her child's return safe and well, to grieve much over the cause that had hastened it. She gave her a true motherly welcome, and then speedily led the way to the supper-table that stood ready and waiting for them, spread with her own favorite viands. Fred came in too, with a jubilant greeting, and the four sat down. They lingered long that night, talking over all that had happened during her absence; and she in turn told them of life in B——, and gave a full account of the incidents related in the last chapter. As was to be expected, the theory of "white lies," "fashionable lies," or lies of any other kind or color, found no favor with her parents. They believed that any cross or inconvenience great or small, that could not be avoided without resorting to falsehood, must be manfully met and borne. Much less would they tolerate it when uttered wantonly, with little or no temptation. They had endeavored to train their family to hate vice, and strive to shun even the appearance of evil, and were truly glad that their child had escaped so well from the influence of so worldly-wise and dangerous a teacher as Miss Sydney. . . . .

At the time when Elza was preparing to go to B——, two or three old-fashioned solid farmers and their families had their own ideas on the subject, and they discussed it when they met, with all the interest and freedom due ot' er peo-

ple's business, just as we do now; and while some of the young folks were envious at her good fortune, the old ones condemned the whole thing as unwise.

"A smart, likely gal Elza is now, if they'd let her alone," said one. "Great on books, to be sure—all the T. young ones are mad after larnin'; but then, she does a power of all kinds of work, too, and does it well. My Marier says she spins her two dozen a day, besides milkin'; and that she does most other kinds of work accordin'ly."

"Yes, it's a thousand pities to sp'ile her," said another; "but jest let her go a foolin' around that boardin' school, a-mixin' with them idle, stuck-up city chits, and she'll be as proud and useless as any of 'em."

"Don't be too hard on Elza," said a third. "I reckon it would sp'ile a'most anybody for hard work, to be dressed up, a-doin' nothin' for two or three years but fuss with books and picters."*

"I ain't a thinkin' so much about its makin' Elza good-for-nothin' for work—that ain't likely, for there isn't a lazy bone in her," remarked a kind old grandsire. "What consarns me is, that it will sp'ile her content of mind."

"Now, as we all know, she's the life of every bee she 'tends, and her smilin', perty face is as welcome as May flowers. But, likelier than not, when she's been gone a spell, she'll grow clean out of conceit of country life and country folks, and be real mopy when she comes home, 'cause she'll be allurs a-hankerin' and pinin' after the city. I'm afraid neighbor Paul, long-headed as he is, has made a big mistake this time."

"Well, well, neighbors," cried a good-natured, motherly little woman, "if Rowly T. is able to send his sister to the siminary, and her folks are willin', I don't see as we need

* Reading and writing were generally considered enough for a frontier girl, and perhaps a slight knowledge of accounts; but many learned less.

fret. She'll make a clever scholar, I'll warrant. All I wonder at is, that they didn't send her sooner, if at all. Why, it's high time Elza was thinkin' of marryin', instead of school. She's past nineteen now, I judge, and many are wives at sixteen—her own sister Rose was, you know."

"That's true," said another, "and often a gal's best chances come before she's twenty. But my Dan calculates that Miss Elza don't mean to marry around here—says she don't show a bit more favor for one than for another."

And so the gossip went on; and, truth to tell, her parents had vexed themselves with similar doubts—had feared that perhaps several seasons in town would make the simple pleasures and sober duties of home-life distasteful. And when they heard she would return before half her term had expired, they feared that the disappointment of not attaining what she had intended would sour her temper, and probably have even a worse effect than a longer stay would.

But happily all these prognostications were at fault. Elza had too much sense to put on silly airs, make herself or friends unhappy, or act the fool in any way. She was not spoiled at all, either for work or play. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would have pleaded fatigue after a long journey on horseback; but Elza, on the very first morning after her return, rose with the dawn, tripped down to Rose's shady spring with her pail, singing like a lark, and had one of Miss Sydney's delicious breakfasts ready on the table when her mother came down.

And as she began she continued. She had long been an invaluable assistant, and as her mamma, always delicate, was now often ailing, she tried to lighten her cares more and more, and gradually relieved her of many altogether. This was kind and dutiful, but it left her less and less time for books and art.

The very first thing after her return, on unpacking her goods, had been to bear everything that pertained to the

latter to her room, and lock them safely in that same top drawer. For though it was no longer a secret, Fred might injure them, rummaging there for something; and little Bessie's meddling fingers must be guarded against, especially as there were many fine plates in the drawing-books to tempt her. Of these she had three, containing all kinds of models, rules, and directions; and also notices of all the different schools of painting, ancient and modern, with sketches of the lives of the most eminent painters, from Apelles, Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo, etc., down to our own English and American artists—Reynolds, Trumbull, West, etc. And having locked them in, there they all lay, very safe and quiet indeed, for it was seldom she found an opportunity to disturb them. Plainly, the common work must be done at any rate; and it was a frequent study with her how to systematize and condense it, so as to make a little more leisure. She found some housewives lessened the labor of cooking in winter by preparing large quantities of provisions at once, such as pies, roasts, and other things that cold and frost did not injure. And one close, careful woman, who grudged boarding her own boys when idle, did not make this proviso, but went so far as to store up on Saturday enough buckwheat cakes to last half the next week! "Warmed-up cakes are good enough to do nothin' on," she said, "and they go a sight furder than fresh ones do." Few, however, cared to follow this example; but Elza did like the plan first mentioned, and adopted it. With mamma's assistance she would bake and cook for two or three days continuously, till she had a real host of mince-pies and other kinds; great heaped-up pewter platters of crullers, cakes, doughnuts, and so on. When all were finished and cold, and the huge clay oven had also cooled, they were all carried back to it and stored one on another on its ample floor, and the door carefully fastened. There they kept perfectly, and were ready for use at all times, only needing to be set,

an hour or two before wanted, beside the clear wood fire always burning on the hearth.

Elza liked this new way well, and continued it a long time; and the milking always being light during the cold term, she would have had a fair amount of time at this season of the year for her own pursuits, had it not been for the flax-spinning and weaving. But as it was, she often gained three or four hours a week, and now and then a whole, happy day. Many small pieces of different kinds were drawn, but especially flower and fruit pieces, that found sale among the neighbors, who, not finding her "sp'iled," were as fond of her as ever. She took several likenesses, too, in miniature, that were pronounced very striking, and sold readily, and more persons would have sat, could she have found time to accommodate them. She also gave many small drawings away to friends as keepsakes, and these being preserved by descendants, may still be seen in many distant towns and different States of our Union.

Among her patterns was a quaint one, representing Charity and Bigotry, with their attendant maidens. The former, a meek-faced virgin, in spotless white falling in graceful folds to the ground, stood with extended hand calling persuasively to the other group:

"Saints of Jesus, sisters mine,
Let us all together join,
Like the branches on the vine."

But Madam Bigotry, with cold, forbidding face, was starting back, holding her robes aloof, and exclaiming harshly:

"Approach me no nearer,
My garments are clean," etc.

Elza loved all who loved the Master, of whatever name, and it was said by some that "she really had too much charity"; but whether that was so or not, this old picture

was a great favorite, and she copied it again and again, sending one of them, with others of her best efforts, to Rowland and another to Rose. Rowland returned thanks and praise; he was pleased, but not satisfied. He had believed in his sister's talents before, now he saw the proof; and it seemed too great a waste of heaven's gifts for her to be spending her years acting as maid-of-all-work, instead of cultivating and using them; and he again offered to remove and support her where they might be improved and appreciated. But from one cause and another, this second offer was not accepted; but he encouraged and aided her home culture by advising her what to study and read, and by furnishing the works he recommended, once sending her a hundred dollars worth of books at one time.

. . . . . .

The T.'s, though in good circumstances, and living and entertaining liberally, were much opposed to all vanity and ostentation; and although they allowed Elza to buy what she chose with her own means, they yet watched narrowly whether her choice was judicious, and read her many a lecture on the sin and folly of pride in dress.

"Mamma," said the saucy puss, at the close of one of these homilies, "don't you think I *inherited* this naughty love of dress? Remember you used to say, 'Your mamma was a proverb for fresh, pretty toilets'; and wasn't you a proverb, too, in H——, where the Dutch frows called you 'that finikin, fine-feathered Jairsay bird'?"

"Yes, yes," retorted mamma; "but that was all nonsense. I had nothing but what was proper and such as was customary; I never bought such gewgaws as you do."

"No, ma'am, of course not," returned Elza, "they were not worn at that time. You got what was fashionable then; I only get what is used now."

But Bessie was not convinced by this half-jesting, half-earnest argument; and continued to criticise and warn in motherly fashion as often as she judged necessary.

Elza believed the maxim, "The dearest is the cheapest," and generally purchased the best, which, with her nice care, lasted and looked well a long time. At one time she bought an elegant silk scarf, flesh-colored, and edged with filmy fringe and netting, that had lately come in vogue for young girls. It was very ample, shading her white dress like a mist in its soft, shimmery, pinky folds, and falling from her shoulders almost to the floor. It did look airy and fairy-like enough, and the first time she appeared in it, issuing from her chamber like Aurora, Bessie exclaimed:

"Beautiful! but gay, too gay. Don't be a butterfly, child."

By and by a costly, but fine, close, and durable article of French crêpe became the style, and when Elza came out in a handsome dress and shawl of that, "Elza, Elza," cried mamma, "have you no thrift at all? Surely, you spend too much on dress," and so on.

But perhaps there was no one article she ever bought that she so much valued and prided herself on, or that others condemned more severely, than her *first umbrella!* For strange as it seems now, this common, every-day necessary was then a novelty and luxury, rarely seen and little known. But Elza, always among the advanced thinkers, and keen after experiments, hailed the new invention with delight, and went to see and examine it for herself. The erudite merchant had its history and virtues by rote; when first imported to Europe; to England, etc.; "How the first one carried through London* was stared at, hissed, and hooted at by all, while crowds of boys even pelted it with stones.

"As to its excellencies, they were manifold. It was a cool shade from sun, a secure shelter from rain, hail, snow, dew. It preserved the health, protected the dress, and could be made a valuable ally in cutting an unpleasant acquaint-

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* Old records say this was carried by J. Hanway, about 1746–1750.

ance; and was, withal, as ornamental as it was useful. When using it a little care was needed in passing or meeting others, lest some of its many sharp points should strike and jam off their hats, or maybe poke out their eyes. And on no account must it be spread during high wind, lest it should fly off into space like a comet, and possibly carry its owner with it."

"Yes, yes," Elza "would be careful in using it," and as usual, she chose the very best there; one with a stout stalk and strong ribs of whalebone elastic as steel, covered with heavy silk of unfading hue. It was beautiful, too, a rich mazarine blue, with a wreath of white flowers, vines, and ferns, as a border; the polished amber-tinged staff lavishly adorned with ivory and brass in plates, knops, and bands; and four inches or more of the shining metal, elaborately carved, extended above the whole, crowning the apex like a tiny, burnished steeple, glittering in the sun.

When her Serene Highness, like some Eastern sultana, came riding home under this gorgeous silken canopy of blue and gold, the good parents had not much patience left. "That child certainly was possessed with curiosity, always hunting out and running after one new abomination or another. Now here she came lugging one of those strange machines called an umbrel, or umbrella." "What a great, cumbersome blue tent to carry on horseback," thought mamma, "though it is grand." "Looks like a gilded pagan pagoda," thought Paul. "And what a pretty sum it has cost; has not left a pound or a shilling in her purse," thought both. "Oh, the extravagant creature!"

As soon as she opened the door (reading their sentiments in their eyes before they spoke), Elza began a hasty defence of her purchase, and a glowing description of its virtues. But her eloquence made little impression. The unsympathetic audience objecting that "the sun was no hotter, nor the rain and snow wetter than they had been for thousands

of years, when no such invention was known or found necessary; and if they were, it was not possible for such a fine, gay bauble as that to prove much protection, as it looked much more like needing careful shelter itself. No, no; it had been useful to spend money on, and it would be useful for little else, except show, and to excite the envy, and perhaps ridicule, of the other girls." And so the debate ended, as many another has, with each "holding his own opinion still."

A few weeks later Elza was caught in a heavy thundershower, reaching home in the very midst of it, and the new purchase darkened and bedrenched, with small cataracts pouring from every point, truly made but a sorry show; and naughty papa could not forbear a smile and a sneer at the sight.

"Ha, Elza, aren't you in a fix now! New hat, new gown, *umbrella*, and all, ready for the ragman, are they?"

And anxious mamma cried:

"Hurry, hurry, child, or you'll be sick. Off with your wet clothes; quick, quick."

But Elza, loosening a pin here and there, shook out the folds of her dress, doffed her jaunty hat, and stood before them perfectly dry, without a spot or stain. The elders stared incredulously at her, and at the dripping, drowned umbrella; scarce believing that so frail a protection (and so wet a one) had withstood such a deluge, and brought her through neat and dry, or, not at least, without ruin to itself. But when an hour or two after, they saw it had dried without either shrinking or fading, and was every way as strong, bright, and handsome as ever, they were not a little surprised, and could not but admit, that if Elza was forever trying experiments and hunting out new-fangled notions, she had really, for once, secured a prize of value.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"No need of hurry, the sun is high,
There'll be time enough for that, said I."

"And so you trifle with a tried heart's trueness, and so I cease to call you even friend,
And so we bury from all sight and hearing, the memory of this friendship, and its end."

But while Elza has been doing her deeds and "saying her say," through two or three chapters, Fred has been left in inglorious silence. But in truth, that enterprising individual knew little of either silence or obscurity. He had no sort of faith in hiding merit, or "blushing unseen," but was always wide awake, up and doing. Besides his daily business and church-going, he attended to various other little matters in the evenings, more or less necessary, often the latter. He was one of the prime movers in the various debating clubs and singing-schools of the neighborhood, and mounted on his black colt, scoured the country like "Brom Bones, attending half the weddings and merry-makings for miles around." Nor was this all, for the versatile genius had gradually developed another talent, and that was an unlimited capacity for flirting; and where the fairest, wittiest maidens congregated, there was he. And while the cunning rogue committed himself to none, he met them everywhere; was the occasional escort of some, enjoyed the smiles of many, and gallantly admired all. But this did not much please his grave father, who had no sympathy with so much gadding and gallantry, considering it an idle frittering away of both time and feeling. Fred was old enough to settle himself, and both he and mamma wished him to find a proper mate and do so; and they were glad when he at length became

seriously enamored by one that they could cordially welcome as a daughter.

Bertha Carson was a sweet, modest girl, intelligent and good; well-fitted to make any man happy who had the sense to understand and appreciate her. This was the common verdict, and Fred believed it too, and also that he, of all others, was best suited to this paragon; and further acquaintance, instead of dispelling, deepened the impression more and more. People smiled as they witnessed his devotion; "the restless rover was snared at last," they said, and predicted a speedy union; but it did not come. Some time after this Mr. Carson began to talk of, and prepare for, removing to a distant settlement, and people said again: "Fred will never permit Bertha to be spirited out of the country; this will bring him to the point." The two families most concerned thought the same; but all were mistaken, for no point was reached, though he visited her on the eve of departure, and they parted as lovers; but whether formally engaged or not, does not appear.

During the rise and progress of this affair, Fred had by no means given up general society, but he had been less absorbed in it, and a trifle grave and preoccupied. The girls had found him less entertaining too, and divining the cause, and deferring to Miss Carson's superior graces had well-nigh given over captivating him, or even claiming him as "their common beau." But after her removal, when a barrier of two or three days' journey, over rough, strange roads lay between them, it was different. Her, he could very seldom see, but many others could be met weekly. Society was a law of his nature, and he returned to his companions, and to his former recreations; at first, a little sadly, but soon with the olden zest. His acquaintances were mildly surprised; the lover's buoyancy and readiness to be consoled by other fair ones, scarcely seemed becoming for the "days of absence sad and dreary." Could the

match have been broken off, they queried? His parents warned and watched his course uneasily. "This giddy, silly trifling would lose him Bertha yet. What a heedless loon he was!" Elza understood him best of all. She knew in his heart he did prefer Bertha to all others, fully intended to make her his wife in due time, but had no wish to hasten matters too much. The present was brimful of pleasure; too full of bright, joyous hours for him to desire an early change. Not even for love's sweet sake, was he ready to give up his free, happy young life as yet. "Youth comes but once; we will gather all its sweets; we will crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered." This was his motto, and Elza read it as plainly as though written on his forehead, and she partially indorsed it too; yet feared that while dallying so long in the gay parterre, toying with every flower he saw, his own peerless rose might be fading through neglect, or haply be culled by another. But all these doubts and fears were removed toward the close of the year; when Fred, with considerable pomp and flourish, got himself up for a tour to Onley, and with a large sum for expenses went to spend the holidays at the Carson mansion. "Ah! that is it," cried all. "Bertha wished to see her friends comfortably settled in their new home, and perhaps to see a little more of the world herself before marrying; and Fred, poor fellow! had to divert his mind with flirting, or something else while he waited. That explains it all. And a wedding during the holidays, and a great infare, and serenade when they return, will be the very thing." As Fred could set no certain time for returning, and would neither say yea nor nay to the marital question, his family could make no definite arrangements for a reception. But having good reason to believe that whenever he did arrive, a bride would accompany him, Bessie wished to have something settled; and proposed for one thing, "that as Elza's room was one of the most convenient and handsome

ones, she should take another, and give hers to the young couple till they went to housekeeping." But Elza got into a temper at this, and received this cool proposal with a very ill grace. "Her pretty room that she had furnished herself, was very dear to her, and it was not kind or just to ask her to give it up to any one for months and months, not even to Bertha Carson. Fred had abundant means,—let him refurnish his own for his bride as elegantly as he chose, and perhaps she would lend them hers till his room was ready." But there was no occasion to worry about bridal chambers; for in a fortnight or so, Fred returned as he went, alone. Then everybody was agog again, and the neighborhood put on its studying-cap to find some clew to the mystery. "They have dissolved by mutual consent," said some. "Miss C. has jilted him," said others. And this, that, and the other was guessed at and repeated.

Meanwhile, the ex-groom kept his own counsel, and allowed the gossips to arrange the case, and fix the whole affair to suit themselves; but to the home circle, he described his journey, the new place and people, the prosperity of the Carsons, and their hospitality to himself; and to Elza, he spoke of Bertha, of their many long rides, walks, and talks; and expatiated on the happy hours they had spent together.

"And did they not all think, as we did here, that you had come to end the courtship, and bring away your wife?" demanded Elza.

Fred laughed. "I shouldn't wonder if the family did. The old folks had an oddish, semi-parental look on their visages whenever we were left alone together,—that half frightened, half amused me."

"And Bertha, what of her?" interrupted Elza.

At her name, Fred sobered down. "She was such a modest, shy creature, had so much womanly pride and delicacy," he said, "of course she would veil her feelings. But

he thought he did detect a shade of surprise, or pain, in her manner, when he first intimated that their second parting was near."

"Fred," said his sister, reproachfully, "why do you act so? There was but slight reason for the first parting; there was none at all for the second. Your conduct is perplexing her friends, and perhaps grieving her. To say the least, you are wronging Bertha by keeping her out of society, and keeping all other suitors at a distance. If you really love each other, and intend matrimony, why should you waver any longer?"

"Yes, surely," Fred admitted, "they were the best of lovers, and would marry some day; but there was no 'wedding haste' yet. There was a world of pleasure in single life too. He was enjoying himself famously here, and as there was plenty of good society and hosts of admirers in Onley, why should not Bertha enjoy herself a while there?" The freedom he claimed for himself, he freely accorded to her too.

"Ah, do you indeed? And suppose," said Elza, "only *suppose*, some one of those new admirers, better, or at least more ardent, than yourself, should supplant you?"

But Fred answered with his usual assurance, "No danger of that at all. Bertha's truth is beyond question. I could trust her through any ordeal. No one can supplant *me*."

Elza had been a real Cassandra to him throughout; but, seeing that counsel was wasted on him, ceased to warn and persuade, and he went on his own way as usual. Near the close of the next autumn, just before Thanksgiving, he again set out on a journey to O——, and this time everybody made sure of hearing the "wedding bells"; but for the third time everybody was mistaken, for no chimes were rung.

Fred returned a gay bachelor still, and if any changed, a little gayer and more confident than ever. As usual, con-

fiding to his sister that he "had enjoyed another delightful visit, the Carsons all so courteous and kind, and Bertha, sweet Bertha, fairer than ever, and true as steel. She had wisely taken his advice, too, about keeping her place in society during the interim, and had even followed his example so far as to have been indulging in a slight flirtation. The new swain was a clever, fine fellow too. Bertha had found him a very pleasant, interesting friend; but of course this small by-play had ceased at once, when *he*, the *real hero*, had appeared on the scene. And during all his stay the poor, discomfited knight could only hover on the outskirts, and watch, wistfully watch, his charmer from a distance. Bertha was too good and noble to deceive or wound any one, and had candidly explained her position to him at first; and he himself had not been slow in showing him who the lawful claimant was. Yet he feared from appearances the young man might perhaps suffer considerably when he fetched her away. Well, well, such things would happen; but Jones would have no one to blame but himself if found in a foolish predicament before long."

"Oh, then, the important day is fixed at last, is it?" cried Elza. "Tell me everything. Who is to go? When will it be? Tell me all directly."

"Now, Elz, it's coming," returned Fred, lightly; "it's coming in a bee-line all right; but there's no day set yet, nor month either. There's time enough for that. Don't you be so fidgety. It's *me* that's to marry Bertha; not *you*, nor mamma." And he went off laughing, to dress for the singing-school and take home the prettiest girl there.

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But things must end some way, and, according to Fred's prediction, there *was*, before long, a "young man found in a foolish predicament"; but it was *not* Dick Jones. One day in the following spring, a paper came to hand, containing this old-style notice:

"On Thursday, March 12, Elder Dalson joined in the bonds of holy wedlock, Richard J., son of John and Mary Jones, and Bertha C., daughter of William and Jane Carson, all residents of Onley, Columbia County."

Fred read, and every fibre of his being vibrated to the shock, and thrilled with amazement and pain. *Bertha married!* Bertha the bride of another! Bertha nothing to him! Parted—parted forever!

A sense of irremediable loss and ruin swept over him. The blow was crushing; but he alone had caused it, and he must bear it—alone. He did not receive much sympathy in his trial. Friends and acquaintances expressed various opinions on the subject; but on one point nearly all agreed, and the sense, summed up in two words, signified, "served right."

To be sure, Fred was the best fellow living—they could hardly do without him, and he was, perhaps, some to be pitied, too; yet in this matter he had blundered badly. This vacillating, dawdling course had been enough to try and chill any woman's faith and love. And so far from being surprised at this ending, the wonder was that so proud a family as the Carsons, with a daughter so much admired as Bertha, had borne with him so long. Some treated the thing seriously. Some, merrily inclined, "opined that this would disturb Fred's self-conceit more than anything had since his boy-battle with Hal Lacy." And so, bitter, grave, or gay, the talk went on.

Fred had strong feelings, and they were stirred to their depths; but he was also keenly sensitive to public opinion. Its blame was hard enough, but its ridicule and pity he could not brook—they must be turned aside. So, rousing all his pride and firmness, he met the world's pity with scorn—its laugh and jest, with laugh and jest in return; took part in all that was doing, and filled his wonted place in every crowd. And, the more effectually to cover his de-

feat and conceal his pain, and, above all, to be quits with Bertha, he flirted more desperately than ever for a season or two, and then, like her, wedded another.

No apology or explanation was ever asked or given by either party, and the paths once so nearly merged in one, "thenceforth lay far asunder." They never met again.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

KARL AND META.

"Where the morning-glories brighten in the dawning light,
In a cot sat Meta weeping, all the day and night;
False the vows her lover plighted, as the changing moon,
And that fair one fell, a blighted rose of June."

"The Broken Heart" is another tradition of our past, which was said to be true in every particular—though now, to what exact point or period it belonged, is unknown; but having some similarity to Fred's story, it may as well follow it, and it will be given as told by the pioneers of Fayette around their cabin fires generations ago; and it was thus the story ran:

The widow Niles was a worthy woman, who lived with her four children in a snug cabin at the edge of a great wood.* The only son was still small, but the girls were grown up, and being active and dutiful, were repaying her careful training well. Idleness was unknown among them; for, besides their own work, indoors and out, they sewed, spun, and wove for the neighbors; and thus, by the labor of their

* Perhaps the reader may weary of this oft-repeated expression in describing localities; but should remember that it was literally true. In this age, when the country was new, almost every house stood near a "great wood," if not in the midst of one.

own hands, managed to live comfortably and independently. Nor did they find work an evil ; on the contrary, while their homely tasks gave them competency, it also brought health of body and peace of mind, leaving little leisure for useless wishing or repining. And though they had no luxuries, few friends, and still fewer recreations, yet this humble family was not only far more useful, but far more contented and happy than thousands of the wealthy whose whole business in life is to enjoy it.

In person and manners there was nothing about the N. girls that a novelist would have raved over. They were simply three modest, dark-haired damsels, passably good-looking, and with about the average intelligence.

Meta, the third sister, was a decided brunette, with large, expressive eyes and a winning smile; but was chiefly characterized by an artless, clinging dependence of disposition, and a tenderness and tenacity of affection that, once fully awakened, and centered on one object, worthy or unworthy, would truly prove her life's weal or woe. Nor was fate far away or long in appearing ; for a lover came, and she was wooed and won ere she was eighteen. Neither was it, as might have been supposed, "an unthrift love"; for, besides his personal attractions, Karl Lawton belonged to a connection of means and position, and was generally considered an excellent match.

They were affianced after only a brief acquaintance, but were not to be united for some time ; but quite unlike Fred T., he guarded her all the while as jealously as a Turk,—neither gave nor asked any liberty, but strictly stipulated that no rivals or third parties should be tolerated at all on either side. They two were set apart, he taught her, to love each other only ; for each other alone to live and die. And an apt, docile pupil was Meta. She learned the lesson well—too well—till her whole being was absorbed, and her very life bound up in his love. For three years he thus tested

her fealty and his own, and still finding their feelings changeless, with full faith in each other, and bright hopes for the future, they began to prepare for a speedy union. But now clouds began to gather in their sunny skies, and storms to darken the brightness of their horizon.

Karl's friends lived at some distance, and whether they had not before been aware of Meta's poverty, or had not supposed his intentions serious, is not known ; but it is certain that they now began to make the most bitter opposition, and rose, as one, to prevent the approaching nuptials.

They had been thinking some little of removing further West before this, and now resolved to go ; for, on finding that argument and ridicule had little effect on Karl, and determined to break off the connection at all hazards, they speedily disposed of their real estate, etc., and invested the proceeds in another State.

Home, lands, money, everything was gone now, and the son had only two alternatives. He might give up Meta, follow them westward, and still be their pride and heir; or he might renounce his family, marry her, and remain where he was, a beggar, or at best as a poor man, depending solely on his labor.

Through all this long acquaintance Karl had been, or seemed to be, a leal and tender lover, and might have proved constant to the end had all continued smooth and fair ; but this child of fortune was no hero. To him penury looked all-forbidding, too dark and drear for even love to brighten. He began to ponder, to parley, to wish and waver; and, finally, after a lingering, painful struggle, truth and manhood went down. He could not bear banishment, hardship, poverty. Rather than these he would break every sacred vow, burst every tender tie, would literally perjure himself, and sell his love for gold.

The resolve once formed, its Satanic author gave him no time for relenting, but hurried him on to its execution.

"Pleasure is over *here;* only pain remains," he whispered; "but *there,* new scenes, new joys await you. Forget the past, and away, away, to meet the glad future."

Karl listened ; and, guilty and miserable as he was, hasted and longed to be gone. Making a few hurried preparations, he mounted his horse, and only halting for a last brief interview with Meta, rode swiftly away to rejoin his friends.

She, dear heart, had already heard many a cruel story ; but had utterly refused to credit aught against him. Whatever his proud kin had said or done, Karl was kind and good. Karl could never be doubted. Through everything, he was her own. Faithful, fond-hearted, always the same. But when she saw him all ready for the journey, when his own lips faltered the tale of his baseness ; when his own false hand grasped hers in farewell; then she believed,—then the poor child cried out in keen anguish and dismay:

"Oh, Karl, will you not take me too? You must take me,—*me.* I shall die if you forsake me."

He strove to explain, to reason, and plead his cause ; but his explanations were unheeded. She was deaf to argument and entreaty. To everything alike, she but answered the same :

"You must not forsake me! I must die if you forsake me!"

But all her piteous pleading was vain ; being determined now to dissolve the connection once for all, the craven hardened his heart against all her love and grief, and left her moaning his name, and drowned in tears. Left her without one promise of fulfilling his vows in the future, or of returning, though but for a visit, by and by.

He was gone ; and Meta, after a few days of passionate lament, sank into a state of patient but unchanging dejection that gradually deepened into settled melancholy. Her friends and neighbors, with quick sympathy and indignant pity, rallied to her side, and used every effort possible to

divert her mind, and wean and win her from this useless, hopeless attachment. They strove to arouse her womanly pride; teach her to give coldness for coldness, and scorn for scorn; to despise and loathe one so false and mean; tried to turn her attention from herself, and awaken her gratitude by pointing her to other cases infinitely worse than her own, where there was sin as well as sorrow; a lost reputation, as well as a lost lover. While her fairest jewel, a good name, remained to her, "better than precious ointment," chaste as the snow.

Others, bolder, tried banter. "She was young and fair," they said, "and wooers were plenty." "Better men than Karl were waiting for her smiles. Then off with the old love, on with the new. There was no cause for woe. Hear the good old song:

"'Why droop ye, gentle lassie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
We'll find ye a truer sweetheart,
And ye shall be his bride,'" etc.

She was grateful to all for their kindness, heard and assented to their advice, smiled faintly at their jesting; but that was all. She could not unmake her nature; everything else had changed, but she could not change. Karl was false, but she was true. He loved her no longer, but she loved him still. Her "idol was clay," her incense wasted. Yet, at that ruined shrine she worshipped still, and only there.

Such deep-seated, wearing grief, soon began to tell on her health. Sleep and appetite failed; she grew pale and languid day by day; the doctor shook his head. "Drugs could minister little or no relief in a case like this," he judged. She must be roused out of herself; must have change, company, new pursuits—something to divert her

mind from the past, and break up its sad, endless brooding and preying on itself.

But these wise orders the patient could not be induced to follow. "She would try to work," she said, meekly; "but could not attempt the mockery of play." Anything was better than nothing; and they permitted her to resume a few of her lighter tasks. These she performed in a dreamy, listless sort of way; and in the same spiritless fashion offered to assist at others; but she was interested in nothing. No visitors, however gay, cheered her; nor could all the doctor's dictums drive or coax her into society.

But at length the kind importunity of her mother and sisters conquered. Seeing how deeply they sympathized with her, how earnestly and unceasingly they sought her health and happiness, she could not but remember how often in the past that *newer* friend had almost crowded the *old* from her thoughts, and how little, how far too little she had prized their pure, unselfish, unchanging love.

It was one day while musing thus in "remorseful tenderness," that she clasped her mother's neck, and promised thenceforth to "obey her fully. See all they invited, go where they wished, and dress, sing, visit, do anything and everything to please them."

This was the most encouraging thing that had occurred since her disappointment, and her friends were overjoyed at the hopeful sign; and, to bind her more closely and give her no pretext for going back, gladly promised that she should come out in prettier gowns than she had ever before worn, at the spring meetings and the summer bees.

And these dear, loving women kept their word; worked early and late, stinted, saved, denied themselves almost the very necessaries of life, to procure gifts that might please and cheer their stricken darling, and be an additional proof of their untiring love and unalterable interest in her happiness.

Other articles are not remembered; but a soft, lustrous silk suit, made in the latest style, and hat, gloves, and ruff to match, were among the principal ones. And when the weather waxed warm enough for an invalid, Meta did as she had said: went out regularly with her sisters, not only to church, but to assemblies of various kinds; and old friends met her there amid the throng, and marked the change that grief had wrought, and noted the pathetic efforts she made to keep the vow she had perhaps rashly given to her mother, "to forget her sorrow, and smile and be happy." But it could not be. The blow had been too heavy; the wound was incurable.

Time rolled slowly by; another year was nearing its close. The young and gay, with feast and mirth and song, were ready to again

"Ring out the old, ring in the new."

But Meta mingled with them no more. They had long since ceased to urge, or ask her to drag her feeble steps to crowded halls. Nor was the shadowy form seen longer, gliding with slow, noiseless tread around her home; no, for now, confined to her low-ceiled chamber and pallet bed, her last days were numbering. It was a twelvemonth after her lover's desertion, when business calling him East, he unexpectedly appeared in B——; and hearing of Meta's illness, called to see her.

But it was useless now. The presence for which she had longed and pined her very life away, now brought neither joy nor pain. Wrapped in dumb unconsciousness, not even his voice could pierce the dull ear, or call back light to the fading eyes already set and glazing in death. . . . .

It was over. The broken flower had fallen; and from far and near they gathered to gaze on its blighted bloom. To look on a maiden who had died for love, and on the lover for whom she had died, excited the curiosity and interest of the

more careless of the company; but deep-felt, open pity and smothered indignation were the prevailing sentiments. And when the fatherless sisters and widowed mother bowed in anguish over their injured dead, and kissed the sad, white face, and sobbed, and looked their last adieu, bearded lips quivered in sympathy and women wept and wailed.

And what of the hero; the ex-lover, the almost-wedded Karl Lawton? Did a flood of unavailing woe and repentance sweep over him? Did he call madly on her name, clasp the cold, snow-heaped grave,

> And cry in agonies of sorrow:
> "Sweet love, thou diedst for me to-day;
> I'll die for thee to-morrow."

This would have been fitting and story-like; but nothing of the kind transpired. If one little spark of the old love remained, it must have been concealed under a disguise more impenetrable than the "iron mask." Or else he had so sold himself to evil, and done such violence to natural affection, as to be "past feeling," for he manifested none whatever. Through all these sad scenes that should have pierced his heart, he acted with coldness and indifference, at times almost bordering on levity, unbecoming an entire stranger. He neither sorrowed himself, or showed any sympathy for those who did. What was the mourners' grief to him? Not even those most bitter tears with which they watched the closing coffin and the falling clods, moved his stony heart, or touched one tender chord. True, afterward, when he found that public opinion condemned him, he intimated that had "Meta recovered, she should have been his wife." But none believed him; for if he dared to brave his family at all, why not sooner? Why torture the poor innocent so long? Why wait his coming till death's seal was set?

The neighbors seeming unfriendly, he did not tarry; but

speedily dispatching his business, returned to his parents, to receive their gifts and smiles, and wed whom they chose.

. . . . . .

But now, it was time for retribution.

No sooner was a dowered bride found and won, and married life happily begun, till his sin found him out. Conscience, that had slept before, now suddenly aroused, and like an avenging fury, pierced him with a thousand stings. Money, lands, everything, seemed the price of blood; the blood of his early love, that from her lowly grave called to heaven against him; and thenceforward her injured spirit (he firmly believed) haunted his steps. It had come. It waited for him. It watched him. And so fully did this idea possess and fill him with fear and dread, that like some other guilty cowards we wot of, he was never afterward known to venture out after night alone, and very rarely even with company.

Once to attend to something that could not be deferred, and at the urgent request of two or three of his friends, he set out with them about dusk. It was a bright, mild October night; their road, smooth and white, lay across a clean, level prairie, and they cantered along briskly, talking all together. But before a mile was passed Karl started, and suddenly drew his rein, exclaiming with dilated eye, and hair on end: "*There it is!*" "What? Where?" cried they, in a breath. But he had already wheeled his horse and was flying homeward like the wind. The friends, glancing significantly at each other, paused to watch his flight. "'Tis the old story again," they said, and rode on, debating, as they had often done before, whether a man of sense and education like Karl L. could be silly or insane on this one point. Or might it be possible that he was neither? Was it barely possible that there might be some grounds for his strange belief? Was there still "more things on earth" than reason or philosophy could explain? On these ques-

tions sentiment was divided; but on another, all agreed, viz.: that as the case stood, it would have been kinder not to have enticed him from home. But home itself did not always prove a refuge, nor his couch yield him repose. Many a time he writhed and groaned on his pillow at dead of night, or started from his sleep with blood curdling and bones quaking with fear. "It was coming," he said; "it had entered his room!" "It stood by his bed!" . . . . And this weird impression, instead of wearing away with time, seemed rather to grow stronger and stronger, till it invested the house with mystery from beam to rafter, and lurked in the very air.

The patient wife, early burdened with the ghostly secret, missed much of the gladness of life; and the innocent children, too, soon knew, or felt, that there was some blight on their birthright—some intangible something, that set them apart, making their home in a manner tabooed and their sire a pariah; and, little by little, as the years passed, they came to comprehend the cause—came to know why their parents never spent evenings out like other people—why their mother was often so silent and joyless, and their father so unlike other fathers. They grew to expect his fits of sudden gloom—whispered together of the nameless presence which he feared, and learned to read in his haggard face and smothered groans the signs that he deemed it near.

Whether the wife and sons endorsed his sentiments on this subject entirely is unknown; but the daughters agreed with him fully; and even strangers sometimes hinted at unquiet rest there, and the more timid shrank from second nights beneath his roof. Strange adventures, it was said, were not uncommon there; but only one, that of Dell Z., a friend of the girls, will be given here.

Probably the Z.'s were rather new settlers in Y——, for it would seem that Dell was quite unaware of the reputation

of the house, till she went there on a visit and discovered it herself, in this way: At that age, the pioneer homes, even of the wealthy, had (if the family was large) but very seldom, a spare chamber. So the young guest was laid to sleep with Joan, the third daughter, in the same room with the parents.

It was mid-winter, cold and drear without; but within, all was calm and cosey, and soon guest and family alike were wrapped in slumber. But at dead of night the former was awakened by hearing broken exclamations and sounds of distress and, glancing at the opposite bed, saw by the flickering light from the smouldering embers that Mr. L. was tossing restlessly on his pillow, with white, set face and clenched hands, and moaning and writhing like one agonized with pain or fear. The wife and daughter still slept; yet she saw, or fancied she saw, some one moving noiselessly around the duskiest side of the room; and supposing her host had been taken suddenly ill, and that one of the elder girls had come to his aid, she hastily roused Joan that she might go to her assistance. But the latter, when fully awakened, acted rather strangely. She seemed more awed and grieved than surprised, and, instead of rising with all speed, shrank still closer to her friend, and refused to stir. "Hush, hush!" she answered to all Dell's questions and reproofs, "it's no use to rise—it's just his way. Go to sleep again, for he's not sick, and nobody's up." But for Dell, these groans said, "Sleep no more"; and, naturally alarmed and excited, she demanded, "What ails him, then, to take on so? What has happened? Who is up? Tell me, Joan, tell me quick, who is up?"

Finding it impossible to ignore the subject, and thus adjured, poor Joan, shrinking still further beneath the covers, answered with bated breath:

"Oh, Dell, indeed no one's up. That's something that follows and frights pap; but it won't hurt us. *We often see that!*"

. . . . . .

"Ridiculous!" cries one. "A chapter on 'witches' a bit back; and now one on 'ghosts' and 'broken hearts.' What rubbish for the nineteenth century! I never died for love. I never saw any ghosts nor witches."

Be aisy, now, Sir Critic, for so did not your chronicler either—no, nor find a single witch, nor see black spirit or white, red spirit or gray, flitting around in the gloaming. But we are not everybody. Many things were different in those days, and why not these? Women had not grown strong-minded then, and most people said, "Gentle Meta N. died of a broken heart, and that false Sir Karl was haunted."

But, be it as it may, one thing is certain, that whether the recreant lover was haunted by anything more than a guilty conscience or not, he firmly believed he was; and a just Providence permitted this strange hallucination to become the torturing Nemesis that followed him from youth to age and hunted him to his grave.

And here we end. Take the legend as it is, and place it as you will, among "airy nothings" and "baseless visions," it matters not; and yet it has been rehearsed unnumbered times during the past century as an "ower true story."

A tale of the days of old;
And I give it to thee
As given to me—
'A tale that was told.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"This is the last of earth."

Changing the birds and blossoms
Of thy mountain bowers
For stranger songsters
And for unknown flowers.
Leaving the home, the friends
Thy childhood knew,
For unfamiliar scenes
And faces new.

"Bring flowers, fair flowers for the bride to wear."

All these years little Bess had remained contented and happy in Pennsylvania, the welcome guest of her grandparents, who were far more indulgent to her whims, and lenient to her faults, than they had ever been to their own children's. Indeed, the young folks sometimes thought their parents, especially mamma, spoiled the darling a bit. But she would say in apology, "Oh, but sternness is not necessary for Bess; and she is all one as motherless too." And her eyes would fill as she looked at the child, and thought of Rose.

Grandpa was fond of her too, in his quiet way—answered all her questions, explained her lessons, and occasionally, when especially well pleased, treated her to a small lesson in his own favorite study, astronomy—seldom puzzling her little head at all with diagrams or letterpress, but pointing her to the constellations, and teaching her from the glowing page of the starry heavens alone.

Her childhood passed much as Rose's and Elza's had. She heard the same bird-songs, plucked the same wild fruits and flowers, climbed the same hills, explored the same

caves, woods, and streams; knew all the olden haunts and mountain wilds, and loved them just as her mother had before her, and like her, too, was early called to bid them adieu and see them no more forever.

As both parties thought it best, as a general rule, that a family should be reared together, and parents themselves have the oversight of their children's training, and the choosing of their pursuits and companions, the child had only been left behind temporarily; but from one cause and another, her exit had been delayed from time to time, till the wee pet of two years had passed into the maiden of fifteen. But now, a good opportunity offering, she had been sent for; all needed preparations had been made, and the messenger (already in the neighborhood) was daily expected to take her away.

Bess had all her life been aware of her seniors' plans, and had acquiesced in them as something too vague and distant to give her much concern; but when the thing became certain, and drew near, she shrank back fearfully, and her heart grew heavy as lead.

Here, was her all; home, friends, native land. There, all was foreign; place, people,—untried, unknown. Her brothers and sisters she had never seen, even her mother was a stranger. No wonder her heart was full. Pale, drooping, and spiritless, she was tidying her grandma's room when she first saw the vehicle approaching that was to convey her to the river; and dropping her duster, she cried: "Oh, Granny, it's coming for me, and it sounds like a hearse." They parted on the morrow; to Bess it was unutterably bitter, a first great grief. To her elders, it was only one more trial, such as they had often borne in the past; one more parting for aye, as they had often parted before.

Of all their family of eight (or of nine, including Bess), only Elza now remained. Naturally they desired to keep this last of their band with them, but true parental love

and foresight forbade the thought of indulging themselves at her expense. They could not expect to be with her many years longer ; and greatly desiring to see her permanently and happily settled while they lived, they began to earnestly advise marriage.

Rowland took the same view, saying : "As Elza seemed destined to be debarred from a professional career, he thought she should welcome the common lot, which was always honorable and open to all." And thinking thus, he plied her with much sound logic and persuasion on the subject, both original and selected : and once finding an old song to the point, enclosed that also. Elza did not much prize this sort of advice, even from her parents, and she saucily waived Rowland's wise homilies, and laughed at his rhymes. And worse still, rejecting every line in them glorifying matrimony, and choosing only those that spoke of youthful joys, she strung them together, and adapting them to a favorite air, made her walks ring with :

"Sweet maid in youth's morn,
With no care, and no sorrow ;
Alone on thyself, thy enjoyments depend," etc.

And truly, she had very many sources of pleasure. Besides the unbounded enjoyment she found in nature, and in intellectual and kindred pursuits, as has been mentioned : she was also fond of society, and had a large acquaintance to indulge it in ; was a good equestrian, with a fleet horse at her command ; was also a tireless walker, and almost endless were the nice rambles, rides, and visits she took alone or in company.

Certainly, her home duties were many, and onerous too ; but she shrewdly suspected these would not be at all lightened by marriage, and was more than content to let things abide as they were. The match-makers grew despondent, and gave her up as impracticable ; though they sometimes

quieted their fears with the old saw, "A bad match can not come too late; a good one comes at the right time." "She was past twenty-five now, but possibly there might be some good man awaiting her yet." But her mates, as they one after another left her behind, lost all faith in the "coming man," and openly laughed at her, as "destined for an old maid." Elza retorted with spirit, "And what if I am,—there are worse fates than that; are not they a highly respectable class, quite as good as their neighbors? And please show me, if you can, where the laugh comes in on us single folks. We can wed like others, and don't choose to; or else we can't, no one wanting us; and who is so base as to laugh at calamity?" And the heedless creature went carelessly on her way, rejoicing in her freedom, neither scolding nor ridicule hurrying her a whit. But in time, many things,—sometimes even a maiden's mind,—will change. By and by, the girls began to talk of "a new beau, a very superior one, in the neighborhood; and at every bee, questioned if he would be there, and contended as to who should win him." It was a young physician who had lately arrived, and opened an office in B——, whose pleasing exterior and gentlemanly deportment commended him to all. A public man, with his laurels all to win, is generally accessible, and Dr. H. was no exception, but went freely when called, socially as well as professionally; everywhere a welcome guest. Like the rest, Elza was interested at first sight, and intimate acquaintance but deepened the impression that here was a friend that she could esteem very highly, perhaps *more*. During the second year of his stay in B——, he was called away on business that would detain him some time; and though he and Elza had scarcely talked of love, and parted rather as friends, yet she missed him sadly, and often wished for his return. But, perhaps her regard was only friendship; at all events, when, a few months later, the worthy young M.D.

sent an eloquent letter avowing his passion, and offering her his heart and hand, she could not feel free to accept them, but with genuine sorrow (for she was no coquette) returned an answer, worded as delicately as possible, declining the honor. And yet, this, to all appearance, would have been a most fitting and happy union; but for some cause it was not to be.

Years before this, while Elza was busy with her studies at Miss Sydney's, a young man from North D——n was engaged as one of the junior assistants in an extensive business house of the same city. The lads and single men employed were lodged in the house of the master, Ivan Gilbert, who was a kind-hearted, pleasant sort of person, but entirely thoughtless and worldly. Still, from policy or natural generosity, he was a rather liberal supporter of the Gospel, though he did not love nor care to hear it, but would often say lightly, "I pay for a seat, and must go, or send some one to fill it." On Sabbath morning he would glance round at the breakfast circle with the query, "Who will go to church to-day? Will you go, Dick? Will you, Tommy? Or you, Rob?" and so on. If one or more responded favorably, the careless master would nod and smile his thanks, and sit down to read the news, or take himself off for a ride or a walk. But if all declined, he would say resignedly, "Ah well, there's no help for it then; I must go myself." And laughing and grimacing, would hurry away to dress.

Of all his subordinates, perhaps the youth from D—— was most Gilbert's favorite; not that there was much similarity between the bluff, jocose senior of the firm, and the serious, reticent junior, but because the latter was so respectful, prompt, and diligent, and had been so apt and faithful a pupil that his excellent, and even elegant work had already brought honor and profit to his teacher. Nor was he bound to one idea; but if occasion required, he could do many other things so well, that his acquaintances were wont to

say, "Dauphie can do anything ; he is 'master of his own trade, and Jack' of ten more." And then another thing that commended him to his master was, that oftener than all others, he filled that tiresome pew for him in Grace Church ; for in the midst of many temptations, young M. was striving to live a Christian life, and gladly availed himself of the help of Divine service as a privilege, not a hardship.

After completing his time in the city, he returned home to visit his parents, and those of his brothers and sisters who remained with, or near them ; and to inquire after former acquaintances, with some of whom he had been in close and rather comic relations. Especially did he ask after Tim Giles, the "venison man" (in which comedy he had played the part of little Jack), and of the welfare of Mark P., with whom he had first commenced his trade. Mark had been a reputable and thriving business man then, but subsequently became dissipated and unreliable, and his employés left him one by one,—

> "The men found surer pay,
> And the boys ran away,
> And the house-maids wouldn't stay."

Last of all, the master was arrested for debt ; and as his creditors believed he could, and would, pay them rather than remain long in durance, they did not disturb his property, but committed him to prison. As he had no family of his own, his one faithful ally, young M., was then left entirely alone on the premises, to keep both house and shop as best he might. And so he did, for three weeks; remaining alone night and day ; working what he could in the shop, and acting as master, mistress, and maid at the house ; milking, sweeping, baking, etc.; cooking for himself and for his master, and carrying his meals three times a day to him at the Jail. But at the end of that time, his father growing indignant at the imposition, drove into town and fetched him away.

In process of time he emigrated to Southwestern Pennsylvania, and being pleased with the country, entered business there. In person he was not tall, but strong and well knit; with perfect health, a fair, ruddy complexion, broad, high forehead, black hair, full, curling side-whiskers, and very dark gray eyes. Here was as good, handsome, and clever a youth as one often finds, and this was J. Dauphin Mead, the appointed husband for Elza. They met first at church, and after an acquaintance of a year or two, no one dissenting, another company was assembled, another feast spread, as there had been for Rose and Fred; and Elza was married. This was winter, but the next season they began building, and near where Rose first began housekeeping, a home was reared for Elza. It was a pretty and commodious house for the times, somewhat costly, too, but her father furnished most of the means, laid the plan, and assisted generally: and this was among Paul T.'s last undertakings.

About three years after they had taken possession of their home, as the father was on his way to church on a Saturday before communion, he was taken ill, and obliged to turn back. This was the beginning of the end; for though he lingered a long time, he thenceforward needed constant help and care. In these ministrations his friends were much aided by Teddy Malone, who had been with them from his fourth year, and whose warm Irish heart was knit to the family, and loved as a father its declining head. One fair September day, while yet able to walk, he desired to be taken out; and supported by Fred on one hand, and holding his staff in the other, he moved slowly to the top of the nearest field where it sloped gently toward the south. Here, where the view extended for miles, he paused, gazing over the familiar landscape, lost in thought. Then turning his dim eyes on the green knoll where he stood, and waving his staff over the unbroken turf at his feet, he said: "It is time

we should prepare our burying-place,* and I came to choose it to-day. Lay me here, in sight of home, where my children will not forget me, and where Bessie will ofttimes come and sit by my grave."

The family were much affected at this touching confidence. He had always been so unusually retiring and reserved, especially as to his deeper feelings, both natural and religious, that they could not but think that it must be the weakness of age, and the nearness of approaching death that was melting the barriers away.

He had been ill four years, suffering much; and often unable to lie down, was obliged to sit supported by pillows for days and nights together. Oftenest by day, his place was by the south window, where he would sit for hours looking calmly out on the sweet spot he had chosen for the rest of the worn-out body, and thinking, with humble trust, of the soul's rest above. And thus reclining in his invalid's chair, surrounded by his family, death found him at last.

Through life he had sincerely, though unobtrusively, endeavored to honor the Master, and serve his generation; and, as was mete, he was esteemed by all, and died loved and lamented, at peace with God and man.

Most characters have some salient points, and perhaps no traits were more noticeable in that of Paul T. than his strict "bridling of his tongue," and his absolute abhorrence of debt, lawlessness, and the slightest approach to dishonesty. The sin and shame of the latter, especially, was early and deeply impressed on his children's minds, as an instance or so will prove.

Grave, thoughtful, and of sterling sense, his judgment was sound and unbiased on most subjects; but silence and

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* This was very common then, and some persons had two cemeteries on their farms—one for their own families, and a second for neighbors.

modesty were so habitual also, that outside of his own family he never gave advice, and seldom even his opinion unasked. But when he did speak he always had listeners, for his remarks, though brief, were weighty and to the point. And, as he avoided a multitude of words on proper subjects, still closer he held his lips if he deemed the topic of doubtful propriety. He would not speak evil of dignities, nor of his brethren, or neighbors; but loving peace and purity in the church and community, honored the rulers, civil and religious, and steadfastly refused all part in strife and gossip, and discouraged it in others. Few, probably, if any, ever used the gift of speech for fourscore years more blamelessly, or had fewer idle, unwise, or unkind words to regret than he.

The other traits may best be illustrated by two or three instances. When Fred was quite small, one brown October day, on his way from doing an errand, he stopped in a neighbor's grove under some hickory and butternut trees; and, asking no questions, sat down, cracked and ate some, and carried three of the finest ones home. Fred was very well pleased with his treat, and with himself; but his father was pleased with neither, as was soon apparent. Certainly the trespass and the trespasser were both *very small;* but one could hardly begin too early to teach a child to understand and respect the rights of others.

Calling the boy to his knee, a few kind, pithy words served to show him his error, and what he must do. The wee poacher begged hard to be allowed to take the nuts back to the tree instead of to the house; but Paul, desiring to make the lesson thorough, insisted on the latter.

"Surely, if you don't pay Mr. J. for his property that you took, the very least that you can do is to give him back what you have left, and tell him about it, and thank him for what you have used."

"Yes," Fred owned; "that did seem right."

But it was a mile off, verging toward night, and a mighty unpleasant business every way; but he went through it manfully.

Mr. J. was a broad, burly, important sort of man, a great hunter as well as farmer, and rich; with little education, but considerable humor. He looked as ugly and grim as Giant Despair while Fred told of trespassing on his grounds; and, clutching the nuts as though they had been gold, frowned him from the room; but the instant he was gone, tossed them on the hearth, and shook with laughter.

"That's the drollest thing I've seen in a coon's age. What a queer, square, straight-laced soul Paul T. is! If there'd been a bushel or more, 'twould have been worth while to fetch them; but to make the little chap trudge a whole mile to bring back only this quarter of a dozen, is too funny. It does seem powerful squeamish; but may be it's the best way, after all; for I read of a robber once who said, with the rope round his neck, that his first bad step was stealin' *one egg* when he was a'most a baby; and his father called him cute and sharp, and laughed instead of punishing him; and he went fast enough from little to more, till, at twenty-five, he ended at the gallows. I rather reckon that boy would never have been hung, or even got to jail, if Paul had had the raisin' of him."

In business Paul greatly disliked old accounts, and strove to settle all, and square his books at least once a year; but this was not always possible, and sometimes he had much vexation in trying to collect old debts; and once at least he had still more trouble and worry in endeavoring to cancel one. He had given his note to a Mr. D. for some amount not remembered, which, according to a common custom of the times, was to be paid in trade. Soon after this the creditor left the State, and when the note was due, Paul wrote to his address, reminding him of the fact, and telling him the merchandise was ready and waiting his order; but he re-

ceived no answer. After some delay and more writing, a note came from the postmaster of the place, saying that "a man of the name of D. had died there, and his family had moved away; but where, he did not know. Many were emigrating to M——; possibly they had gone there also."

So to M—— a letter was sent, directed to Mrs. D., and other letters were sent to different persons and places, but all resulted alike in disappointment.

Nothing more was heard of them for several years, when at length a letter from Rowland, dated Bairdstown, Ky., March 25, 1800, informed his father that while stopping in that town he believed he had at last discovered some traces of the lost family.

This was good news to Paul, who, hoping now to soon be relieved, wrote back that if the fugitives were found, and preferred it, he would pay them in money, which would close the business up sooner. But further inquiry proved that the D.'s of Ken. were a different family, and no clue to the locality of those sought for could be found.

"Owe no man anything," had been a golden motto with Paul, and this unpaid and seemingly *unpayable* bill was a real cross to him, and none the lighter that his creditors were the widow and the fatherless. A worry while in health, it preyed still more on his mind when sick and old. But, knowing that he was blameless, and could now do nothing more, he at length consented to resign this* and all other

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* Once, while on a visit to L——, a friend of this family sat down one day, and proceeded, in company with a kindred soul, to pore for hours over great packages of letters, yellow, faded, and worn with age, some of them dating back seventy years. Among these records of the past were several letters relating to this troublesome affair; and in one from Fred to Rowland, speaking of their father's death and wishes, he says: "The D. business, so often mentioned in our correspondence, still remains as it was; but I am bound by a solemn promise to the dead not to forget it, but to find those heirs if possible,

business into Fred's hands, and endeavor to dismiss it from his thoughts.

His mind remained clear to the last, but at times his speech was much affected, and it was after this was impaired that he one day seemed very restless, and in his broken way kept repeating some sentence over and over. Not much could be understood, but all agreed that "account" and "Roy" were two of the words. After many efforts to catch his meaning, some one suggested day-book, and no sooner was it laid on his knee than his eye brightened, and, quickly turning to an *R* page, he glanced over it, and passed it to Fred with the words "*pay, pay.*" Oh, yes, here was the trouble. In this account there was a slight balance due Roy, which, having just occurred to his own mind, he had been attempting to bring to theirs also, that it might be paid at once. And (the D. note excepted) this bill of *one* dollar was his only debt, and the cancelling of it his last earthly business.

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and settle their claim." We may not endorse the sentiment, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," for honesty is not religion, though there can be no true religion without it. And yet this sterling integrity and other old-fashioned virtues of Paul are refreshing, reminding one of various touches in an ancient description of a good man, "who sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not—speaketh the truth, ... doeth no evil to his neighbor, considereth the poor, ... contemneth a vile person, ... honoreth them that fear the Lord, and, trusting in God at all times, walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Don't expect old heads on young shoulders."

"Mr. B. was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward. . . . . And, as some men admire the colors of a tulip or the wings of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces."

GRAVE, matter-of-fact folks had sometimes called Elza T. a "day dreamer"; and truly she had reared and revelled in many a fine air-castle. But all this did not prevent her taking excellent care of the *real* house and its duties when they came. No floors were whiter or more nicely sanded than hers, no meals were more appetizing, no husband's buttons and hose better looked after. An excellent seamstress, she also cut out and did her own sewing, which was very uncommon then; besides considerable fine needlework, which art she had learned early, and now turned to good account.

When she and Rose were girls of about eight and eleven, their mamma said to a guest who embroidered well, "The children would learn that directly, Miss A. See how they watch every motion."

"Then I will show them the stitches if they will each bring a bit of dark cloth," she responded.

They gladly obeyed, and that afternoon's lesson they remembered and practiced so much that when, not long after, mamma gave each of them a new linen short-gown, she said: "And you may try if you can work borders around them—it will be good practice for you."

They were delighted with the offer, and ready to begin at once; and that each might exercise her own taste and skill freely, they agreed to work apart, each designing and

executing her own pattern as she thought best, without help from the other, or any one else; and as soon as the terms of the contest were fixed upon, out they went. Elza's place was a breezy, grassy seat in the orchard, beyond the house, where she stitched and sang all alone; while Rose, as was her wont, hovered near the Redstone, generally sitting under a pine on the mossy bank, with its waters almost laving her feet.

Bessie was by no means a weak, vain mother, nor at all given to spoiling her bairns with over-much praise or indulgence; yet when this work was finished and displayed to her, she was surprised, and could not but say, "that on the whole they had done themselves much credit." And though her girls never became competent (as some one says) "to portray history or landscape on canvas," yet, when grown, they were able to embroider their own muslins nicely, and some for their friends also. Elza had one white gown worked so elegantly that it was admired by all; and after her marriage she often exchanged tasks with one and another who desired something similar, and were glad to attend to her house duties while she embroidered for them. This was not only a grateful change to Elza, of heavier work for lighter, but the latter was to her positive rest and pleasure. And when a little leisure offered, she sometimes filled cash orders also.

But by and by a rival came—a fashionable, pretentious kind of a lady, who set up the trade regularly, and, as was natural, stole away two, three, or more of Elza's patrons. Mrs. Q.'s style was new, heavy, and showy, more pleasing to some than Elza's delicate, satin-smooth vines and slight, fairy sprays—but not to all, by any means.

Stout, shrewd Mrs. Stull, the washerwoman who had worked for many fine ladies in old V——, and always said her say, boldly pronounced the new madam's work (when she came to laundry it) "ugly and coarse and rough as a

double coverlet" (with still stronger adjectives, too). A great exaggeration certainly was this, and yet it was not wholly untrue; and certain it is, that some who had deserted Elza for Mrs. Q., before long deserted again, leaving Mrs. Q. for Elza.

As wedding tours were not then in vogue, or long pleasure trips of any kind practicable (at least for a lady), the young couple took no trip to North D—— at the time of their bridal. And when, years after, they had made ready, and were about to attempt the journey, Elza was providentially detained, and Mr. M. then, and several other times while his parents lived, made the home journey alone. But though no fitting occasion ever offered for her to visit her husband's friends, she did not remain wholly unacquainted with them; many well-written, kind and interesting letters came from D——, and various presents and keepsakes were exchanged; and more than all, three of the brothers came (at different times, though) and spent several weeks with them. And from these representatives of it, she and her friends could not but form a very favorable opinion of the family, for three finer, more sensible, intelligent young men could scarcely be found than Warren, Danly, and Robert Mead. Warren was the eldest of the sons (there were five in all), and made the first visit. The Revolutionary war was not very long past then, so that strong feeling still existed against England, fanned, too, by many later wrongs and rumors. And as Warren's father was an unnaturalized Englishman, and himself a subject of one of her provinces, Fred, as usual, must have his jest; raising honest, hot-headed Teddy's loyalty still higher, by hinting that the polished guest "might be a spy," and solemnly proposing that "they two should sally out some night and serve their Government by taking the gay Britisher prisoner."

While all the brothers were prepossessing, Warren and Danly were somewhat cool and reserved in manner; but

Robert was as frank and merry as he was handsome, and loved by all.

Dauphin, after his marriage, having farm-work as well as shop to look after, got help, as others did, by making many bees; but only two of these will be mentioned, one of which (a husking) occurred during Robert's visit. There was much sport at these old-time huskings held on the cool, still, moonlit October nights, making them less like work than play. The great heaps of corn were equally divided; officers elected; men chosen, as for a game of ball, and then came the contest. Leaders, brisk and alert, watched their respective ranks keenly, hurrying, rating, or praising, as the case demanded. The men responding with loud huzzas,—"Hurrah, Captain, hurrah for our side! We're the boys to win. Hurrah! hurrah!" And labor and laughter, jest and jeers, all mingled together a joyous din, till the task was finished, and one party or the other defeated. Then came the ringing cheers of the victors, the shouting for the captain, the lifting him aloft, and bearing him in a triumphal procession of his allies, to receive the smiles of the ladies, and fill the seat of honor at the waiting banquet.

Simple, primitive times were these, when many willing hands and light hearts made toil but pleasure, and neighborship meant more than it does now. Yet there was one thing that often marred the pleasure of these happy, homely gatherings, and that was liquor. These were the days when that abomination was as a beverage always present, and presented to all; and good and prudent people were usually more or less in dread, lest some weak or careless ones should imbibe too much, thus injuring themselves and disgracing the company. Mr. Mead and wife were among the strictest of entertainers; for while they provided the best of viands liberally, with abundance of milk and (what was not then common) tea and coffee also, the fiery drink was stinted as much as possible; their firm resolution being that no man

should ever become intoxicated through their means, or return from their home to his own less decent and sensible than he came.

On the night in question there was little drinking, and all was going on nicely without and within. The corn was well-nigh finished, and supper was nearly ready. Besides the neighbors in general, two or three of Elza's most particular friends were there as company and assistants for her: and she could not but think (and not without a touch of pride) how well everything was succeeding, and, moreover, how many good folks would meet that paragon from D——, "My husband's brother."

It was half an hour or so before tea-time, when a shuffling, uncertain step sounded on the sward; a clumsy, fumbling hand slowly raised the latch, and a man entered unbidden—a drunken man—and that man was Robert.

To Elza's disgusted, withering glance and startled exclamation, his only answer was a silly, maudlin chuckle; and reeling across the kitchen, he sank heavily into a seat, and presently lower still—to the floor. Elza's feelings were in a tempest of commotion. "What did this mean? What could she do? Where could she hide him?" she asked herself with lightning swiftness. And as swiftly, back the answer came, "Nothing can be done; nothing concealed." The huskers had seen his condition when he left them; the friends had seen it when he entered the house. Known to this company to-night, it would be known to more to-morrow. Yes, a common talk, a public scandal, and how could she bear it? Astonished, grieved, and humiliated, she shrank apart, contending and condoling with her various emotions; and while she thus consulted with herself how best these could be healed, hidden, or controlled, her friends consulted together over Robert.

One suggested "a cup of tea," another "that his head be raised," etc. Slowly, and with doubtful grace, Elza joined

the caucus too, gave the tea-caddy to one, and herself fetched pillow and pallet; while shame, anger, pity, disgust, all mingled in her face as she bent down, and with dubious fondness, raised the fair, dishonored head. The gingerly touch, the woful, fourfold expression, were too much for the patient's already strained risibles. Bursting into an uncontrollable peal of laughter, he bounded from the floor like a ball, bowed his thanks and adieus, and dashed out and away to join the huskers, leaving the bewildered nurses gazing at each other across the empty bed. It was all a hoax; nothing but a naughty hoax! Having, all through his visit, observed his new sister's intense contempt and hatred of drunkenness, he had planned this ruse to prove and tease her. But Elza was so relieved to find that he had only been joking, not drinking, that it mattered little that she had been made the butt of his jest. In fact, all the victims acted with great generosity, for when a little later the rogue came in with the rest to supper, looking so gay and exultant, brimming over with mirth and mischief; and favoring his late attendants with many an arch glance and smile; what could they do but smile responsively, and receive the waggish madcap back to favor.

At the time of Robert's visit there were two little girls in his brother's house for him to pet and spoil; and as the years passed, others were added, and sons also, to fill the house with the care and joy a family brings. Neither of the parents had ever been much accustomed to children, and were often surprised at their endless whims and fancies, and burdened with the responsibility, especially when after all their care in training, so much of the old Adam would still crop out. Lotta, the eldest, was a great little chatterbox, and also a great worker; and though somewhat timid and compromising, was very affectionate, thoughtful, and womanly. From her cradle almost she aimed to be mamma's companion and assistant, and when she had, as she

thought, lightened all her tasks, was always ready to lend a hand to papa also. Seizing one of his cast-off tools and a board, she would shave away with might and main, explaining to all inquirers: "I'se helpin' papa plane. Me's workin' to get a d'ess and ap'on for sissy." This second child, Flo, was not so thoroughly devoted to her parents' interest, nor so given to either talking or working, as to play and mischief. Frank and brave, she usually said her say at all times, and blurted out the truth at whatever cost; but once, when just able to talk, she told a falsehood to hide a fault,—quite shocking mamma with her infantile depravity, till she remembered who had said, "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies"; and also sundry other texts, about the virtues of the rod; which was at once gently but firmly applied, for, young as she was, this was not a sin of ignorance.

But perhaps Flo's greatest forte, as soon as she could walk alone, lay in getting lost. Dense woods and thickets were then still to be seen on every side, and the little creature was so nimble and fearless, and so constantly strolling away, that for safe keeping she was often tethered by the door, or in the yard, like any other little wild animal.

After several wee penances, and numerous tyings, she was one day released awhile on parole. There was much company there taking supper, and Flo recognizing Fred among them, sidled up to him, and asked for "a piece." Placing it in her hand, he added the common phrase, "Now run away, sis," and taking him at his word, away she ran.

Fred, busy carving the goose, and debating some question with his next neighbor, thought no more about it; and it was not till all were gone but he, and the night near, that she was missed. Then all were alarmed, and ran out in different directions; searching springs and pools first, and shouting her name. Elza ran to a place where she had

strayed more than once before, calling and searching with anxious heart; but there was neither sight nor sound of her there. At length, on a wooded hillside, a fourth of a mile or more from home, she spied the little red bundle lying on a heap of new-made rails. Her slip was smeared with clay and berries, and rent with briers; her tender feet scratched, bruised, and bristling with the tiny spikes from chestnut burrs; her hair on end, her face stained with tears; there she lay, "tattered and torn," and fast asleep. And a poor forlorn "babe of the wood" she looked, to be sure. She had exhausted all her little strength, and cried herself to sleep, and at Elza's touch wakened with a start and a sob, and reaching out her little arms, cried piteously: "Mamma shall take me home!" On reaching there, and being duly cuddled and kissed by all, when mamma asked, "why her baby had been so naughty as to disobey again?" the small elf was ready with her defence—quickly laying the blame on her uncle. "Fred did give me piece," she lisped, "and did tole me 'now run away,'" and Mr. Fred being called to the stand and confirming the evidence, the case was dismissed.

Bessie T. loved old family names, and Paul agreeing with her, all their children had been named for kinsfolk. The first two for her only brother and sister; the third for Paul's father; the fourth for his mother; and these two dying in infancy, the same names had been given to a later son and daughter. Kindred had been equally honored in the christening of Fred and Elza, and as was natural, she wished this good old rule observed by her children. But this was not always done. Elza named their first for some heroine, Adalotta, and Mr. Mead called the second Florette, for a French lady he had known in A——. Grandma submitted to these, but when another new name was suggested for the third babe, lost patience, and said severely: "Elza, you have but one sister on earth; try and show some love for

that one, by giving this child her name." So this was called for Rose, and through the same influence, three of the five children that followed, received family names.

The Meads had set out with various rules for the regulation of their household, several of which related to their children. These, of course, were to be models; with no such things as disobedience or bickering known, and mischief scarcely named among them. But as these young folks came, one after another, each with a tongue and temper of its own, things would sometimes go awry, wills conflict, and blood arise. At rare intervals it even rose so high that the larger ones gave smart slaps and pinches to the juniors, and the younger ones sprang to arms, ready to repay the insult, and with interest too. But this was not common, and as all quarrelling was strictly forbidden, and all participants in it liable to condign punishment, these little feuds seldom reached parental ears, but oftener the very sight of their sire, or the sound of his step, served to quell such juvenile riots and disperse the mob peaceably. Occasionally the whole body, or a squad of them, fell into other mischief too, such as a raid on the maple and loaf-sugar chest, or on the preserves closet, when jars of sweetmeats, and sweet cream too, suffered loss; and (when discovered) the felons did not escape scot free.

Once, when left alone a long, summer day, among other sports, they fell on a fine, young fruit tree, not with the immortal "hatchet," but with their weight, making (in childish parlance) a "ridy-hos" of it; and mounting, one behind the other, rode fast and long, till the poor thing sank under them to the ground, where it lay, and lived, to shame their childish folly for sixty years after.

On a warm, moonless night, the parents returning from an evening visit late, instead of finding their house wrapped in midnight darkness, were startled to see it aglow with light; a strange, weird light, from no visible source, as there was

neither fire nor candle. Had the witches held a meeting in their absence, or the fairy folk a revel, and left their invisible lamps? Oh, no! it was only some more of those youngsters' work. They had been playing with what country people call fox-fire, and after strewing the house high and low with it, and admiring the effect, had retired, pleasing themselves with the hope of its giving their elders a pretty surprise, or better still, a little fright.

Nor were they disappointed; it did give a bit of both, and was quite a pleasant sight that night—but just as unpleasant a one next morning, when, with all light and beauty dead, it appeared but decaying wood; the damp, mouldering, crumbling chips a most unsightly litter, that took the sprightly illuminators an hour to sweep up, dust, and thoroughly clear away.

Max, the third boy, was a bright, funny rogue, very active, and always obligingly ready to add his mite of mischief to the general stock, or equally capable of managing small affairs himself.

When some three years old, he fell heir to a tiny garden-hoe, and marched round with it, digging continually, in the ash corner, on the sanded floor, almost anywhere. After being repeatedly interrupted, and routed from his work indoors, he went out carrying the "little dig" (as another baby called it) along. Sauntering around, he came to a row of milk crocks standing upside down on the grass, and sitting down beside a nice, red cream jar, he began softly pecking at it with his hoe. And there he sat and picked and pecked away, till, with long pains and patience, he had made a neat round hole through the bottom the size of an English penny. When Elza saw this bit of work, she felt like cuffing the workman's ears, but thought it might perhaps be wiser to reason, question, and, if possible, discover his motives. After some reproof, she added: "Now, Max, what is it makes you spoil my things so? What made you so bad

as to spoil this crock? Tell me, now, what you did it for, and I won't whip you this time." And he, looking ruefully at the ruined jar, and then at her, could only stammer: "'Cause, mamma, 'cause I did want to, so bad."

When the young master donned his first boy's suit, shining in blue facings and brass buttons, the house could not contain him, nor even the ground, as, after some search, he was found airing his new attire on the roof of an adjacent building, perched proudly astride the comb. Mamma could not tell how ever he had gotten there, and watched him admiringly, but uneasily; for though the height was not so very great, it was enough to make a fall dangerous. But when tired of his lofty seat, the aspiring youth crept fearlessly along the roof, grasped the logs with hands and feet, and scrambled down as safely and almost as nimbly as a cat.

By and by he went out with another urchin to play in a shed, where, among the hay, they soon espied a hen's nest. First they only looked at the fresh, white eggs; then touched, then took out as playthings; and finally, growing bolder and bolder, Max thought it would be kind o' nice to hear them crash and see the inside, and sagely proposed to the other midge that "each should bust half." And so they did and threw them away; and just at that critical moment Mattie rushed on the stage, hunting eggs for dinner. Her wise gray eyes caught all at a glance, and voting herself watch, witness, plaintiff, all in one, she seized the culprits and hurried them off to trial. But this once the bill was ignored.

It was impossible for Max to be idle or still; but at times he did, as he supposed, try to make himself useful instead of destructive. For instance, when his first jackknife came, he whitled, cut, and scored incessantly, and had carved several ornate curves on the clock-case, and many elegant scallops on the best dining-table and other articles, before mamma had observed what direction his energies had taken.

Some time after this, on a winter's night, as all surrounded the fire, Max sat meekly in a darkish corner almost behind the jamb, and near a good kinswoman who was reading aloud, and quietly busied his precious fingers in surreptitiously attaching a large, uncouth black reticule to her apron-strings. When his unsuspecting neighbor arose, this graceful appendage waved gallantly to and fro as she walked, of course setting all the children in a titter.

This trick called forth a very sharp reprimand from both parents, and would have been followed by something sharper and warmer still, had the slyboots not have had an indulgent friend in the victim herself.

One day, when his father was absent, Max thought proper to assume the paternal boots, and, without consulting any one, obtained them privately and mounted them on top of his own as a kind of overalls. Thus equipped, he felt as bold and important as a new militia captain, and paraded out to plunge through the adjacent snow-banks and paddle in all the mud and water around—the deeper the better. But after a while the new dignity began to grow heavy, and, as most of the drifts, quags, and puddles had been fathomed, and all the more pressing duties finished, he resolved to lay it down ; but down it would not go. Into the boots, soft and clean, he had gotten easily enough, but out of them, bemired and frozen, he could not get at all. In vain he sought to remove them with the jack, and in other manly ways. They would not move. Then he tried with his hands, tried with his feet, and pulled and tugged and scraped and kicked ; but there they stuck, all plans and efforts failing. And Max now began to remember uneasily that pa would soon be home—knew, too, by past trials, that he had small patience with saucy meddlers, and now knew also that he had a very small foot, for his neat number sevens clasped and clung to him tighter than the "Old Man of the Sea," and, struggle as he might to cast them,

they would not off. When strength and wit were both spent, he humbled his pride and carried his burden to ma. And then mamma pulled and failed, and the girls pulled and failed; and then all tried their unskilled hands again, tugging harder and giving more extra twists and turns, till Max yelled that they "was pullin him a-pieces." And it did almost seem a question which would give way first, legs or leather.

But happily, without serious wreck of either bones or boots, the latter were at last drawn, and Max was soundly rated for causing fright and trouble—charged on pain of the birch to touch them no more, and for the thousandth time cautioned to be *still*, and keep out of mischief.

Capable and energetic as Max was himself, he was generally ready to follow also, if the leader was a bold go-ahead; and such a one he had in his sister Nellie, who was his special mate, and the acknowledged chief and oracle of the younger ones. For Nellie was not only daring, but learned, travelled, knew the world, and what not. She had been several times to the hamlet, and once as far as the next town, where she had seen wonders—so many houses close together, so many folks dressed up in their Sunday clothes, so many stores and shops and bakeries; what heaps on heaps of finery and goodies there was of every kind! She rather 'spected that, like as not, in that town every child in the world might buy all the pretty things it needed forever, and cakes enough for all its dinners.

In some shops whole windows were filled with strands of beads, "colored like rainbows," only nicer; and dolls and toys in wax, in china, in wood. One inimitable group contained "three chubby, fat, spotted china pups and their ma, that a fat china boy was feeding with china mush and milk."

At one house there was a real parrot as green as grass, save one dash of red, that "spread its wings at her, and

squawked and bit, as cross as a hatching hen, if she touched it"; but when let alone it stepped daintily on to her hand, and kissed her with its hooked bill. "It ought to have talked some, too," she admitted, "but it *couldn't*, or wouldn't."

And Nell, too, had had more sickness, adventures, and mishaps than all the rest combined. An accident that had frightened every mother around happened her while but a babe; and later she had been bitten by a dog, thrown from a sleigh, flung from a horse (while stealing a ride in the field), chased by a maniac, kicked by a cow, scared by a wildcat, battered by a sheep, and nobody knows what all more. Then she was a famous finder, a born detective, and articles lost indoors or out, did not long elude her; and sloes, services, haws, nuts, grapes, berries, everything—the wildest wild fruit or flowers, however draped in leaves or buried in vines or bracken, could seldom hang so high, or hide so low, but her quick eyes descried them.

In nest-hunting, too, she was unequalled. There was no use in turkey, duck, guinea, goose, or any other fowl on the farm, attempting to conceal its treasure from her, for she could out-general the best of them. And as for the birds, they scarcely knew their own nests, or the number and color of their eggs, better than she.

And she could jump and race, and climb and coast bravely, and ride and skate and row; and when all tired of active sports, she could give readings in anything from the New England primer to Pilgrim's Progress, with original notes thrown in; and intensely original they were too.

And then she was called pretty also, after this style: tall for her age; a supple, slender form, straight as an arrow; a neat foot and ankle; a complexion delicately fine and fair; forehead small, with dark, arched brows; nose rather longish and pert; mouth red and small; light, but keen blue eyes;

and a wealth of wavy nut-brown hair.* With all these advantages and accomplishments, she ought to have been the juveniles' heroine,—and she was.

Nell disdained lies, great and small; yet, herself told some things that sounded marvellously like them. Still charity could scarcely deem her a fibster, as she did not mean to deceive, but really believed herself, what she told to others; but how, or whence, she gleaned her singular facts, or fancies, none of her hearers ever knew. One of these items was, that a certain crook of the thumb would quickly quell a mad dog; and as this bit of digital skill might be needed any day, she prudently and humanly began to drill them in it; nor ceased till every little pupil could make the requisite twist. She also gave some hints and cautions concerning an evil creature she termed a Black Bull-bagger, that lurked in very dark places. But of this monster her own knowledge seemed but vague, and she taught no sort of plan to escape it but flight.

A sleigh, sky-blue without, and pink within; fine in its day, but now considerably worn, warped, and weather-beaten, stood in an adjoining shed; and when playing round it, or in it, Nell would sometimes pause, reverently point out the marks on it, of wind and wave, and in a hushed voice relate how ages since, in that frail craft, "papa had crossed the sea"!

Another most deliciously thrilling mystery was the "Guynnay House." Of this, Nell often and solemnly bade them as they valued safety to beware. They must not touch it,—must not approach it. "If touched but by a

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* *i. e.*, Dark brown beneath; but bleached lighter on the surface, by running so much in the sun bareheaded,—like a bit of a tom-boy, mamma said. In many points, personal and mental, Nellie closely resembled her Aunt Rose; and friends often regretted that she had not borne her name, instead of her sister, who was very unlike her in looks, and most ways.

finger it would instantly fall to the ground." But by whom this remarkable structure was reared, when, where, why?—on these unessential points the Sibyl revealed nothing, probably was not clear herself. These, with many others, were the sayings of Nell, and her followers, like wise children, treasured them up. Many a time they mused on papa's ocean voyage; and gazed with loving awe, on the Old Blue Sleigh. Diligently, they used eye, thumbs, and heels, and happily were never bitten by mad dogs, nor devoured by bull-baggars, and in all their walks not one of them was ever slain by the fall of the "Guynnay House," nor did they ever even come dangerously near that fatal building.

But Nell did not confine herself or them to such intangible things, but led the way into some real scrapes that showed a taste for something more solid than fables. On a bright June morning, when roses were in bloom, and green peas in their prime, the children had gathered a basketful of the latter, and sat under the lilac shelling them: and gradually their chat changed from the charm of birds and flowers, to the more material charms of the good dinner they were assisting to prepare; for of these same marrowfats, they were most extravagantly fond. Next, they began complaining what a time first tables did eat, and talk, keeping the young ones waiting so long; and they murmured on, till Nell mutinied outright, and boldly proposed that as they had a'most gotten the dinner, they would for "once in their lives be first table themselves; answering the surprised looks and incredulous exclamations that greeted her, by going on to explain: that "course she didn't mean they'd take the big people's table, but they'd eat first, for all that; and only just what they wanted, too. Big folks might eat something else; but for once, they three would eat peas,—only peas." And Nell kept her word; for near noon, when dinner was almost ready, she whisked in while

the cook was out ; catpured a lot of the peas, some spoons, etc., and escaped unchallenged.

Then rejoicing in their sharpness and success, away they ran to the play-place, to feast, laugh, and be merry. Nell had been charged to bring a "big dish," and she did ; but it was rich with cream and butter, and good as it was, much less sufficed than they had supposed ; and so it fell out, to their profound surprise, that though a third still remained, appetites began to fail. Said one little pig, "I'm most done, I can't eat all my peas." And next little pig said, "So 'm I ; I can't eat mine nuther." "Oh," cried one presently, "I'll give somebody a cent to finish mine." And another, "I'll give 'em two, if they'll help me." And then all broke into a hubbub of jests and laughter at the pickle they were in, making no end of sport of each other, themselves, and the stolen feast. Then partially checking their mirth, they began to soberly consult for the public good, the common weal ; for their selfish villainy had furnished them a dilemma with several horns, but none desirable. First, what was to be done with the peas? To eat them was impossible. To throw away aught so good, a sin ; to return them to the house, instant exposure and disgrace, at least ; to conceal till hungry—risky.

Above all, what could they do for present appetites when summoned to the table? Possibly they might relish a bit of cherry pie, but whatever would they do, if asked to eat more peas?

And now, "Chil-dren, chil-dren," fell in lengthened cadence on the mid-day air. It was mamma's voice calling her hungry darlings to dinner. There was no alternative—go they must, so slowly, ashamed, afraid, they filed in and sat down; and sure enough, the first thing they saw was another bountiful dish of peas! Not daring to glance at each other, lest they should explode with laughter, all bent low over their plates, toyed with their spoons, picked at a crust, and wished

themselves miles away. But luckily for the little scamps, mamma went out directly after they entered, and the girls, very busy with their own affairs, took too little notice of the make-believe dining to call them to account. So, for this time they escaped better than they deserved, though on some other occasions they were detected and punished immediately.

When housekeeping, they had real viands at times; but oftener served such delicacies as blue-clay bread, mud pies, herb tea, etc.

One day, when dining under a tree beside the creek, Max was wishing they could exchange the tea for maple sap; but as it was October instead of March, Nell snuffed this hope out instanter, but added wisely:

"I 'spect we might make drinks as good as that, if we'd sugar."

"Let's make it right away then," cried Max, eagerly; "there's plenty in the chest."

And then both hesitated. Neither cared about going to the house and venturing up-stairs after it, nor yet to ask the big sister for it.

"It ain't theirn, and mamma's not at home," said Max, reassuringly.

"No," said Nell, "but for all that, they'll not let us have a bit to muss with, I know."

Then a new thought struck her: they would send Susie. She was so little and light, she could go anywhere safely, they guessed. So giving her a large tin cup and ample cautions and directions, off she went; found the stores easily enough, ate all she wanted, spilled considerable over the floor, and bore a third part away in triumph. The impatient brewers were waiting and ready, with several other cups and mugs, into which they dipped the sugar with a liberal hand; poured on water, stirred, tasted, and changed, and tasted again; but after all, the result scarcely pleased them. True,

the beverage wasn't bad exactly, but it wasn't so superlatively good either. And after drinking all they could, there was still quite a quantity left, that must be put some place speedily, for the vessels that held it would soon be missed in the kitchen. While they stood contriving where they could empty and hide it till next day, steps were heard, and before they could conceal it or themselves, Rose's black eyes were peering curiously and suspiciously at them, and their manifold cups and cruses. Confused and alarmed at her most untimely call, and uncomfortable questions, they vouched her no explanation. But Rose had noticed the disorder up-stairs too, and putting this and that together, worked up a pretty strong case against them. Mamma returned the same evening, and immediately after tea they were cited to appear, charged with felony and waste, proved guilty, and called to repentance and penance too. The criminals had half believed this experiment a failure before, and they were certain of it now, for their "stolen waters" had not proved so very "sweet" after all. Yet this unpleasant experience had a salutary effect, as it served to keep them at harmless pursuits for some time. Max wrought busily with his cart and tools constructing sand ovens, dams, tilt-hammers, and other internal improvements; and the girls sometimes helped him, or played quietly by themselves.

Among country children then, imported toys were rare and costly; but their home-made ones answered every purpose. Once having promised a pair of dolls, Elza (rather than break her word) sat up till the "sma' hours" dressing and painting them, and then pinned them on the curtain at the foot of their owners' bed, where the gay, blue-eyed puppets greeted their first waking glance. Nell cared little for dolls herself, but often worked for Susie's, who was a devoted mother to them, and was also extremely fond of live babies too. When scarcely able to lisp her first question to lady visitors was of these. "Sm'is" (she always omitted the

Mrs.), "Sm'is, has 'oo got a baby? J–onse vy don't 'oo b'ing along you baby?" etc. When any of the family visited, she always stipulated that they were to ask for the host's baby. When mamma and Florette were preparing to visit the C.'s, as these were special friends, she was more urgent than ever with her usual charge, and told them over and over what to tell Mrs. C. about her babe (who, by the way, was a stout lad of fifteen). "Yes, yes," said ma, "I'll tell her; I'll ask for it; now run out and play."

She went, carrying a small coin with her that she had lately received; and presently glancing from the window, Elza saw her sitting on the flowery bank of the rill with her skirt full of leaves and grasses that she was dropping one by one into the stream, and singing softly to herself as she watched the current bearing them swiftly and silently away. A pretty picture, she thought. But when she came out a little later the scene had changed, for Sue was crouching on the ground, with her face hidden, crying bitterly. They were in haste, for it was a long ride; but Elza was far too kind a mother to leave her little one without knowing and soothing her trouble, and after some coaxing, she disclosed the secret. The late gift was lost, "All swimmed away," she sobbed, with a fresh flood of tears. "No, no," said mamma, brightly, "we'll find it," and she drew off her gloves, and stepped briskly to the beck, where, stooping over the miniature wharf, she soon fished the shining coin from the sandy bottom. Surprised and rejoicing at the sight, Sue grasped it with both hands, and held it tighter than ever before, while mamma, happy in her happiness hurried off to her horse.

Grief had swept the visit from Sue's mind; but seeing them mount, recalled it and the business connected with it in full force, and, clasping her treasure in one hand, she gestured with the other as she ran shouting after them, "B'ing a baby—b'ing Coe's baby!"

During the visit, Elza, true to her word, gave the "baby message" to the family, making Master Jack blush and the rest laugh. But one of the girls good-naturedly made up a doll, dressing it fully, even to cloak, Leghorn bonnet and veil, and sent her instead.

It was late when the visitors returned, but Susy roused up in bed with the old question; and, sure enough, mamma answered by laying a fine child in her arms, and adding Miss C.'s message, "Tell Sue that this is Coe's baby."

But to return to Nell.

Sometimes she attempted work for Susy as well as for her dolls. Once when their joint stock contained a piece of silk and two balls of very bright-hued yarn, green and yellow, she projected from these a work-bag like mamma's and a pair of dazzling green and gold striped mittens. Mamma could have told her at a glance that there was not enough of either silk or yarn, and that the latter was unsuitable, being coarse carpet-chain. But Nell asked no one, for she was often a conceited puss who needed no advice, and who greatly disliked big folk coming round poking into her plans; and wishing particularly to avoid all interference at this time, at least till the work was well begun, she gathered up everything, and, followed by Sue, slipped away into the highest attic, where they had a kind of second-best, rainy-day playhouse. The sewing was commenced first, and in a day or two that was finished—after a fashion. But the knitting proved a herculean task, lasting months, for Nell was so unskilled, and so hated confinement, that often it did not grow a round for days. But, after a weary drag, the hand of one mitten, terribly short, stiff, and tight, was pronounced "done—to the thumb." And then the yarn gave out, and, thumbless, mateless, useless, there it was.

Sue, five years younger than Nellie, was not very critical, and, thinking the new outfit would and should do *somehow*, she tried the mitten on one hand and took the droll work-

bag in the other. But so comic was the effect, Nell could not keep her countenance, but honestly laughed at and hooted both, though the work was all her own. And for years, standing jests with her, on bungling and failures, were the "blue silk reticule" and the "little yellow mitten."

Nellie was neither miserly nor avaricious at all, but rather of the "careless go-easy" kind. Still, in some degree she shared the common human weakness for money, and this, as all know, was scarce in those early days—very scarce, even among the big people, and of course far more so among the little ones, some of whom had never handled a piece of silver in their lives (save the one they cut their teeth on), and very little copper either. So that Nellie, who had at one epoch of her history jingled three fivepenny bits in her pocket at once, and at hardest times usually owned a tuppence or so, was generally well content, seeing no good reason for lamenting her lot or despising the state of her finances.

Still, at rare intervals, and especially after that memorable day's shopping in town, she was occasionally attacked by a mild fit of envy, when she longed for still greater wealth, so as to purchase such finery as she had seen there, and at times consulted anxiously with her tribe about ways and means of compassing it. At one time buried treasure was the idea. "Some folks," she said, "found money, great pots of it, away down deep; and so might they, if they just knowed where to look." (Ah, that little *if* spoils many a fine plot.)

Finally, though, concluding to dig some anyhow at a venture, they ran out behind the house, and, after a little prospecting, prudently chose a spot both soft and shady, and began to delve away. How long these mining operations went on (days or hours) is uncertain; but several times during their continuance the camp was thrown into excitement by the discovery of something hopefully hard and

round, and, with her usual good fortune, Nell was always the lucky finder.

However, when examined more closely, the old coins proved not quite invaluable. The first, when washed, seemed the bottom of a pill-box, and the second was an ancient pewter button without an eye ; and other articles, though deceptively promising, were still further from the mark. Nell soon opined that there was no fortune hidden there ; but the lesser ones were well pleased, feeling that it was something to have dug out anything that even looked like money; "and maybe 'twould be real dollars next time."

But next time, *i. e.*, against her next wishing spell came on, the enterprising leader had thought of another and better way of enriching themselves. "Sometimes," she told them, "in old houses, where everybody was dead or moved away, lots of gold and silver was left, hid away in the chimney-back, under the floor, or somewhere else ; and other nice things, too, that anybody might have who went and hunted them first. Daddy B. had told such stories, so had the newspaper ; and once at Gibs' she had seen a big book about a mighty old house, that, besides its bags and boxes of gold and silver, was full of beds and carpets and silk curtains and velvet chairs, and everything awful grand"; and "all of 'em jest a-layin' there a-moulderin' to pieces, 'cause nobody would go in and live there, or get 'em. There was a hundred rooms all full, and not one of 'em had been opened for fifty years—a hanted-cassel [haunted castle] Mr. Gibs called it."

"Course they couldn't find no place like that to hunt in —that was 'way 'cross the sea ; but just across a mile or so, in Mr. F.'s field, was a little old house like the paper telled of, where the people'd gone off forever. She'd just heard of it, and if they went quick, afore anybody else did, she 'spected they'd find lots of pretties (maybe not much money, for poor old E. hadn't any for hisself) ; but right smart of something they'd get sure."

At this news, the game that was progressing under the three oaks (one of the favorite haunts) stopped abruptly; all were eager to be off; though one or two of the more provident paused to move the providing of baskets, or wallets, to hold their expected booty; but others, voting that hats, pockets, kerchiefs, and aprons would do as well and save time, away they ran, nor halted till they reached the place.

After a little reconnoitering round the corners, and peeping in at the windows, they pulled the door-string, and the search began. Each one, ambitious to find most, every corner, and crack, and stock-hole was scanned over and over, but no treasure appeared. A nasty old vermifuge bottle, an empty cordial vial or so, a few crumpled papers, and faded, grimy rags,—the whole lot not worth the brand to burn them—was all they could see. Concluding that the more precious deposits must be below the floor, many little hands joining, heaved up one or two of the wide, loose boards, and part descended.

While groping round here on all-fours, poking and scraping through the dark, damp mould, a heavy step and rough voice were heard overhead; and, glancing upward, they saw the "lord of the manor" standing above.

A man of moods was Landlord F., and none of them of the melting kind, either; but perhaps he thought this prey too small, or the offence too common to waste them on; for, simply ordering those below up, he gruffly, but without cuffing or cursing, drove them all out, replaced the floor, reclosed and bolted the door, and rode away.

The suddenly ejected burglars tried to laugh. "They hadn't done no harm," they said. But then papa might think differently if he heard of it; and, feeling a little scared, and not a little sheepish, they turned homeward, no richer, and not half so merry as they came. But Mr. F. never reported the matter. Pretty soon a new tenant took the hut, and they heard no more about it.

But the most serious misstep ever little Nell was known to take herself or lead others into, happened on a Sabbath afternoon when she was probably some nine or ten years old.

It was a warm, bright, sunny day, and she sat with her books under the cottonwood tree in the yard, when her curiosity was excited by seeing different persons passing by with baskets in their hands. By a plan of her own she soon discovered to a certainty that these contained wild grapes and nuts; and that these men had been rifling the adjacent woods. Vexed and excited, she dropped her books, and, calling Max, told him the news.

"The grapes and nuts in the south woods are ripe, and a lot of strange, far-off folks were out stealing them right out of their corner, and maybe the red plums, too."

Max was equally excited and indignant, but what could they do? To-morrow might be too late, and this was Sunday. And then they paused and looked at each other, till the doubtful question each saw in the other's eyes slowly and cautiously rose to their lips, viz., "Could they! ought they to try any way to go get a taste of the goodies to-day, if it was Sunday?"

And pretty soon Nell, leading in casuistry as in all else, decided that for "this once," and as it was a kind of "work of necessity" case, may be it wouldn't be much bad to run out and get a few. Still, she thought it might be as well not to mind mentioning it to the parents or to any one else, but just their two selves walk away, kind-of-unbeknownst-like; and, acting on this plan, they set off with great "dispatch and privacy." But presently glancing backward, they were annoyed to see the ubiquitous Sue canter out through the yard and quickly strike their trail. They had not thought it best or safe to take her; but now it would be far less safe to try to leave her. So, making a signal for "haste and silence," they waited till she came up, barefooted, bareheaded like themselves, and then all three ran away together.

But, on reaching the place, they found there had been no need of Sunday haste after all, for there were plenty of wild fruits there still; and the elder ones climbed and threw down to Sue, and all three ate and ate to their hearts' content.

They had not intended to stay late, nor to carry any of their booty home; yet they did both. The sun had not been very high when they left home, and it had long set before they made ready to return; and then it seemed such a pity to leave the grapes on the ground, that the girls filled their aprons, thinking they could hide them somewhere to eat next day, or, if discovery and trial should follow, such great, purple, fragrant clusters might possibly soften and bribe the judge.

They were not a very happy party returning, these three, for their short-lived pleasure was now past; probable exposure and punishment loomed up before them, and conscience, too, was busy with each.

Meanwhile they had been missed at home, and called and searched for; and their parents, surprised and displeased, were waiting with some anxiety for their appearance; but it was twilight, the chores all done, and the family nearly ready to gather for evening prayers before they arrived. Then their worst fears of coming to grief and shame were realized; for they were received very grimly, and being called at once to account, grave questioning and solemn rebuke were followed by sharp chastisement. Nell, as eldest and leader, received most stripes, Max fewer, and Susy fewest of all; but mamma was not trifling, and her lightest strokes were nothing to be despised. Neither would she at all jelly the grapes, nor in any way use such ill-gotten gains; and, taken altogether every way, the trio counted this a most unpleasant affair; for happily this, their first trial, had shown them, what all experience has proved true, that Sabbath-breaking never pays in any way.

Paul, the eldest son, was a sober-minded, diligent child, resembling his father and grandfather in disposition more than any of the rest; yet even he once planned a piece of mischief that might have almost equalled that of Samson's foxes, had it not been discovered in time.

On a dry, breezy morning, not long before harvest, the parents, before going away for the day, laid out the children's work, part of which was to cut the weeds and briers along the edges of the grain-field preparatory to reaping. This "day's doings" was long since recorded in doggerel, and some of these rhymes may be inserted here. The orders had been to this effect: "The three great girls were to cook the dinner and keep the house."

"And Paul and his squad, with sickles keen,
Must go to the Southern field to glean.
We reap the wheat, at an early day,
Go cull out the briers, while you may."
And off they rode, on Snap and Gray,
And the children sped, to their task away;
But in an hour or two, at best,
Began to clamor for change or rest.
They were hard beside an ancient tree,
Branchless and hoary as tree could be;
And Paul, the prudent, far-seeing wight,
Planning to make this loit'ring right,
Said, "This old hulk's not worth a crown;
While we rest and play we'll burn it down.
There's a place for the fire, 'tis hollow all,
'Twill blaze from the top, like a candle tall."
Then the sickle fell, from each small hand,
One rushed away for a burning brand;
And others flew,—now there,—now here,
To gather the wood from far and near,
Paul cleared the vent, and the fuel fed,
And over the orifice bent his head;
And puffed with his breath, at the embers red.
When the smoke curled up, and the flames leaped out,
All the children joined in a merry shout,

And clapped and cheered, so glad and gay,
And cantered around it, in joyous play—
Till a wise old elder passed that way,
And reined his horse in wild surprise,
To see 'mid the grain a fire arise.
The wind was up, the wheat was dry,
And the elder saw with his blindest eye,
That this Meadian brood "was on a high."

"Children!" he screamed, "you Paul, you lout!
You young ones all, what are you about?
Stop, stop that work, put that fire out;
Bring water, Nell, bring water, Paul!
Run, run for water, one and all!"

. . . . . .

The fire was drowned;—and elder Ray
Now grimly smiled, and bade "good-day."
And the urchins stood by the blackened tree,
Where the fire and fun had blazed fast and free;
And stared at each other,—foolishly.

And Paul, the fireman, so bold and brave,
Resumed his sickle, still and grave;
Grum as a bear with a wounded head,
That so soon his fun and fire were dead,
Yet never a jeer, or "cuss-word" said,
But he grumbled low, in an injured way,
"I wish that pesky, daddy Ray,
Had minded his own old field to-day,—
Or rode to town some other way,
And not come spilin' our pretty play."

Another time, years after this, when Paul forgot his usual sedateness, was on this wise. He was assisting the hired man at some work one day in sight of the orchard, when he called to Sue, who was playing near; and giving her his hat for a basket, asked her to run and get it full of mellow apples from under a certain tree, these being the only ones yet ripe. This was quite an undertaking; but glad and

proud to serve Paul, who had hardly given her a frown in her life, she cheerfully set out. But she was so small, she had never been there alone, the orchard appeared a great woods, all seemed strange, and on reaching it, she could find nothing of the red-streaks. In vain she conned over her directions, and roamed from tree to tree, and from row to row, looking, feeling, tasting; few were red, and none were mellow. After wandering and searching till weary, determined to fill the bill in some way, she sat down under a tree of the very best she could find, and picking out the fairest, one by one, the poor little goosie laboriously pounded them on every side, some against the tree and others with a stone. It was hard, tedious work for the little hands, but she kept bravely on till the whole lot was bumped as soft as mush; when, filling the hat, she proudly bore it off to the hungry waiters; calmly explaining, "I didn't find nary soft one, but I made some." Paul gave the hat of green, battered wind-falls one glance and passed it to Tobie. Both tasted, and then the abominable creatures began giggling, and grimacing, and laughed, and laughed, and made ugly faces, and made jests, till Sue, who had intended no joke, and saw none, stood amazed at their nonsense. Then Paul relenting, and checking his mirth, tried to thank her for the great pains she had taken in his service, and inquired politely about this receipt of hers for mellowing winter pippins in July? But when she (glad to impart useful knowledge) innocently related her plan,—graphically describing the whole process, his gravity was entirely upset again; and it was a long time before he could forget it, or forbear, boy-like, occasionally teasing her with this suddenly ripened fruit.

Another thing Elza could not soon get accustomed to among her little folks, was the interest they took in their elders' conversation, when she had not thought that they understood a word of it, or even heard it; this was sometimes amusing, at

others rather annoying. Once she and a friend were mourning the condition of several miserable, degraded men near, whose earnings were mostly wasted in one folly or another; but they dwelt most on the case of one D., whose hut stood but a few rods distant, who was so abjectly poor that his pale, half-clad children were begging almost daily. "They poor things should be on the town," they said, "and the worthless father in the work-house, and the sooner the better," etc. Little Mattie, sitting among her toys and boxes, was listening to this talk of the poverty of D., and making an inventory of her own possessions at the same time; and presently spreading them out before the startled dames, and telling the amount, she asked proudly, if she was not "most rich as old D., herself?" To find that their very frank remarks on the nearest neighbors were known and appreciated by this extremely free-tongued prattler, was probably more interesting than safe or agreeable.

On another occasion Mr. Mead came in quite out of temper, telling his wife that he had discovered that the carpenter lately in his employ had done a part of his job with but little judgment, and had well-nigh wasted some of his best lumber. Both were indignant, saying "so careless a workman ought to pay damages, be punished, or something"; but at last decided to keep the peace and let it pass.

One of the little ones was playing round them at the time; but who thought of her taking any notice? They knew though, when a day or so later this person, a tall, gentlemanly young fellow, called. The parents greeted him civilly, but this fiery youngster, burning to avenge their wrongs, flew at the astonished scrivener like a baby fury, and began pummelling him with her tiny hands, exclaiming over and over in ireful tones: "Bad man! Bad man! You sp'iled papa's board, you did sp'ile papa's board"; nor did the blushing youth deny it.

Rose was so quiet in her manners, so proud and reserved,

that she seldom fell into any scrapes or made saucy speeches; yet she had some spirit, too, and understood "grown-up talk" as well as the others. One stormy winter's night, when many were gathered round the blazing hearth, Rose, being quite small then, was routed from her seat, and moved on several times to make room for older folks. She bore it patiently for a while, but, on being pushed still farther into the corner, and to what she imagined a cold, windy place, she suddenly asserted her rights by answering the stereotyped "You stand there, Rosa," with a sharp "No, I sha'n't—not 'less somebody stan's ahind me."

After a while, the conversation happened to turn on sleep, dreams, and nightmares, several giving their experience with the latter. (Not long before a man had passed, carrying a hide so strangely spotted, streaked, brindled, and grizzled as to excite and alarm the children.) And as one after another this evening described the wondrous horns, hoofs, and claws they had seen, and the many shapes and colors the monster took, Rose, listening with dilated eye, found her tongue again, and, gliding up to her mother, brought down the house by asking with all solemnity: "Mamma, wasn't what we saw a nightmare's skin?"

In that age, many grown persons in this county had never seen a carpet, so rare were they; and the first one Mr. Mead bought excited the children not a little. Lotta tried it on the bed as a kind of winter spread; and Mattie softly stroked the many-hued stripes, murmuring, "It might make me a nice coaty—mustn't put it on a floor." And even old Tabby, in her own way, expressed the same opinion. Coming in from her mousing the first day it was down, she stopped abruptly on the sill, alarmed and affronted, standing with uplifted paw and rising fur, gazing in blank surprise at this queer innovation. At that day a carpet never quite filled a room, it being the style to leave a bare strip of the floor next the wall, two, three, or more inches wide. And

as poor puss stood that day, sad and perplexed, not knowing how she was ever again to reach her warm nook by the fire, turning her eyes doubtfully from side to side, she luckily espied this narrow-gauge track, and quickly squeezing herself into it, she carefully tiptoed round the room, looking askance at the carpet, but never once offering to set foot on it.

Not long after this the children were excited by another event. A new baby came, and Bessie walked over to see it and assist at the christening. The others ran to meet her at the lane, as was their wont; clung to her hand, and gleefully told her the news over and over. All loved grandma, but Mattie was most devoted of them all; and when, after dinner, all sat round, chatting and debating on the name, this warm admirer exclaimed jubilantly: "I knows the bestest, purtiest name—it's Granny! Call the baby Granny!"

A short time previous, the same rosy pet had given ma quite a turn, not to say a fright. She had been left alone that day with her and Nell. Their noise worried her, and she was glad when the baby toddled into the shady yard, and Mattie settled quietly down on a small chest under an open window, where she hoped she might fall asleep. But the child kept wide awake, and after a while ceased singing and came to her mother with a faint shade of surprise or doubt in her clear gray eyes.

"Mamma," she asked, with some curiosity in her tone, "who comed in?"

"Nobody," said ma.

Directly she asked again, "Who comed in?" and received the same reply. But she was not satisfied, and kept repeating her query till ma grew a little impatient, and said, "Do run away. No one at all has come, I tell you. Nobody but Nell has gone out or come in at the door."

"But, mamma," returned the questioner, seriously, "who comed in at the winda?"

Elza's heart leaped. Had a burglar or maniac entered, and she alone? Had the child gone mad? A hasty, trembling search showed no signs of the former, nor a more lengthy examination of the child any symptoms of the latter. Yet she persisted that "somebody—some woma' had come in at the winda, and was gone."

She had always been such a truthful child, and not in the least flighty or fanciful, that Elza knew not how to act. She did not think it wise to encourage her in so strange a story, nor yet to contradict her flatly. She told her husband and some of their friends. He, man-like, laughed and pshawed; but the women looked grave, believing it a token of a death in the family. And when Mattie was shortly after taken dangerously ill, they were sure of it; but she recovered, and, nothing further following, that theory failed. But long after Mattie had put away childish things, and was herself a woman, wife, and mother, she remembered and repeated her childish story as sturdily as at first; nor did it ever change to less or more, but always remained in substance the same.

Strong-minded as she was considered by all who knew her, yet she always retained the impression that, seemingly, on that summer day, a dim, shadowy something in the semblance of a woman floated in over her through the open window and disappeared.

Whether this was the first symptom of approaching disease, a mere optical delusion, or one of those phenomena that are simply unaccountable, the readers can judge. The incident is given them as frequently related by both mother and daughter.

There were several places around, that the cousins and other children too, particularly enjoyed visiting; but only two or three can be mentioned here. The first was one that delighted some of the wee girls, and was a widish old house in a lonely, shady dell, occupied by three generations

or so of colored people. The most striking thing about this household was its patriarchal character, for there were no "Uncle Toms" among the men; nor were any of the women "Cassias," nor the girls "Topsys." They were poor, but no better, and probably no worse than many of their white employers. One of the complaints of the latter against the men was that they worked rather leisurely, and ate enormously. For instance, Mrs. H. one day boiled a large joint of meat for dinner, expecting to have enough left for next day's dinner also; but one of these dusky fellows being there, and eating last, besides making havoc with the bread and sauce, fell like "Sprat and wife" on the beef "fat and lean," leaving "the platter" (almost) "clean." Mrs. H. was provoked; but her husband was amused at the exploit; and, being an inveterate joker, said to the trencher-man at night:

"Why, Cuffie, I hear you destroyed some eight pounds of beef at dinner."

"No, sah," returned Cuff, indignantly; "no, sah; I doan believe there wur a spec moah than foah pounds."

Pete and Dick were also valiant at the table, but hardly to the same extent. Among the females, Dollie was stout, homely, and half-witted; Barbry was lighter-colored, smart, and handsome, and spent much time greasing, pulling, and patting her own and her children's hair, to make it look like "white folks'." Frances, the grandame, was contentedly black, ugly and withered, yet shrewd, industrious, and kind-hearted—the best of the lot.

But it was not anything in the owners of the cottage, old or young, good or bad, that interested the visitors so much as the adornments of it; the odd bits of strange, bright finery around it, but especially the shelves of ware,—this was the great, the crowning attraction. What a show there was, of pewter, glass, delf, queensware, Liverpool china. Such a countless store of tea-pots, coffee-pots, urns, cream

jugs, butter-dishes, preserve-dishes, tea-plates, dinner-plates, mugs, bowls, of every shape, size, color; and covered all over with pictures of men and women, houses, tents, ships, birds, beasts, shells, trees, flowers, in red, bronze, green, brown, purple, pink, gold. What an endless variety in form, pattern, quality, and hue; for almost every piece was different,—one by itself. This was a real art study for the children; better to them than a Florentine gallery, though it might be added that what gave them such unalloyed pleasure was ware of the kind "wisely kept for show." Being mostly cracked, it had been given piece by piece to the trio by the quality here and there, where they had served year by year as char-women.

The second place of resort was a little brown cabin on a by-road, built of round logs, with clapboard and weight-pole roof, and mud-and-stick chimney. This quaint piece of masonry, the chimney, was often on fire inside and out; but being so conveniently low, the owner merely stepped out with a pail of water, and a scrub-broom, and, mounting a three-legged stool, soon conquered the flames.

The furniture consisted of a low, square table, a bed, dresser, six hickory chairs, a pot bench, a water bench, and a chest. On the mantel stood a smoothing-iron, a bread pan, rolling-pin, and potato-masher; also an iron candlestick and a Dutch lamp (for burning lard with a rag wick), in shape and size not unlike a half-closed hand. Some clothes hung round the walls, a row of stockings dangled on a line above, and a gun rested in two hooks near by. As there was no cellar nor closet, the stores were necessarily in view, and it pleased the children to note and count the different articles laid in.

The year round they saw the potato and meal bins, standing by the white dresser, and a smaller one for flour beside them. A string of smoked fish was a fixture in one chimney corner, and cuts of dried beef or venison often graced

the other. In autumn, sacks of chestnuts, strings of pop-corn, and festoons of drying apples came to bear them company; and clusters of red peppers, parcels of different kinds of seeds, and bundles of herbs hung round the jambs. Later a tub of sauer-kraut, a keg of pickles, a jar of souse, and perhaps two or three more of some cheap sweetmeats, were found filling the coolest corner of the cabin, and a few flitches of bacon, and a few yards of sausage were seen swinging from the joists.

In winter a great log fire was always blazing on the broad hearth, defying cold and storm; and in summer, flowers were always blooming round the door. Rows of sunflowers, hollyhocks, and blue-bells grew higher than the eaves; and below them, the little beds glowed with double scarlet poppies, nasturtiums, marigolds, and other brilliant old-time posies.

At all seasons the juveniles found this a bright, cheerful resort; though the only company there, was the owners, a married couple verging on seventy. He was something portly; she, spare; otherwise their small visitors thought them much alike. Both were tall and straight, with plain but strong-featured faces, seamed and bronzed with time, and shaded by locks equally stiff and gray. His head was seldom seen without his hat, nor hers without a small, three-cornered kerchief worn as a cap, and tied under her chin. Both dressed in some rough home-made stuff, of a dismal, dead, dun hue; but the dullness of his attire was relieved by a coarse white shirt and bandanna stock, and hers by a madder-red petticoat, and on state occasions by a blue checked apron also.

A most tidy busybody, she liked nothing dangling round, hindering her work. Her gown was always tucked up out of the way, a foot above the red linsey underskirt, and secured firmly at her left side. Her sleeves were turned back half-way to her elbows, and her front hair was swept from

her brow, and twisted together into one odd little knot, hard and slim like a small horn, that stood out over the middle of her forehead unicorn-fashion.

In character she was proverbially grave and silent, while the husband was full of jests and laughter and the news of the day; yet with both, the children felt at ease, whether they called in companies or by twos or threes.

Once Sue went all alone. Having fallen into some mischief at home, and being in imminent danger of detection, she bethought herself of this safe retreat, and tiptoeing down-stairs she slipped out at the back door and ran away.

It was a November day, with weather of its own peculiar brewing—surly and out of sorts; cold, dark, dank; "no sun, no shade, no shine." A raw wind came in "fitful gusts" through the trees as she passed. Now scarce rustling a bough, anon dashing them spitefully together, and sweeping the sere leaves in showers to the ground. A chilly fog dropping now a few scattered crystals of snow; now the slightest sprinkle of misty rain, as though undetermined which shape to fall in, or whether to fall at all, pervaded the air. A straggling, belated flock of wild geese, lost and bewildered, called mournfully to each other overhead, as they flew back and forth, and beat with weary wing the leaden sky.

The road was lonely, the flowers were dead, the fields were brown; everything was gloomy, and so was the traveller. She was cold too; for, starting in such haste, the extra wraps donned were rather scarce; in fact, consisted only of the one yellow mitten; but warmth and welcome awaited her, and she hastened on.

Old Millie received her with her usual dry friendliness, and old Martin with his usual jocund garrulity.

"Ha! ha!" he began. "Now here's our little gal comed to see us; all alone, too. Come right here to the fire and warm herself, and let's see how big she's growed. But,

sakes alive, where's her cloak and bunnet? Ain't she afeared Jack Frost 'ill nip her?"

Then, spying the poor, skimp, thumbless mit, he continued:

"Oh, there! she's got that mitten. What need of anything more to make her warm? Put her mit on her hand, and her hand on her head, and she'll be 'snug as a bug in a rug.'"

And so he went on petting, and teasing, and questioning, while his wife, gravely smiling, listened and knitted in her easy-chair, and Fido dozed beside her, and Tom purred at her feet, and the "great fire up the chimney laughed." But the infant fugitive from justice was dull. For once she could not enjoy the cheerful surroundings and gay badinage, for she was thinking of her fault and its consequences. Pretty soon her fears were realized, for a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a messenger, who came to search for and convey her home instantly; but whether to meet punishment or pardon is unknown.

The children were never permitted to stay to trouble the old couple for meals or pieces, but gifts of fruit or flowers they might receive, and did. Once Sue, calling with several of the neighboring urchins, found old Millie out, and directed by Martin, followed her to the adjacent wood, where she was washing by the spring. The clear, gushing water, the smoke curling up through the trees, the steaming, foaming caldron, the quaint washerwoman surrounded by her tubs and baskets, made a picturesque scene, and after a blind fashion, they saw and admired it; but soon all the quick eyes left the wider view to fix on one point alone. A little left of the spring, on a low trellis, a vine was clinging, with fruit varying in size from a quail's egg to a hen's, and in form from round to oval, in color from white and green to brown and orange, and on some specimens all these hues were seen at once, striped and shaded beautifully together.

But whatever their size or color, all hung by slender handles, symmetrically straight or gracefully curved, and smooth as ivory. It was the dwarf gourd, a new thing to them, and they surrounded it, exclaiming with surprise and delight, while the owner looked on, in her own quiet way, sharing their happiness, and presently raising it still higher by promising that each should have one of the beauties to carry home when they ripened. To their quick, eager questioning as to when that would be? she replied serenely, "Oh, some day soon. In a week or so, likely."

What an age that would be to wait; still they resolved to be patient, and giving one more look, tore themselves away. But the very next day saw the whole troop parade up again, not noisily or impudently though, but more softly and shyly than usual. They greeted the dame suavely, did not tease her at all about the promised treasures, nor even ask to see them again; but they hung around her with such tell-tale faces, such coaxing, fawning, longing looks, that the kind old soul could not withstand them; but shortly rose, and saying: "Mebby some of them gourds mout do to pull now," led the way to the vine. After a little testing of their hardness, she began to gather and give (to their surprise), reserving none for herself or Martin, but giving *all* to them. And having received the very last one, grateful, rich, and happy, they bore them home, where a sharp knife soon transformed them into ships, ladles, goblets, bowls, etc., each pretty toy serving to endear the giver to them more and more.

It may have been a year after this, or less, or more, when this warm friendship was interrupted, but not through inconstancy in either party. There was trouble in the brown cabin, and week after week the little ones were kept away, and the mothers went instead. "Millie was sick," they were told; "very sick and low, and must not be disturbed." Nor was she ever any better, nor did they ever see her in

life again. It was autumn when she died, perhaps Indian summer; for though the nights were chill, the days were warm and hazy, and at her funeral the doors stood wide-open, and many of the company sat outside. Among these were the children, the little neighbors. They could disturb her no longer, they might come now, and they came early and stopped timidly together in the yard. Death was new and strange to them; they were awed and silent; and yet with the quick senses of childhood, they heard everything in-doors and out, saw everybody, and insensibly marked every look and movement around them. There, opposite the white dresser, they saw stout Mrs. B. and her pale, meek little husband sitting within; and here, under the window, their tall boy and his two small sisters standing without; yonder, looking like one in authority, was portly Mrs. D., with her great bunch of keys at her belt; and there, conferring with her, neat Mrs. F., whose tiniest of lap-dogs, so sharp and black and brisk, suggested a magnified flea; left of the door, in the easy-chair, sat Mrs. H. with her lean, puling babe, and right of it Mrs. J. with her fat, crowing one; in the low rocker was Mamie K., who owned the only china doll in the district: a beauty, but of little use, as it was generally kept swathed up in white cotton like a mummy, and locked away in the till of a chest. But the bulk of the congregation was gathering fast now; some groups were walking across the fields, others were riding up from the south end of the road, others from the north end, and among the latter rode the preacher—the Baptist pastor from N——. The children saw every person and object; but their thoughts were fixed on two alone, and their eyes returned continually to these—to the shrouded form of Millie in her coffin, and to Martin sitting bare-headed and bowed beside it. When the minister entered and sat down, Martin arose and handed him his wife's Bible and psalm book, open at passages marked by her own hand, which he said "she had chosen years before

for her funeral." From these it seemed as though she had aimed "being dead," yet to speak for Christ, give Him all the glory, take to herself (and race) all the sin and shame, for from that wonderful description of His passion, Isaiah liii., she had chosen the 6th verse, also the 11th to 12th: "All we . . . . have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all," etc. And the hymn:

"Like sheep we went astray,
. . . . . .
Each, all, the downward road," etc.,

re-echoed the self-same sentiments. Both were read aloud; then the one was sung, the other preached from. Of the merits of singing and sermon, these youthful listeners understood little; but the texts and hymns—Millie's own—impressed them deeply, and for them, were ever after associated with her memory.

The brown cabin was changed now; the new housekeeper was gossipy and untidy; her family troublesome; and Martin, lonely and restless, soon left it to go on a long journey. . . . . One day during his wandering he came to the Elmer house, and though an humble stranger, as one from dear Fayette, Rose received him joyfully, laid everything aside to talk with him, and treated him with right royal hospitality. When he returned, rich in travellers' tales of sights and adventures, and above all, laden with news, letters, and messages from Rose, and graphic descriptions of her and her family, he seemed to his small friends almost a hero. However, their acquaintance was about ending now, for he left the place again, before long, to remain; and though they never forgot him, they knew nothing of his after-life, nor how nor when it ended.

The third place mentioned, like the second, was a cabin too, but in much else was dissimilar. It stood on high

ground, not low. Off from the road, not on it. Consisted of three rooms, not one. Was white, not brown. And lastly, was very lively, not lonely; for these householders were not an ancient couple, but in their prime, and blessed with a troop of healthy boys and girls. Many little clearings, with their owners' houses in the midst, were then found along the foot of Chestnut Ridge, and this was one of them ; the whitewashed cot standing a few rods up the side of the hill, in a garden doubly enclosed with a close fence, and a hedge of currant-bushes. A sunny foot-path led up the western slope to the gate, and thence through clumps of rose-trees and beds of pinks and pansies to the door ; and a shady one, wound down the eastern bank, through copse and grape-vines to the pure rock-bound spring. Near it, on the right, a mountain stream scarcely less clear and cold, rolled by, and presently the waters of both uniting, went babbling together down the vale. Just beyond the beck, the mountain began to rise,—dark with pines and hemlocks above, and beneath with thickets of laurel, kalmia, honeysuckle, and smaller undergrowth. Here and there plats of arbutus and snow-vine crept and tangled among the gnarled roots ; tufts of violets, innocence, anemone, and other plants abounded, — and more rarely the chaste wax-star, and the coy wood-coral peeped shyly forth from among the ferns. A little further on, rocks began to jut out, some high, some low, some rough and bare, some green with moss or gray with lichens, some bristling with brambles, some draped with ivy. On one side man's hand appeared; on the other nature's, and nature's alone.

A fair, romantic spot it was at all seasons ; but in early summer, when the late washed cottage gleamed whitest through the trees ; when the brook warbled in unison with the birds singing and building on its banks, when garden flowers and mountain flowers vied in beauty ; under such sun and sky as only childhood sees—then it was passing fair;

and it was then that some of the infantile band saw it first. It was June, a perfect morning in June, when its charms first opened on their view, and at once the picture became all their own. Theirs the order of the cultured garden, the wildness of the untamed forest; theirs the joy of the birds; the glory of the roses theirs forever. Many a time in after years memory returned the scene or sweet poesy recalled it. To them it was less a fabled landscape of the Orient than this real elysium by the Alleghanies, that lived and breathed in such lines as the "Lute Song" of Moore, beginning:

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the birds' song.
Its flowers and its music I never forget,
They come to me still in the bloom of the year;
And bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer."

And this semi-Eden, as was mete, was consecrated ground, whose bounty and beauty were received gratefully, but only as an earnest of a fairer home on high. Here faithful parents dedicated their offspring to God from their birth, and trained them for His service. Here every meal began with thanks and blessing, and every day opened and closed with prayer. The master, Mr. A., was a valued officer in the church, a sweet singer in Israel, a leader in every good work,* and a man of ardent piety. A most intimate friend of Bessie T.'s and the Meads, he frequently visited there, and on

* Some said, "Mr. A. is *too religious;* spends too much time catechising the children, attending meetings, praying with the sick, and so on." This is hardly probable, for he was a prudent man, as well as a pious one; but even if true, these were not faults ever *likely to become dangerously prevalent.*

these occasions it was usual for all small, common topics of conversation to sink away and be forgotten, while such grave themes as Science, Morals, Religion, Prophecy, etc., were discussed instead. This latter, the "meaning and fulfilment of prophecy," was an absorbing subject with Brother A. and with all of them; and many a time their hearts burned within them as they spake one to another of millennial glory, and watched with eager gaze the signs of the times for some token of its dawn. Then, too, all loved the songs of Zion, as did others who often joined them, and evening visits usually closed with singing, an employment so delightful, that eleven o'clock would find the circle yet unbroken, and the notes of praise still rising on the winter air

Happy friends, in aims and wishes one; fellow-soldiers of the cross, fellow pilgrims to glory; long ago your leader fell, and once broken, slowly, one by one, the circle dropped away, to be seen no more. Long sundered here, but reunited there, changing worlds purified, but scarcely changed their employ. Together again they sit at the Master's feet, learn more of His wisdom, serve Him better, study the mysteries of redemption yet, sing His praises still.

Says a sweet poet, "Tears befit earth's partings," and for him, this beloved disciple, this standard-bearer in the wilderness, there was heavy mourning; and over the death of these, his "friends so linked together" in Christian love, there were enough to weep. And yet why mourn for such to whom "death is but gain"?

Why weep that they are blest, the conflict o'er, the crown on every brow?
The glass no longer dim, they know as they are known;
And the brief praises sung together here
Before the throne, they sing forever now.*

* These early choristers admired Watts' psalms most, and sang

One of the changeless rules that the M.'s practiced themselves and taught their children, was showing kindness to the poor; not only to those they knew, but to strangers. True, Mr. M. often said:

"For aught we know these travelling beggars may be idle impostors."

And his wife agreed with him. Yet on mature consideration both decided thus:

"As we can not possibly tell who is worthy and who is not, we will give little or no money, lest it be wasted; but we will never refuse the wretched wanderers food or a night's shelter."

Then, as now, tramps were an abomination to most people; some refusing even a lunch, and very few giving lodging.

"We don't keep strangers here," was a common mode of declining; and some would add, civilly, "but a piece on, they do." And thus advertised, the M.'s always had more than their just proportion. Besides those who called but once

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them to the solid music of "Old Hundred," "Coronation," "America," "Denmark," "Dundee," "Delight," "Lenox," "Lena," "Montgomery," "Marlborough," "Mount Sion," "Martyrs," "Sherburne," and a host of others. But occasionally they indulged in new tunes, and also in new hymns—such as "Hasten, O sinner, to be wise," "Saw ye my Saviour," "Come, my heart, and let us walk," "Bold pilgrim," "Heavenly vision," etc., with many elegies, anthems, and chants. Mr. A. introduced many of these novelties into the settlement; and when pieces became great favorites, he had copies multiplied by writing them off on sheets of the stiff, coarse, dingy, unruled paper of the age, and distributed, not only to those more intimate friends, but to others in the congregation at large. These two in particular, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," and "Home, sweet Home," were much sought after. And more than one tried Christian kept her copies of them pinned to her cabin wall beside her wheel or loom, and found strength and solace in their hopes and promises, while with weary hands she toiled for her children's bread.

or twice, they had three regulars who came in as often as they passed that way.

The first, Simon, was a big, hearty fellow, capable (if brain or will had equalled his strength) of doing a fair day's work.

Jake was a half-witted, homely, harmless soul, who carried a hooked stick in one hand and a small bundle in the other, tied up in a faded, yellow-flowered, cotton kerchief. He was merry too; could troll a song, and sometimes rose as early as three o'clock, kindled up the kitchen fire, and treated the sleeping family to a lively serenade on the jews-harp.

Johnnie was a little, thin, pale old man, foolish too, or very eccentric. A beggar on horseback was he, or would have been had he not always walked and led his horse, which invariably bore some kind of a burden. Slow, feeble walkers both appeared; yet together they tramped back and forth across the country continually, travelling (it was said) many hundred miles a year. On halting he always led his steed up to the very door, and, standing on the steps, his first salutation (in a weak, piping voice) would be:

"Missus, will ye give me a wee bit o' bran and a wee bit o' corn, for my wee brown mare?"

Nor did the kind old creature ever lay down the bridle till he saw her served. But this once well done, he did not so much regard himself. He never seemed eager for food, and once when invited to eat, said, dubiously:

"Well, I don't know about that; I was eatin' some *last Friday.*"

Yet he usually ended by making a reasonable meal. He talked very little; but once or twice abused witches and fairies, saying they had sometimes pierced him with their invisible darts, and had done him many an ill turn.

Friends to love him or to love, he appeared to have none; but divided his affections equally between the rough, brown

pony and his bundles, especially one, said to contain half a peck or so of old broken watches, which he carried with him everywhere and laid under his pillow at night. The children had a great curiosity to see, or at least know, the contents of his various packs, and to count his watches. But their parents forbade their annoying the old man by questions, or even by looking too sharply toward his only treasures. Some thought he carried on some kind of trade in his travels; but, if so, he never in all his visits mentioned it to the Meads, who always spoke of him as a singular being, without ties, home, or country (so far as they knew), who was forever moving on and on, as aimless and restless as the "Wandering Jew."

Dreading infectious disorders, etc., it was their habit to have bedding and other articles used by such persons thoroughly washed; and this and other things connected with it made the entertainment of this class very troublesome. Yet none were ever turned away.

CHAPTER XL.

Merry childhood's pranks and plays.—*The Coming Prince.*

By some means, Elza's family has been introduced before her brother's, though his fourth child was two years older than her first. But this story often flits back and forth, and this time to a period several years prior to Paul's death.

Fred's first child was a boy "so fine," the nurse said, "that he would be in great peril by the fairies"; and, in spite of Fred's ridicule, she sat up all his first night to guard him.

None of the common names suggested by friends on either side would quite answer for this precious first-born;

so the proud father, abetted by Elza, searched through prose and verse for one more suitable, and Homer was judged sufficiently stately. . . . . The second babe was Lois; the third, Ophelia; the fourth, Rosa, and so on.

The chore-boy, Teddy, took great interest in all the children, but was specially bound up in a pair of twins, born while he was still small; and to avoid jangling and jealousy between him and Lois, mamma allowed each to own one. Lois was so young that her claim was mostly in name; but Ted bore his babe in his bosom half the day, and often kept it at night also; and when in a year or two Rowland died, probably not one followed him to the grave with deeper grief than Teddy, or remembered and lamented him so long.*

After the first keen pain abated, his loving heart began to hunger and long after the remaining babe, and he followed its nominal owner from one play-place to another, begging her, as she could not take care of it herself, to give it to him. Katrina was entirely favorable to Teddy's proposition, knowing what an amount of care it would relieve her from; but for some time the owner, the little one, was obdurate and Ted dejected; but *money is power*, and when, a little later, he renewed his suit, reinforced by a fresh, new penny, Lois relented, and after some chaffering, for she was a born business woman, the bargain was sealed, the coin going into her pocket and the babe into his arms. And perhaps never before nor since did a child find a more faithful, devoted nurse than twin Lida found in Irish Teddy.

The extensive apple and peach orchards planted by Paul T. at an early day have been mentioned; and soon after, his lane was lined with different kinds of cherry-trees also. The good man provided thus bountifully, not only that family and friends might be well provided for, but also that

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* For proof of this, see Malone's "Feelings in Old Age," Chap. xlvi.

there might always be a supply for the use of the poor. Five or six of the largest cherry-trees, next the house, were reserved for home use ; but from the others, all who needed could take for the asking. Some accepted this kind offer modestly, and were grateful to the donors ; but a few were so base as to grudge the owners any rights whatever. Unless watched, they were continually sneaking into the reserved cherry-trees, and when the larger fruits ripened, they took of them also when and where they chose, asking no one. Paul and Bessie were grieved that their kindness should be so abused ; but Fred, as was his wont, managed even out of this provoking insolence to extract a bit of sport.*

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* Much has been said in this history about Fred's love of mirth and jesting ; but any sport leading to irreverence or recklessness both he and Elza abhorred, and taught their families to do the same. Once, passing a small house on his farm, he heard cries and groans issuing from it, mingled with a broken rhapsody of sad and solemn words. Running in to offer help and sympathy, he found his tenant's daughter, a girl of fourteen, stretched on the bed, her limbs working convulsively, eyes rolled back—all the symptoms of approaching dissolution, while her mates stood round with all the grief and awe they could muster, watching her last throes. On his entrance all the actors were abashed, but especially the principal one, who skipped out of bed in much confusion, which increased when the irate landlord told her his opinion, and ended by not very gallantly threatening her with a " cowhiding if he ever caught her making a mock of pain and death and sacred names again."

Some reckless jests among his acquaintances, and their consequences, he often told his children for warnings—as the following : One sultry day, as several young people of the neighborhood were returning from a jaunt together, the chat by some means fell on the practice of bleeding, then so common with all physicians, and often, too, performed by those who were not.

" Suppose we get bled ? " cried Kate C. " I move we all stop at Uncle Z.'s and get bled."

" What for ? " asked one. " We're not sick."

They had all been very gay, talking no end of nonsense, and Kate retorted :

As he and Teddy were passing from their work one day, they saw Doad Huxley, a long, green, ill-favored gawky, perched on the top of mother T.'s fullest, ripest morello, picking for dear life and breaking the limbs shamefully. As this was one of the most impudent, persistent of the raiders, Frederick determined to give him a fright.

"Teddy," he roared, "see there again! But we'll stop this game yet. We can fell the tree, thief and all. *Bring on the axe!*" And he strode sternly forward, rolling up his sleeves as he came.

Then began wild commotion in the heights above. The

"We'll be bled for the *simples*—we're all bad enough with that."

"That's a fact," returned Ed. J. "Who'll be leeched first? The biggest simpleton must lose most blood. And won't Uncle Zeke be surprised to see such a troop of patients all at once?"

And thus they went on, the others only in jest; but as they neared the house Kate insisted that they should go in, and carry the thing through. All refused this, but, as she turned resolutely towards the door, they followed to see the end. Kate glibly told her errand, and bared her round, white arm; but, as her cheeks were glowing with health, her eye sparkling with mischief, and all the rest laughing, Uncle Zeke saw the joke and laid down his lancet. But the would-be patient begged him to go on. "She was bad with the simples, very bad, and he must cure her," she said. All the others tried to dissuade her from such folly, but she persisted, and finally got her will, and all started on again as merry as ever. But by and by it was discovered that the arm was bleeding again, and they stopped at a spring to bathe and rebandage it. This checked it, but before long it began afresh, and they stopped at a second spring, and then at a third one, and repeated their bathing and bandaging; and as the patient began to grow faint, the gayest became serious, and were glad when they at last saw her safe inside her mother's door.

But there was a sequel to follow. In a day or two it was seen that the tiny, almost imperceptible wound, instead of healing was growing slightly red and angry. In a day or two more the arm became swollen, then discolored, and, to be brief, in spite of the doctor's skill it turned to gangrene, and the foolish jest ended by laying the poor, giddy maid in her grave.

boughs swayed and creaked; twigs, leaves, and fruit fell fast; while the thief scrambled and leaped, bawling aloud, "Don't! don't! Mercy, don't! I'll never steal no more! Lemme down! Lemme down!" It was all dead earnest with the boy, and just as Fred seized the axe, and drew back as if for a mighty blow, down he came, as white as a ghost, took to his heels and fled like a deer; while the naughty delighted jesters looked on and laughed, and went in to season the dinner with a description of the fright and the flight. Another time a female poacher placed herself in an amusingly awkward position, and recovered herself from it, with a coolness worthy of a general, or so thought Fred. One evening some of the family noticed a short, heavy woman sauntering around in the north orchard, and stopped a moment to observe her. Finding she was seen, the lady walked briskly up to the house, looking as honest as the sun; and asked quite respectfully for "a few apples." The request was granted at once, and one or two of the children started to show her the baking apples and help to get them. Here was a fix, and no way to avoid it. Seeing that all must, and would come out directly, she flung aside her hesitation, and remarked with refreshing frankness, "that she had already found the best apples, and gathered them too; but the little gals mought came along and help her load them up!" They went, and sure enough in the far corner found one or more large meal-sacks filled and waiting, and had the pleasure of helping to "boost" them on to a high horse that stood quietly cropping the grass beside them. . . . .

The homes of Fred T. and Mr. Mead standing not two miles apart (near for that age), the families were, of course, very intimate; and almost endless were the visits the cousins paid each other, and the games they played together. In summer they oftener all haunted the former's place, attracted by the thousand charms of moun-

tain, stream, and vale : those same fresh, changeless charms, that had so powerfully impressed, and held the affections of those who had roved and sported there before them. But when the season forbade outdoor delights, they more frequently met at Mead's in a large, rude out-house, one part of which afforded a convenient play-room. There were two lofts for dry lumber in it, one store-room, a loom-shop, and a work-room, etc. This latter was fitted up with heavy benches ; its walls hung round with tools, shelves, and boxes. Its doors and beams adorned with quaint figures, and rows of tall capitals, in black and red paint, where successive apprentice boys had tried their artistic talent, and inscribed their names. And here, where nobody ever demanded quiet, or talked of nerves, headache, or heartache ; around the bright fire of this true Liberty Hall, the cousins and their mates loved to congregate through the winter nights ; and the younger children often through the day also. They had many simple games, these happy country urchins, such as the "wolf's den," "keeping an inn," "King Charles men," "good man of the house," "neighbor froggy," "little Jacky Ringgall," etc., etc. "Hide and seek," "poor pussy," and two or three others that follow, were special favorites. Sometimes the sport was varied by falls, bumps, and other small disasters that were borne by the unfortunates according to their various temperaments. Lina, Sadie, and Julia, if hurt, often cried, and Sue also. Nell, bright and droll as she was, was rather prone to pouting if things went wrong. Mattie did neither ; but once when she received a rap on the brow from another urchin's head, disfiguring her, she quietly left the merry company entirely. But Mattie was too wise and sober to play well, anyhow ; so her desertion did not so much matter. Max hated accidents, and still more the laugh with which the impulsive crew greeted them,—*i. e.*, hated them if he was victimized ; otherwise he found them very amusing. One night, for some

reason, a large caldron of water covered with a cloth stood in a dusky corner; and Max having been caught out in, "How many miles to Barley-bright?" thought good to repose awhile, and heedlessly flung himself on this treacherous seat. At this episode, everybody laughed, and Sadie gayly began quoting a comic stanza made on a similar scene. "The weary man sat down to rest, and *squ*"——But the "weary man" showing signs of fight, the mirth prudently subsided, or was indulged secretly. Another evening, playing blindfold, Nanny A., a stout twelve-year-old, as blind man, was rushing around with great velocity after the light-toed crowd; when stumbling beyond bounds, before any one could cry "Breakers!" she fell with outstretched hands—splash! into a low meat-tub, empty, save the ancient bloody brine; and brown curls, face, neck, and arms, received a sudden salt bath. All expected tears, wrath, or a storm of some kind; but were mistaken. After the first gasp and exclamation, this model child broke into a bright, cheery laugh, and assisted by her mates, quickly washed off dress and person, and after rubbing and brushing five minutes before the fire, counted herself as good as new, and blithely resumed the blind and the game, as though nothing had happened. "Crany-crow," that most mirth-provoking, old-fashioned play, was another favorite; but both this, "neighbor froggy," and "hunting the slipper," had something so ludicrous about them, that the little women, with some innate sense of dignity, played these alone. The cousins, Sadie and Nell, and this Nanny A., who were all of one age,—twelve: were all three famous leaders in the first game, but the latter two, usually officiated. Nell, quick and lithe as a mountain cat, and sharp as a fox, attacking the flock; and Nan, slower but stronger, and bold and brave as a lion, defending them with all her powers. They dashed at each other with outspread arms, flashing eyes, and flying hair, like a pair of young dragons, and when

fully roused 'twas a battle royal, a sight to see. And ever and anon, above the din, was heard the shrill scream of some hapless chick, that despite the mother's efforts to guard it, was being dragged away to the witch's den, and the witch's oven. Once when this sport was progressing by day, the whole thing was brought to a pause by the incursion of one of the prohibited sex. Nell, as witch, was crouching in the centre, over a pile of chips, building her fire. Quite a string of girls were there this time, of all ages, from twelve to five or six, placed according to rule, one behind another, each grasping the waist or dress of the next, like links in a chain ; the row beginning with the largest girls, and gradually tapering down with the least.

At the head of this goodly brood, Nan A., as mother hen, was spreading herself, proud and fussy as a veritable biddy. It was too soon for war yet ; and all were marching round and round, asking flippantly at every turn, "What time is it, old witch?" and singing with gusto the opening song, "I went to the well, O crany crow," etc. When all were startled, confused, and their dulcet notes hushed, by a foreign voice suddenly raising the same strain in a rousing bass ; and a great burly, bush-headed, overgrown boy of fifteen was seen bringing up their rear, holding on to the last and least baby-girl's dress, and mincing daintily round on tiptoe in comical imitation of her airy tread. Every one knew mischief-loving Dan G. as the intruder on this "Princess' realm," but the great good-natured giant looked so droll, that the entire hennery, witch and all, broke into a gleeful cackle. Still, their plumage was somewhat ruffled at the interruption of the rites, nor were they resumed till the strange bird was put to flight.

On those winter eves such vigorous, healthful play was found so excellent a tonic, that by eight o'clock the children would agree that a lunch would be necessary. But they never troubled mamma or big sisters about it, but prepared

and laid it out themselves, all the essentials being found under their own roof in the store-room, to which they were allowed free access. According to the poet, a queen once dined on a "radish and an egg." And these small country folks found far more than these among their stores. They would first place a quantity of fine potatoes in the hot embers on the hearth to bake, then a row of apples near them to roast, and, later, a pot of eggs on the fire to boil. The cooking well begun, they turned their attention to the dried beef. This hung high overhead, but by placing the tallest child on the tallest stool, with orders to tiptoe it and make a long arm, a piece was always secured, which the boys knew how to shave down in large, thin, tempting slices with a plane. The meal thus gotten up from their own resources, was served in the same way. They were wholly independent of the house and its ways; nothing so conventional as even a dish or spoon being used. A broad white plank, fixed on two low stools before the fire, served as a table. Fresh, sweet-scented blocks and boards, great and small, round and square, as ware, and wooden knives and little hands as cutlery. A round block full of salt and a mug full of water, stood in the centre, common to all; and when the tubers were crisp and mealy, the beef sliced, the eggs and apples done to a turn, all was arranged on the board, and the merry company sat down and enjoyed it well, the food being wholesome and abundant, and their fine appetites making the plain repast a feast. Nuts and fruit came last, and with these came the stories; for it was the law that each child must relate one at least. Wondrous tales they were—grave, gay, terrible; some were original, but most old oral traditions, as the whole set had not one real story-book among them. And there they sat, laughing, shuddering by turns; and listening and lingering, a charmed circle, till a message from their elders came by ten o'clock, or sooner, to chide their tardiness and break the spell.

What homely entertainments were these! What rude surroundings! Yet to the simple, unperverted taste of childhood, here was bliss. Cheap pleasure, but more natural, healthful, and unalloyed, than ever was found in splendid drawing-rooms at the most expensive and elaborate child's party or fancy ball. Yes, these were favored, these old-fashioned, unsophisticated, simply-fed, simply-dressed country children. And, haply, never anywhere, by old or young, were happier seasons known than those summer days among the sylvan haunts, and those winter nights around the work-shop fire.——But while the greater part of both families were still children at play, Homer, grown a great boy, was pursuing his studies in view of a profession. And Ted, a tall youth, was attending to the farm-work, and to the various *bees* as well. The two boys seldom, if ever, quarreled; but were good friends and good fellows generally, though some called the former proud, and both egotistical. Ted was sharp-sighted and quick at imitating anything he saw done, but lacked patience to learn to do it well. Mr. Mead had always thought him too speedy and conceited to do things properly; and he became sure of it when Ted came to work a few months with him. It mattered little what the business was, Ted was ready for it. He knew how to do almost everything as well as the master, and some even a little better. When the latter explained a job to him, showing how it must be done, Ted would listen and watch; but not infrequently would respond, "Yes, uncle, I see, but I can show you a better way than that." Or, "I know a quicker way to do it," etc. But this conceit and want of thoroughness were about his worst faults; he was prompt and active, and so good-humored and kind-hearted, that it was hard to be cross with him; and many a time what would have been unbearable impudence in some, seemed only witty and amusing in Ted.

At one time (probably after he left T.'s), the following is

reported of him that would have frightened most young striplings out of all presence of mind: On a cold, snowy day he had gone some distance with the oxen and sled, when the team became unruly, or in some way (not certainly remembered) one of the oxen was killed. But Ted was equal to the emergency. Rushing into a house near, he got help, bled and dressed the animal "all right," got his dinner while it cooled, and then, getting the halves lifted into the sled, turned homeward. The owner, seeing him coming without the load he had sent him for, and with but one ox, called out in amazement:

"What's the matter? Where's your load? Where's Berry?"

"Oh," said Ted, nonchalantly, "*the baste killed himself entirely;* but I've brought you his beef and his hide."

About the time Homer left school, and was considering what profession he had better choose, and was also beginning in a cool, stately sort of way to offer the ladies what admiration he could spare from himself, Ted, four or five years older, had already graduated in flirting, and was seeking a wife in earnest, and, it was said, with excellent success.*

It was at this period that he was again at Mead's for a season, and, as he had been almost like an elder brother among Frederick's children, so here also, though using some authority over the little ones, he guarded and amused them too, taking, in one way and another, considerable care off of Elza.

During his stay, Paul became much excited over a little wagon he had seen. His whole heart was set on having one too, and great was his joy when Ted promised to make him

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* When Ted professed conversion, his friends feared this conceit, etc., would mar his religion, and it *did.* Still they hoped and trusted the root of the matter was in him.

one. When it was begun, the anxious child hung round continually, watching every stroke with delight, and jealous of everything that interrupted the work, if but for an hour. It was getting on well; it might be finished in a day or two more, perhaps sooner ; but on Thursday Paul was surprised and grieved to see the work progress but slowly ; and his feelings rose to indignation when it ceased entirely, and the workman dressed and rode away.

Losing his usual serenity, he rated the rover well for his unaccountable desertion; and his parents, thinking to calm and please him, revealed the secret. "It was wedding day. Ted had gone to be married, and would bring back a bride." But this item of news had no effect at all. What was a wedding to a wagon? A small, no account business, that, anyhow ; any time would have done for that ; but this work was important. And, glum and wretched, the abused little man stood by wheels, tongue, and axles, gazing sadly at every lonesome, disjointed piece, ready to cry with anger and disappointment, and answering to all, like the Jew, "My wagon! My wagon! I don't care for no old weddin'. I want my wagon. I won't like Ted no more—he might a-stayed and done my wagon."

However, after a merry infare at Fred's, and a week or two of jaunting and dining elsewhere, the truant returned, finished the wagon, and Paul forgave him and was happy.

It was near this time, perhaps the same autumn, that a bee was held at Mead's, which Frederick and family of course attended, and which was long remembered by both houses by an event the tidings of which reached them that night. This evening, as usual on such occasions, large preparations were necessary, and the huge clay oven had been filled and emptied, till piles of bread and long rows of pies and cakes filled shelves and dresser, and by dusk many other cookeries were begun also. Mrs. N. and two of the nieces, Lois and Ophelia, were assisting, preparing fruit and vege-

tables, cutting up fowls for the pot-pie, etc.; while Elza made the crust, issued orders, and answered questions at the same time.

"Throw them to the hogs, 'Phelia," had been her last order; and her next was, "Bring me the chicken, Lois." But the pail of rinds stood there safely, and no chicken could be found.

"Oh!" screamed Lois, "'Phelia's took the wrong pail—the chicken's thrown to the pigs!"

None stopped to laugh or lament, but all flew to the rescue. There it lay, strewn over the grass; and they were barely in time, for the swine had scented the feast, and were just waddling up, grunting their satisfaction over the delicacy of their lunch.

This odd peril and escape of their principal dish, added to other incidents and accidents, made much jesting indoors; and without, the men were equally merry. For besides their usual sport, with their captains and their races, they had something new to try their skill—not exactly a "race for the bottle," but a hunt for it, which happened in this way: All the evening Mr. Mead had been noticing with uneasiness that Ed F. and Jem R. were imbibing too freely; but it was almost as delicate and difficult a thing for an entertainer to check his guests' drinking as their eating. Still, if no one else did, he must; for at this rate they would surely go home intoxicated, and perhaps abuse their families. And it occurred to him that the neatest way, and least likely to give offence, would be to get the fire-water lost.

Whether the motive made this bit of strategy, this pious fraud, right or not, the actor thought it did, and he accomplished it cleverly. Pretty soon, says Ed. to Jem, "Let's have a drink"; and he started for the jug, but could not find it; and Jem followed, and he could not find it. And two or three others came to their aid and searched, with no

better success. "Mine host" was called and told of the loss, and he searched,—but—*did not* find it; and then the news was made public, and the hunt became general. Both sides joined in the sport with spirit, laughing and cheering, every one bound to be best fellow. They leaped over the corn, tore through the husks, and peeped into every corner, but nothing was discovered. To most it was a mere frolic, a large, lively game of "hide and seek"; but to the poor inebriates, and two or three others in a less degree, it was a real business, and a trial when no gin was found.

But now happily came a summons to supper, and in the rich variety of well-cooked viands and cheering cups of fragrant tea and coffee, their miserable craving and restless thirst were satisfied, the lost jug was forgotten, and for once these worst topers went home from a husking quiet and sober.

This same night came a message from the South. Rowland was dead! And the laughter and hilarity of the evening changed to tears, and ended in gloom; a gloom and grief that would have been crushing, but for the one blessed hope, that with him it was well,—forever well. As Rowland's practice and income had been large, and his home elegant, he had been reputed wealthier than was true; for his expenses also were great. His wives (who singularly enough had both been widows of officers, who had fallen in the same battle),* had been reared in affluence, and knew little of economy; and both alike had brought him quite a retinue of colored house-servants, making the expense of keeping up such large, wasteful establishments very heavy. Then dying very suddenly, in the midst of his days, all his affairs passed into the hands of strangers, and according to their account, when all was settled, and themselves liberally

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* Massacre of the river Raisin.

paid, there was no great amount left for the only child, Edgar. When asked to choose what articles he would have reserved from his father's house before they were scattered, he glanced over the list of plate, china, pictures, etc., and boy-like chose his watch first; but some of the other articles the executors set aside for him also. Though only fourteen, he was soon after removed from school and placed as assistant in a clerk's office: where, as he wrote rapidly, and a remarkably fine, clear hand, he received a good salary. But though his duty was done well, he felt it so confining and irksome, that after three years he wrote to his father's family, desiring to spend some time with them and finish his education, as he had doubtless been apprised by them that a small legacy awaited him there. For though Rowland had generously refused to take any portion of the parental estate, saying, "they had already given him all he asked or wished in his education"; yet his good father had wisely persisted in leaving in his will a certain sum subject to his order, which would now materially assist the son. So his letter being answered favorably, and his guardians consenting, he resigned his place there, and started northward, arriving first in V——, where he stopped some months with his uncle and aunt Elmer before proceeding further. The young Eastern kinsfolk had heard all their lives of this Southern branch of the family, till everything connected with it seemed historic. Their parents and grandparents had talked fondly of Rowland, describing his person, peculiarities, and virtues: and related tales and incidents of his childhood and youth; and some of the neighbors, too, had vied with them in this, taking a pride in their old-time playmate's success, and lauding and exaggerating the grandeur, style, and fashion of his house and family, till to their unsophisticated ears it sounded like a chapter from a romance. It is little wonder then that the expected visitor should cause some sensation among them,

especially among the girls, who thought of him as the coming hero. It was midsummer when he came, and as he stopped first at Mead's, Lotta and Florette saw him before any of the other Pa. cousins, and have left this account of the event. They (they said) were in the garden gathering currants when he arrived, and concealed themselves behind the bushes, till they could reach the house unseen, and run up-stairs to dress. Flo would laugh when describing their appearance, saying, "We were at the very greenest, homeliest age, and in our plaid cotton frocks, home-spun, and home-made, I daresay we were frights." But Lotta, less critical, or more self-complacent, would interrupt her with, "No, no, Flo, we looked very well, and were then, and always, dressed like other girls." But let that pass. When ready, they went down and followed mamma, shy and blushing, to the parlor, where papa sat with the guest. He rose as she pronounced their names, and came forward to greet them, and glancing up they saw before them a slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed youth of eighteen or nineteen, dressed in a light gray summer suit, with a gold chain and seals at his side. He had the neatest of hands and feet, the whitest of teeth, fine features, and a winning smile; his voice and language were cultured, and his manners easy and refined.

How their beauty faded! How their best rustic manners and rustic ornaments dwindled to nothing, beside those of the handsome, graceful stranger's. Why, his watch and chain alone were worth some hundreds of dollars,—had cost more, maybe, than everything in their house. And then his air! how grand it was. And this, then, was the long-talked-of visitor! This was he! Hugh Edgar Traulie, the Southern cousin!

The same evening several of Fred's family called to see and welcome their kinsman, and with laugh and jest stole him away from Mead's, and bore him off in triumph to grace their place awhile. But important as he was in all

these young eyes, and in his own, only the briefest sketch of him can be given here. Free and lively in disposition, but a short time sufficed to make him acquainted with both families, and to fairly install him among them as visitor, student, and boarder; for though he began his studies almost immediately with a competent teacher—he was a day-scholar, returning to one or the other of these homes at night. Like his father, he was a tireless reader; and with a keen sense of humor, laughed by the hour over Gulliver, Hudibras, Don Quixote, and kindred works; and like him, too, prized solid literature as beyond price. But unlike him, he was not at all serious, or fond of sermons; saying flippantly, "I had enough of being stifled up in hot, sweltering churches in father's time,—but need not go now." However, seeing all his friends going habitually, he often accompanied them, and owned that their preacher was really learned and talented as well as pious.

Lesser foibles came to view, one by one; but little Rose Mead was the first of all to find them even in his manners, that all had judged so courtly. Silent and diffident, yet in her infant heart, she secretly admired the family idol as much as any one; and feeling that she too should offer something at his shrine, one day sought out the largest, roundest, reddest apple extant, and sidling coyly in behind his chair, laid her gift lovingly in his hand. But busy with his studies, the thoughtless ingrate received it in silence, and, after one taste, with a growl and grimace at its sourness, flung it from the window; a piece of rudeness that Rose in a long lifetime never forgot.

He did not seem haughty; never held himself aloof; but went everywhere with his cousins, and played his part well; made friends with the neighboring lads; waited on the girls with a grace and devotion that won all hearts; and assisted cheerily at whatever was going on.

When at the Gale flax-pulling, a lingering drizzle came

on, driving all indoors, a few of the boys volunteered to return to the field and pull till supper and playtime if Mrs. G. could find them wraps. Hugh was among these, and donning a long-tailed drab, a real fatherly old coat of daddy G.'s, he sallied forth, and worked and joked with the best. But the trouble was, however much he seemed to enjoy these country bees, and by his wit and sprightliness helped others to enjoy them too, yet he invariably came home to laugh at everything. He found endless food for mirth in an outdoor *fête* he once attended in the extreme backwoods, where the head of the table was graced by a roasted ox, standing upright with an ear of corn in its mouth, surrounded by a quiet family of pigs and lesser game dressed and arranged in the same fashion. Besides Adam's ale and old rye for drink, there was a mighty wassail bowl of egg-nog, of which every one was expected to taste, each and all drinking from the same vessel. And then, too, he said the attitudes and speeches of the orators, and the toilet of the ladies, were alike indescribably funny. Nor did his kindred wholly escape, for he satirized many things in both establishments. At Fred's the bill of fare did not always suit his dainty palate; and vexed at the want of a room exclusively his own, he often deserted rooms, friends, and all; and scaling a wall, climbed to the third story, and read and wrote by the tiny four-paned window beneath the rafters; the cousins retaliating, by dubbing this dark, dusty, rat-haunted garret "Ed's office."

The M.'s table he always praised. "Uncle Dauph is a famous provider," he said; "and Aunt Elza a prime cook." But then, various other things were wrong. The house, for instance, though built and furnished in the very best style of the times, was not to his taste.

"Aunt," he began one day, as he lolled in the shady yard, and viewed the structure critically, "I was just thinking what a famous fire this old wooden building would make."

"Yes," she assented, glancing at the shaky log kitchen; "that old-time cabin does disgrace our house, and Mead intends soon to demolish it."

"Ah!" he returned, laughing, "but I referred to all parts, —the entire mansion!"

But Aunt E. resenting this insolence, he finally apologized.

By and by, Frederick proposed finding him a clerkship again; but when the place was ready the clerk was not.

"Uncle," he said frankly, "I had rather not accept it. I really should be much mortified if any of my city friends saw me located in a place like B——-!"

Then Fred's wrath arose. He consulted with brother Mead, and both uncles agreed that the position was a good one. They would willingly see their sons filling similar ones. Edgar was too high-minded by far; proud and poor, etc.

But to be brief, at the end of two years, both parties mutually weary of each other, they parted. Without consulting any of his kin as to means, plans, business, or place, the orphan took his leave, and they saw him no more.

Grandma Bessie excused him as much as possible, and gave him a parting gift and blessing, and Elza did the same; for, after all, he was dear Rowland's child, his only child, and they loved him for his sake. And more than one fair maiden wept his departure, and through life kept a niche in memory sacred to this hero of her earliest dreams, —Hugh Edgar Traulie.

Poor Ed! few of his Northern friends loved or praised him; for, though he had various good traits, his airs and eccentricities were too many; yet much might be said truly of these, in excuse and explanation. Left so young, without parental care or restraint, it is no marvel that he should grow somewhat wayward, or that one entirely city-bred should not at once take kindly to country customs. Accus-

tomed to the fashion and style of a capital, where, even at that early date, six, or seven hundred dollars was not an uncommon outlay for an evening party, the best country bees must needs look cheap and small, the best country mansions plain and ill-furnished.

And when mere neighbors remembered and described the elegance of his father's house, long after it had gone to strangers, and fifty years after his death, still boasted of his wit and eloquence,* and told of the crowded court-room that hung on his pleading, it was but natural that his son should remember it too; perfectly natural that this unformed youth should talk with pride of the brilliant past, and sadly contrast it with the poor, prosaic present.

But, beyond all else, perhaps, the faults of Hugh were attributable to the influence of the spirit of slavery that then, as always, degraded labor. Having seen it performed only by slaves, he was naturally disconcerted here on seeing everybody, rich and poor, so busy. Those who had servants, generally worked too, often harder than their slaves; and many, his own kin included, kept none at all. These hired help, both black and white, when necessary, but only as help; for uncles, aunts, cousins, neighbors, all worked, too, at something. None dawdled aimlessly, eating the bread of idleness; and even the small school children had their night and morning chores to attend to, as well as play and lessons. But, of course, this frugal, wholesome mode of life did not seem pleasant to prince Edgar, nor even respectable; and it is not strange that his strong prejudice against it,

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*For instance: Once, a slave was to be hung (whether by a court or a mob, is uncertain); but Rowland, convinced of the poor, friendless wretch's innocence, stepped forward, and voluntarily plead his cause; and such was the effect, that not only was the prisoner's life spared, but he escaped without any punishment at all. All the crowd just before thirsting for his blood, rejoicing in his escape.

should at times reveal itself in what to his industrious friends appeared like insolence and ingratitude.

They parted coldly, and he returned South, where, after some years of study among his father's friends and colleagues, he entered the bar ; but, of his after career little is known. For a short time, at first, he wrote to his old tutor, and occasionally to Homer also; then all communication ceased, and an alien and a stranger from the home of his fathers, this only son, sole child of the idolized Rowland, became thenceforth nothing to his kindred; nothing but a name ; only a memory and a name.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Afflictions come not singly, but in battalions."

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"Alas ! for the clay that is resting now on darkened eye and faded brow,
Wo for the cheek that hath ceased to bloom, for the lips that are dumb in the silent tomb !
How shall I fix on earth's beautiful dust, ever again my heart's deep trust !
What can the void in my bosom fill ? Oh, that my treasure was with me still !
Alas ! for the hopes that with thee have died ! O darling ! would I were by thy side,
For all that was lovely to me is there ; weary is life and a load to bear."

TO J. W.

Little or nothing has as yet been said of Frederick T.'s wife, Katrina Van Costo, though, like her famous namesake, the heiress of Van Tassell, her gifts and graces were many. She was descended from an old family in L——, and con-

nected with several other families and individuals there, some of whom rose to distinction in their day. But whatever some of her kin had attained to, Katrina herself had sounded no seas of knowledge, knew nothing of fashionable accomplishments, and had no special taste for science or literature. What she was noted for and excelled in were personal charms, sense, affection, and domestic virtues generally. In person she was what the story-writers call "a perfect woman in miniature"; for her figure was very small, yet moulded like a Hebe's; her features delicate but beautiful; her complexion the purest rose and lily; her hair a rich golden-brown, sweeping to her waist. When Fred led his little bride blushing and trembling to the altar, so soft and coy, so dimpled and fair, all the guests looked on smiling and admiring, if not envying; and yet some of the more practical could scarcely avoid, even there, doubting the wisdom of his choice. "A lovely bride" she was certainly, but what kind of a farmer's wife would she make; how would such a dainty young creature answer as the mistress of a family? To them, "she looked far more like a plaything, a pretty child to be petted and amused, than the head of a house."

But this proved a false induction, for whatever her appearance was, there was nothing doll-like or childish in the little madam's character. On the contrary, it was soon discovered that she had not only a will of her own, but sound sense and good judgment; and though so young, was already an expert housekeeper and clever manager. No garden around throve better than hers; no dairy was neater; and, as for baking, brewing, pickling, and preserving, she rivalled Dame Primrose herself. Besides all this, she often kept two women spinning while her own active hands found time to run the loom. Of German descent, she spoke that language fluently, and often mischievously launched suddenly into it, when inconvenient youngsters or other bab-

blers entered. She could tell of many strange customs, legends, and superstitions of "fatherland," that lent a charm to her society; and immortalized herself among the children by the *éclat* with which she kept the Christmas and other holidays, adding new rites, new cakes, new games, and teaching them also to exchange visits, gifts, and glad greeting with each other, thus making these joyous seasons more joyous still. Believing such small fictions harmless, she it was who first told them of Santa Claus, and taught them to prepare for him by hanging their stockings in the chimney-corner, and making "rabbits' nests" of their clothes in all the empty chairs around their beds to hold his gifts. The whole tribe of unwholesome candies being then nearly or quite unknown, "white loaf" and "maple sugar" were used in their place. And on rising the little ones would find their "nests and hose" peopled with whole families of dolls, cats, dogs, balls, and so on, of sweetened dough, swelled to true Dutch stoutness in the frying; and, better still, with articles of pure sugar—such as twists of taffy, stars, hearts, marbles, and eggs. These latter, made by filling the empty shells (through a small hole) with the heated nectar, where it soon hardened, were usually sent from S——, but were such great favorites, that little A. wisely suggested the naturalization of the producers of such saccharine goodies.

It was a high day, and, proud and happy, she was hovering round a small nest of them, when she asked, suddenly:

"Mamma, why can't we have this good sort of hens too? I want sugar hens, to lay sugar eggs for us."

New Year's day was also celebrated by Katrina with due ceremony, and Easter also. At the latter feast she taught the children new and amusing ways of preparing their eggs, especially the boiled ones, which by her direction were often dyed black, red, yellow, green, or some other color; and droll pictures, names, dates, etc., being etched on them with a

knife or darning-needle; they were sent round something like the comic valentine of this day, to please, or tease the receiver.

Once Max received a long double-egg, dyed love's own hue, and bearing this delicious bit of doggerel:

"Max Mead and Dolly May,
Happy are they this Easter day."

But Max, who abominated jokes at *his* expense, soon smashed the painted shell, legend and all, and ungallantly devoured the contents himself, instead of presenting it to little Dolly, or at least sharing it with her, as he had ought to.

On All-Hallow-Eve, under her instruction, the boys and girls tried their fortunes, gaining wide views of the future by such black arts as "tossing melted pewter into the air," plunging a handful of disjointed letters into water, counting apple seeds, and throwing the rinds over the left shoulder; breaking the merry-bone, eating a salt cake, tying toes together, and twenty other devices. This nonsense made much sport, and might have passed as play if it had stopped there; but two of the actors, Flo and Lida, getting excited, and anxious for some more definite knowledge of coming events, once came near turning the jest to earnest.

Starting one day for Mrs. N.'s, they strayed off two or three miles beyond to consult a (reputed) *real* fortune-teller. They came to N.'s as they returned, and Flo, overcome with weariness, or, perhaps, with the greatness of her promised fortune, fainted away almost as soon as seated in the house. As the road had been very rough, as well as long, this fine enterprise cost them no little fatigue, and ended in a solemn lecture and sharp rebuke from their parents. And as none of the brave tales they had feed the old Gipsy to tell ever came true, the young misses concluded that they might as well have waited for time to tell their fortunes, after all.

A great many jests and merry pranks were also perpetrated in these old-time Hallow-Eves by the young men, who, gathering in clans, roamed about through the night doing any, and every bit of wild mischief that came into their heads, and generally the first business for householders next morning was to search it out and set it to rights. Chimneys would be found stopped up; yards littered with cabbage-heads and other vegetables that had been fired at the house; carts, sleds, plows, almost everything movable, might be seen stacked, pell-mell, one on another, or, worse still, they had vanished to parts unknown, to be hunted and brought home. Often a grave old farmer discovered that one or more of his wagon wheels had been borrowed and not returned; and occasionally he missed a door, window, or something else from an out-house, and found it on the top of a haystack, or some such handy place. Once some bold young Samsons lifted a huge gate from its hinges, and, bearing it to the top of an adjacent hill, hoisted it into the midst of an oak tree, where it hung next day, a new and curious feature in the sylvan landscape. . . . .

From childhood up, Fred T. had been favored not only with unbounded spirits, but with a constitution that nothing seemed to injure. His feats of strength, the surprise and envy of his peers, were highly imprudent; and though he heeded heat and cold scarcely more than his horse, and a ducking little more than his spaniel, yet sickness never came nigh him. No kind of weather stopped him if wishing to go out, and if in haste, he had been detected in smuggling on linen steaming with dampness, saying lightly, "It's no use to wait bothering to dry clothes for such wet travelling, and you know nothing ever hurts me." And away he would gallop five or six miles through the rain.

Of course his mother often blamed him, telling him "such careless exposure would show its effects by and by"; and a common remark of his father's was, "Fred, you will

be an old man while yet a young one." But Fred felt as though he never could be sick or old, so this wise counsel did little good.

But at length the tide turned, and these halcyon days were succeeded by starless gloom and waves of trouble. Grief and reverses followed so swiftly one after another, that Fred felt like Job, and began to realize that much that he had once considered but poetic hyperbole, such as, "When afflictions come, they come," etc., might have been wrung from bitter experience.

First came the sad vigils with his father—his long, distressing illness, extending over four years, and ending in death. And soon after, a second deep wound was inflicted by the unexpected misfortunes, and sudden death of his only brother, Rowland. Near the same time his own health, that he had deemed well-nigh indestructible, began to fail. Keen sciatic pains seized his limbs, and a weakness and trembling like palsy crept over his frame. Truly, as he had been warned, he felt like some "decrepit eld," though yet in his prime. The best physicians could give no permanent relief, and at the end of two years, new and alarming symptoms appearing, they pronounced the case hopeless. "He might linger a few weeks, possibly. Still, if there was anything he wished to do or say, there had better be no unnecessary delay."

Less shocked than they had feared, the patient heard the verdict calmly, thanked them for their long and faithful attendance, and, acting on their advice, began to set his house in order. There was much to do; but, happily, the great work of life was already done. Long before, he had professed religion and united with the church of his mother, and believing that he had a good hope in Christ, and could die in peace, he turned his chief attention to the welfare of those he was leaving. He had a large family now, mostly young daughters, the eldest girl scarcely seventeen, the

youngest but an infant; and as Homer's location was fixed elsewhere, the principal care must necessarily fall on the wife and mother. Knowing this, the doomed man roused all his flagging powers, and resolutely set himself to the task of making her burden as light as possible. Business was settled, accounts squared, improvements and repairs on farm and buildings finished, stock sold, purchases made—in short, all that could be done and planned for her comfort and convenience was done.

But the husband was restless still; and often while walking with her through their pleasant rooms, leaning on his staff, or sitting beside her in the gloaming, he talked anxiously of her future—that future he was not to share. "Could she, all unaided, govern so large a family, and watch over its destiny for two worlds, or would her strength endure the strain when his cares also were added to her own? Would an inexperienced female be able, after all his instruction, to understand business so as to oversee it properly? Could she manage such and such points alone, or surmount this difficulty or that, when he was gone?" Thus he queried sometimes with her, oftener with himself; sometimes hopefully, as he considered how far-seeing and capable she was in her own sphere—anon doubtfully, as he remembered how totally unacquainted she was with his. But the little wife happily was not easily depressed. Naturally brave and hopeful, she calmed the invalid's fears and strengthened his confidence by responding to all his moods with cheerfulness.

"Yes, yes," she said, "she understood all his plans and wishes. His business should not be neglected, nor the children miss his care. She would strive to be both father and mother to the orphans. And as his own loving hand had arranged everything well for his family, he must trust that all would go on well, and rest in peace."

These free conversations were salutary. While they famil-

iarized both with the idea of parting, it was some relief to him to find that it was to one as firm and strong-hearted as she was loving, that he was leaving his fatherless children.

. . . . . .

Among the last articles that Frederick had purchased for survivors, was one that particularly pleased both himself and his wife. The tall eight-day brass clock, reaching from floor to ceiling, then just coming into vogue, was the costly novelty of the day; and he had determined to present one of these as a rare and stately keepsake to Katrina; a monitor, to mark the time for her, when for him there should be time no longer. It and other articles had been ordered and expected against a certain day, but had not yet arrived. . . . . In that age, a belief in dreams, tokens, etc., was very common; and about this time, Katrina received so strong a presentiment of a "quick coming" funeral, that it impressed her very deeply, and she also described it with startling distinctness to others. And these heard and answered according to their belief or disbelief in such things; but all, in one way or another, connected the vivid impression with the looked-for event, and instinctively thought of Fred. But the wife continued doubtfully: "This scarcely seemed to be Fred's funeral; it must be that, though, poor dear, for he's going fast, but it did not seem quite that either." And Fred thought as he listened, and smiled incredulously at this conversation, that if such things as tokens did exist, except in people's fancies, yet in his case, one was scarcely needed, as the dullest eyes could see that, for him, the grave was waiting. And then the subject was changed, perhaps forgotten; and by and by when the husband and wife were alone, and talking quietly of common affairs, he told her he had had word from J., a certain promise, that they were not again to be disappointed about their late purchases, as the more important part of them, at least, would certainly be there on Tuesday. The

day came,—but not the presents ; and yet truly, it brought things new and strange. It brought a shroud—a coffin—a grave. But not for Fred,—for Katrina!

Taken suddenly ill on Sabbath evening, before danger was realized, or the physician she had refused to have called earlier, could arrive, she was gone ; died after but a few hours' illness, and was buried on Tuesday. Said an eye-witness, verging on his fourscore years and ten : "I was young then, but never in my long life have I seen another funeral like that. I see it yet,—the throngs of strangers standing in groups without. The crowd of friends and neighbors sitting within ; mourning with the mourners in the desolated home, mingling their tears with theirs. The pallid spectre-husband, bowing now over the wailing babe in its cradle,—now over the mother in her coffin! The uncontrollable grief of the children, sobbing aloud in unison ; pressing together, dismayed and bewildered like frightened lambs. So suddenly made motherless, so soon to be fatherless, what a scene it was at the house, on the way, at the grave! All was lamentation and woe, and every tree an Allon-Bachuth. A few days after, all was over ; the long-looked-for goods arrived, but the owner was not there. And hearts bled afresh, as each article took the niche that she had appointed for it ; and the stately time-piece began to peal forth its silver chimes ; but all too low to rouse the sleeper, all too late to count the hours for her, who had numbered her days, and changed time for eternity.

And Katrina, buoyant, blooming Katrina, was dead, and Frederick was living! It could scarcely be believed or realized, yet so it was. And stranger still, his symptoms slowly changed for the better,—the disease in a much milder form becoming chronic, but being no longer dangerous. . . . . Not long after the wife's death, probably it was the following summer, his third daughter Rose, blooming as her name, sickened, and died after a fortnight's suffering.

Delirious more or less throughout, little conversation was held with her, and probably she never knew what prayers ascended around her bed. But there was some consolation to her friends, in knowing that the saving truths she had been learning all her fourteen years had been well remembered. The poor wandering mind still hovered round the story of the cross; and the fever-parched lips whispered it in broken sentences, and disjointed texts, over and over. But the dark angel had other missions still. A few more moons "waxed and waned," and then:

> "Over the river, the silent river,
> He carried another, the household pet."

In the case of this child, who died at two years old, there occurred the phenomenon sometimes witnessed, of seeming health returning just before death. The child was with his maternal grandparents when taken with malignant croup. On the last day, toward evening, he grew easy, and lay quiet for some time; then rousing up, smiled brightly on his nurse, and insisted on leaving the cradle. When seated on the rug, he was ready for play; and soon spying his grandpa's Sunday shoes, made a sally on them, capturing first one, then the other; when he proceeded to try them on his own feet, try them on his hands, tug at the shining buckles with tooth and nail, and amuse himself in true baby-fashion, like a child in health. But all the pretty gambols did not deceive the wise grandma. "Sweet darling," she said, "it's struck with death! It's playing and dying!" And true enough, ere the turn of the night, the dimpled limbs were cold and still forever. This was the second child Fred had named for his brother Rowland, and now, both were gone. But he had one more son, a sprightly lad of ten; and on this, his own namesake, he built many a hope for the coming years,—hopes and dreams that were never to be realized.

One morning the little Frederick was sent on some errand about the stock in a distant field. It was a fair, still autumnal day. The "soft southwest," toying languidly with the "many-colored woods," scarcely fanned his ruddy cheek or stirred the golden hair. Wild grapes were purpling on the vine; brown nuts were rustling to the ground. Black sloes were in their prime, and various birds, chirping and feasting among their boughs, peeped forth at him as he passed. Squirrels, bustling and busy about their winter stores, stopped here and there to mark his approach, and bark and scold in mimic wrath at the intrusion. A flock of loquacious crows held high conference on a tall, dead tree, and from their lofty perch cawed contempt on all beneath; while their second cousins, the jays, paused now and then in their plundering, to shake their azure plumes and retort saucily from their lower perch in the fields of ripened corn.

Among all these rural sights and sounds, now whistling, now singing, care-free and joyous as the merry creatures round him, the happy boy bounded along.

A lovely walk it was—and it was his last. Returning home, he went to report the success of his mission, and lingered a little to prattle of what he had seen. But seeing his father engaged with his papers and accounts, he presently left him and went out to where some work was going forward; and this was the last time he was seen by him alive. Not twenty minutes after he had left the house, he was carried back a bleeding corpse. Some stay in the machinery had given way, a shaft had fallen, and in a moment crushed out the glad young life.

And the father—the woful father! Now, truly, friends feared for his reason, as he fell to the earth beside his dead, and begged and prayed for death, entreating one and another, like him on Gilboa's heights, for mercy's sake to end his misery. Life was a burden more than he could bear;

death a blessed, welcome boon. Thus he cried and called on heaven and earth in a perfect frenzy of grief and despair that none could comfort or quell. But happily this fearful phase soon passed; and when some degree of self-control was gained, he began to notice and strive to calm the wailing, horror-stricken children—a task that others had essayed in vain.

Only the four little girls were with him during this fiery ordeal, as the three elder children were absent at the time, and at such a distance that, with the slow mails of that date, they could not even hear of their brother's death till days and days after he was buried. . . . .

The checkered life of Frederick T., well told, would fill a volume itself; but suffice it here to say that, despite all his trials, he lived on—lived to drain many another bitter cup of sorrow, and also to receive many mercies—see many good days. With memory strong and reason perfect to the end, he survived to ripe old age, enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing his family generally prosperous and happily settled in life, and his descendants of the third generation prattling round his knees.*

But let us leave these strictly domestic events, and turn to others.

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* The disease that had attacked him forty years before and followed him ever after, increased tenfold in violence during the latter part of his life, and of it he died at last.

CHAPTER XLII.

This was the crowded street, our Appian way, the nation's thoroughfare.

Black deed! Cursed deed! The all-seeing eye, the solemn heights looked down,
The grim crags watched, the dark pines saw it all:
These the sole witnesses—Nature and God.

The leading article in a solid New York magazine for November, 1879, is devoted to the "Old National Pike," with charming illustrations. It says:

"Henry Clay was its chief supporter as well as projector.* It was excellently macadamized, furnished with fine stone bridges, iron sign-posts, and strong iron toll-gates." . . . . There seemed to be an endless procession of figures. There were sometimes sixteen gaily-painted coaches each way a day, and the cattle and sheep were never out of sight. The huge "canvas-covered wagons were drawn by six or twelve horses, with bows of bells over their collars. . . . . The families of statesmen and merchants went by in private vehicles; and while most of the travellers were unostentatious, a few had splendid equipages, and employed outriders. Some of the passes through the Alleghanies were as precipitous as any in the Sierra Nevada, and the mountains were as wild." In its palmy days, "the traffic on this highway was as dense and continuous as in the main street of a large town."

The author having seen but a slight synopsis of this article on the "Old Pike," knows not what other features were added to the picture, but is aware that many others might have been given, such as the frequent panic and stampede those long lines of four-horse coaches, thundering by one

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* Others say Gallatin suggested the idea.

after another, caused among other timid travellers, making them clear the way at double-quick and seize their horses' heads, that often grew as wild and unmanageable as when meeting a train of cars now.

Then there was the daily advent of the pompous post-boy,* who in fancy livery, on fiery charger, with blare of trumpet, rushed by at headlong speed, scattering shouting urchins and barking curs east and west in his course.

The Chief Magistrate, as well as his senators, often passed this way to take his seat; his coach watched for in the Pike villages, and greeted with waving flags and joyous cheers. Grave Indian chiefs, decked with plumes and paint, marched solemnly along this noisy thoroughfare, going to have their "talks" with the "Great Father" at the capital, on their treaties, their rights and their wrongs.

Poor red man! forever falling before the pale-face. In every age robbed, banished, betrayed. Justice tarries yet; his countless wrongs still cry to Heaven for vengeance.

The tender heart of Bessie often mourned over the woes of the Indians; but there was another sight that at times disgraced this great national road, and gave hints of a system she deemed more base and cruel still. Bands of men whose only crime was their color, fettered and chained together as felons, might be seen passing by, guarded by horsemen with threatening whips, driven along like beasts toward the Southern market. With all they loved left behind them, weary, foot-sore, heart-sore, the ranks filed slowly along the white, dusty, flinty road. Past the strong iron sign-posts, through the dark iron gates, on, on, to hopeless, endless, "unrequited toil," far from home and friends,

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* The section from Cumberland, Md., to Uniontown, Pa., 62 miles, was awarded to William Morris and Alonzo A. Littell at $5,000 a year. The journey was performed in 6 hours and 18 minutes, being the fastest overland mail (then) in America.

"To love and hope in vain,
And wear their lives away,
In the fields of rice and 'bacca,
Or die 'mid the cotton and the cane."

. . . . . .

While travel was so immense on the "Pike," smithies sprung up on every side, and inns with their huge watering troughs, and handsome sign-boards, proffering entertainment for man and beast, abounded and prospered. Servants, both maids and men, were kept moving, but liked the high wages and bustle of such places. "Mine host" was usually a bold, jovial, free-spoken fellow, prone to take a nip at his own bar, and more or less profane except before ladies. The hostess was almost invariably kind, hospitable, and tastefully dressed, and not unfrequently cultured and well-bred, a true gentlewoman of the old style.

Some of these establishments offered stalls for a hundred horses; and as fourteen covered wagons, with their teams, six, eight, and twelve strong, sometimes stopped overnight at one house, all were needed and more.

Soon after this route came into use, artists and other travellers of taste began to stop off for a day or a week in Fayette County, to enjoy the scenery, and visit its places of historic interest. And after the Fayette House was built, and the virtues of its springs proved, invalids from various points gathered there for health, while others followed for pleasure, till the mountain inns could receive no more.

And so much did these city folk enjoy their cool retreats, with their pure breezes and whispering pines, that they were in no haste to depart, some of them lingering there the summer through.

The neighboring citizens too, in village and country, began to drive up occasionally with their families and guests for a day's recreation on the hills—which habit has now become well-nigh universal; but it was not learned from

the fathers. The pioneers had more than enough nature all around their cabins, and were too busy toiling to change its wild beauty into decent corn-fields, and thrifty potato patches, to indulge æsthetic or antiquarian tastes. Fighting the wolf from the door, literally as well as figuratively, was not favorable to sentiment and romance.

True "Washington's First Battle Ground," "Washington's Spring," "Fort Necessity," and "Point Lookout," etc., were household words, and almost any mother could point her children to the bald heights of Dunbar's Camp, and tell them of Jumonville's Hold and "Braddock's Grave"; but they were content to talk of them at a distance ; and though every deep gorge and high peak of the mountain was known and named by them, they seldom or never visited them except on business, to obtain wild fruits, nuts, game, etc. Such a thing as a party of grown persons going there simply for pleasure was unknown. But after the discovery of "Delany's Cave," some few—one here and there—had the curiosity to go alone or with a chum or two, to examine it, but none ventured in very far.

At length two young fellows determined to "stand no more nonsense." They were "the boys," they said, "what was agoin' right through that pokey cave." And they set out for it, both bound by a vow, more profane than pious, to find the end, or die in the attempt ; and whether they found the cave's end or not, they did come very near finding their own ; for, to be brief, they lost their way, their lights burned out, their food was spent, and there they were, far under ground in the midst of a labyrinth of dungeons, with no cue to an outlet.

For a while there was united effort to find the way ; companionship in misery ; but by and by, in their fright and bewilderment they drifted apart, and for hours and hours each wandered, and searched, and groped through the blackness alone—climbing, creeping, stumbling, falling, bruised, foot-sore, famishing.

And when, completely worn out, they could drag their weary limbs no further, each sank down where he was, afar from the other, alone to die. And thus they were found on the third day, each in his grizzly cell, that but for timely aid would have proved his tomb.

After this affair, further trouble was feared; and to prevent it, the door of the cave, which was but a meagre entrance at best, was entirely closed, and all trace of it concealed by a heap of brushwood. This was about 1800 or 1801 that it was closed, but how long it remained so is uncertain, though it could not have been long, as soon after Fred's marriage we find him with his Katrina and several others, married and single, planning an excursion to it. Elza promised to accompany them too, on certain conditions; for though keen for adventure, she was rather timid.

"There must be abundance of light, and plenty of twine to unwind as they went in."

"Yes, yes, we'll have no end of light, Miss Elza," cried Ben B., "and a whole peck of twine."

And this and everything being settled, all met at Fred's in the early morning of a fair summer's day; and then it was,

"Away to the hills, away!"

After a merry ride of some miles, they reached the top of the ridge, and stopped just where a high, densely wooded knob rises abruptly from its summit. At the foot of this peak they found a small pit, not unlike a huge funnel, and in the lower side of this pit, an orifice, some three feet high, appeared, opening into a deep, murky, muddy passage, descending some twenty-five feet into the earth. This was the first view, and a forbidding one it was.

When the leader waved his hat, exclaiming that this was the beginning of the wondrous cave, the ladies shook their heads, feeling as neighbor Pliable, that he "might enjoy the

brave country alone for them," for they "would never go cringing and creeping into such a gloomy, slimy, suffocating den as that." However, after a little coaxing and reassuring, all consented to start at least. Every one bore a flaming pine torch ; the guide also carried tinder-box and extra candles, and Elza's own careful hand anchored the cable at the door, and unwound the ball.

They did as folks do now—looked and admired, talked and sang, drank from the gurgling spring, wrote their names on the granite wall ; and this was done so indelibly that Elza's name was read there by her children thirty years after.

They returned safely, feeling well repaid. And this was among the first (it is believed was), the *very first* visit made to this place by ladies. The dimensions of this cave have been variously estimated, some saying that if all its windings were measured, they would extend over four or five miles ; whilst others say that, after a tolerably thorough survey, the furthest point they were able to reach with compass and chain was less than a mile and a half. But very probably there are many other halls that are yet inaccessible. The rooms are of divers shapes and sizes. After going through a long passage, the first room is found to be nearly triangular in form, and from fifty to sixty feet wide. "Chapel Hall is very large, but the next room, though smaller, is loftier, the ceiling at some points rising from eighty to one hundred feet. The last room is at least 1,500 feet perpendicularly lower than the entrance, and in some parts the descent is very rapid—ten or fifteen feet at once. At one point there is an abrupt descent of twenty-five feet through a small crevice in the rocks"; and this grim, dark, dangerous stairway some weary wight has given a naughty name, the "Devil's Chimney."

"Almost throughout, unseen water is heard running beneath the floor, and one stream is visible for several hun-

dred feet, showing by the wash along its bed that at times of high water it is strong enough to turn a grist-mill." *

While prosy visitors see nothing in Delany's Cave but huge rocks, "a hard road to travel," and clusters of sleeping bats clinging to the walls, others see much and imagine more. The timid glance uneasily round these dreary depths, connecting them with the thought of wild beasts, toads, reptiles, and all uncanny things; and start at the gliding shadows, thinking of lurking robber or wandering ghost. The poet exults and finds inspiration amid these deep solitudes, and calls his muse to celebrate its "awful cells" and "long-drawn aisles." The amateur savant grows excited over blocks of spar, and fervid at the sight of stalactite and stalagmite pendant from the dome or springing from the floor; or, marking a fossil shell, dreams of the lapse of time since these were ocean caves, and hears the wild Atlantic surging and booming through its caverns. But the belle and beau who are there only for fashion's sake, trouble their heads with no such rubbish. The whole thing is a bore. When others pause to enjoy the views, marvel and exclaim, they pause for a bit of gossip. While he twirls his mustache, she adjusts her bangs. They remark on the cave costumes of their friends, and admire their own, or discuss the latest novel, the new song, the last party, the expected wedding, the coming ball, or other matters equally relevant. But tastes will differ—let it pass.

Some six miles southwest of Dunbar (where troops of well-trained soldiers' orphans now man the fort, and gather the rust-eaten relics of the French war), another noted peak rears its piny head, and sighs forever, like "Pelion to the fields of Thessaly." This is Pine Knob, which, from spring to late autumn, parties are continually ascending.

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* These figures, etc., are taken from "Poets and Poetry of Fayette County."

On a clear day the naked eye sweeps a mighty panorama; and assisted by a good glass, it is said that from this peak, one can trace, or look beyond, the course of three rivers, and view the hills of three counties.

Sometimes the pleasure is varied by turning from distant prospects to those nearer. "I see everything," cried one, boasting of the strength of his glass that had drawn the adjacent farms and hamlets to his feet. "I can see a mosquito buzzing through M——," (two miles distant.) "Pshaw," returned his friend, coolly, "that's nothing, I can see it's eyes!" But such clear views are not had every day, even from this fine natural observatory. Four miles south of Pine Knob, and three miles north of Delany's Cave, on the southwestern slope of Chestnut Ridge, there stands another object of interest, named by the pioneers White Rock. This is a ledge of sandstone, some say a quarter of a mile long; but as it extends under-ground, none can tell how far, covered with trees and bushes, its exact size can not be determined. But what is visible measures some 738 feet long, and most of this is one solid table-rock, from forty to fifty-two feet wide. As it forms a part of the hillside it slopes with it, a regular down-grade from east to west its entire length, and being smooth and slippery as a floor, proves to some a rather uncertain promenade. It is the northern side that joins, and is level with the surface of the ground; while the southern side is one continuous precipice from end to end; as has been said, several hundred feet long, and between fifty and sixty feet high. A long, narrow cavern runs under the ledge half or two-thirds of its length; but in some past convulsion of nature the rock has been rent for 150 feet perhaps, leaving this lower end of the cave roofed only by a slender strip of sky and dimly lighted;* while the upper and much broader part with a

* Formerly two very large birch trees sprang from the floor of this

ceiling some ten yards thick is in inky darkness. Just outside this cave, and in some other places, the sides of the rock are worn into smooth, undulating grooves, one above another, evidently by the action of water; but how formed, and when? Some affirm that "our Alleghanies are the eldest born of mountains." Is this, then, the trace left by waves ere God had set the "sea its bounds"; when "darkness was yet on the face of the deep," and against this occidental Gibraltar, its black billows dashed and broke? As to color, this rock has always been called white, and this, and light gray, are the prevailing tints, though dashes of dark gray, black, and other shades abound. But a slight remove, blends all these into one, and seen from a distance, glinting under a summer sun, against the dark hillside, all hues are softened to whiteness, and it looks fair and unstained as an avalanche of Alpine snow. Looking forth over the billowy green, from this shimmering island of stone, it is seen environed with hills on every side. Those on the west, slope downward below it, and gradually decreasing and receding for a league or less, sink to gentle swells, and unite with the country, that dotted with hamlets, forges, and farm-houses, stretches away toward the setting sun; but at other points, the silent, solemn peaks, rising far above,—look down on it forever, and standing like mighty sentinels, watch it through the slow-passing ages.

On the southern side, a little below the main rock, others still more rude and picturesque rise, as high as it, and perhaps a fourth as long, that would be deemed huge, were they not thus dwarfed by comparison. And just here, the shelvy steep begins to descend rapidly toward the base of the next hill that rises immediately opposite, leaving a shady ravine between.*

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long alley; their thick boughs reaching to the top of the rock, and making the place still more sombre; but they are now dead, and nearly mouldered away.

* There has been some change in the scenery surrounding White

Above the rocks, taller trees, oak, pine, chestnut, etc., abound; but below them, the growth is mostly a thick copse almost impenetrable, except as traversed by narrow foot-paths. One of these winding ways presently leads down to a deep, cold brook, whose soft crystal waters from some lonely, far-off spring, warble over gray boulders and mossy stones; its banks fringed with ferns and creepers, and overarched with laurels, brown birch, and silver beech. While graceful vines creep and climb from bough to bough, and cling, and twine, and intertwine, and fling their light sprays abroad to float on the waters and wave in the breeze. This is one of nature's sweetest nooks; a fitting haunt for nymph or naiad; a perfect gem of wildness and beauty. Another path leads round through brake and bracken, and an endless profusion of greenery to the foot of the cliff, where in places evergreens chiefly prevail. And here, gay kalmias, and queenly rhododendrons spring and flourish like willows by the waters; cling to the frowning precipice, draping its cold, white walls in fadeless verdure, and pouring forth their most lavish wealth of glorious bloom in its shadow.

But, notwithstanding all its picturesque charms, and poetic surroundings, this place was little known and seldom seen till the tragedy of 1810 brought it into general notice.

The story of Miss Williams has been repeated hundreds of times during the past seventy-four years; yet despite the contempt often poured on a "twice-told tale," the reader will bear with it once more, especially as this version is derived from the best authority.

Years ago, when Hon. J. Veach, of Uniontown, was preparing his work on Fayette County, he requested the

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Rock since this description of it was written; one or more fierce fires having destroyed some of the evergeens, and other shrubbery and trees, and the tread of many feet having somewhat widened the narrow foot-paths.

mother of the writer to furnish one chapter for his book on this subject, including the elegies by herself and brother, and all the facts and details that could be collected. She consented ; and, to refresh her memory, went over the whole case anew with several of the old citizens, some of whom had assisted in the search for the murdered girl, and been present at the inquest, burial, and trial. And though it was mid-winter, she also drove some thirteen miles to interview Major J. Moss, the guardian and friend of the hapless maid, whose house* had been her home, and from whence she had been decoyed away to meet her fate.

She found the old gentleman of sound mind and strong memory, full of the matter she was interested in, and as ready to impart information as she to receive it. He confirmed the data she had already collected on the case (one or two mistakes in names excepted), and gave her many further particulars. This conversation with him, and others also, can not be fully reported; but the substance condensed was taken down at the time, and will all appear in the narrative here, further on, and in foot-notes.

Mr. M. said the W.'s were poor, but worthy people, and Polly, their daughter, was a very fair young girl, of artless manners and irreproachable character. Owing to the circumstances of her parents, the daughter, when she could be spared, aided them by supporting herself elsewhere ; and much, if not most, of the time when from home, was spent in his family, where she was always welcome, and treated more as a child than a stranger.

While yet very young her beauty † and innocene attracted

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* This house, where Mr. M. then lived, was one mile south of New Salem ; and a mile and a half distant lived the lover ; and there his father and brother lie buried. The rest of the family went West.

† Reliable portraits of this famous pair would be most interesting to many ; but all we can know of them now is through the casual descriptions left by their contemporaries, some of which have de-

the attention of a man of some wealth and standing in the community, a Grant Fielding, and he became her most devoted admirer.

A year or so after this acquaintance began, the Williams',

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scended to us; but as tastes and judgments will differ, there is some discrepancy in these. As to Miss W., some called her a pure blonde; others, a mixed one. One presents her as with blue eyes, and golden curls floating round her neck; a sweet creature, but not over-wise; more like a frank child than a reserved woman. Others, including the Mosses, thought her as wise as pretty; a staid, sensible damsel till bewitched by this designing villain. Says Mr. E.: "When a little boy I frequently saw Miss W. and her lover, with whom she seemed fascinated. The last time I met her she was riding out, and kindly made me ride behind her, to rest me. I don't recall her gown, but she wore a black fur hat, with a black ribbon crossing it, and tied under her chin. She was a pretty girl, poor innocent! and I remember her well." Another calls her "singularly beautiful." Another says: "My mother knew her well, and thought her lovely, but too credulous and confiding," etc. But whether wise or unwise, whether simply pretty or rarely beautiful, all authorities agree that "she was a maiden fair to see"; in the first bloom of youth, and, until this baleful attachment, as innocent as fair.

Of the lover's appearance less has been said, though there are still extant partial descriptions of him, and generally favorable. One, indeed, terms him "a short, thick, heavy-set man, rather unprepossessing, both in looks and manners"; but the common opinion of men seems to have differed from this, and that of the ladies differed widely; these usually considering him a portly, fine-looking man, and an eligible match. They mentioned him as "A genteel young man"; as "rich and handsome"; "a taking young fellow," etc. An intelligent old lady who had "danced with him many a time," describes him as "manly and agreeable, with a winning manner, and a smooth, beguiling tongue, well fitted to attract and fix the affections of a fond, unwary maiden." Some say his family was proud and wealthy; others modify this into "a family in good circumstances and good standing." But most authorities agree that the son was heir presumptive and expectant to a large estate from a childless relative, and that his friends, especially his mother, scouted the idea of an alliance with the W.'s as entirely beneath him.

who were not prospering, hoping to better their condition, resolved to emigrate. But Polly's heart was with her lover, and she was not willing to leave him, for they were now engaged ; and the parents, unwilling to mar her happiness, finally consented to leave her in the care of their tried friends, the M.'s, till her marriage.

The poor parents started on their weary journey sad, and yet glad. One of their dear ones at least was provided for. Whatever befell them, thank heaven there was an easy, happy life in store for Polly. So the friends fondly trusted; so the maiden dreamed. Ah! who can forecast the future?

After their departure the suitor still continued his visits as usual ; but the union seemed to recede rather than approach, and he was constantly framing excuses for deferring it. And as months passed on in this way, her guardians became anxious and distrustful, and began to strive to wean her affections from one they thought unworthy. Told her plainly they "had lost all faith in his honor, and believed him a base, false trifler, who would never fulfil his engagement," and strongly advised, and almost commanded, her to dismiss him. But she, loving and trusting still, defended him; said "the delay was not his fault, but that of others ; he was only waiting for a more favorable time ; as soon as his family became reconciled they would be united immediately." But though not always ready to obey her friends, Polly was always ready to listen to them, and in turn confided all her plans, hopes, and fears to them.

It was not long after this that a horrible suspicion began to haunt her; this, that Grant did not intend marriage, but *murder!* And, in an agony of grief, she poured the story of this new dread into the ears of her amazed listeners. They were acquainted already with some of the particulars*

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* Some of the circumstances that had so excited her suspicions were these : Some time previous to this G. had called on her and proposed

she related, and fully credited all she added, but could not tell whether the construction she put on them was entirely correct, or partly the effect of fear or imagination. But at all events they felt certain that such an attachment as this, and such an engagement, boded no good, and should be dissolved, and that now it could be easily done ; but in this

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consummating the long-deferred nuptials that week if she would accompany him to C—— and be married privately. She consenting, they started at the appointed morning, but returned the same evening, saying "they had been disappointed in finding a boat." This all her friends knew and remembered ; but Polly now added a sequel: "They might have crossed," she said, "only F. refused to approach the common ferry, saying they would go to a point higher up and sail over by themselves in a small canoe ; but finding this gone, he had said, 'We must put our affair off again, it seems,' and turned back." For leading her to this lonely spot, to trust herself on the dark river in so frail a craft, and with so unskilled a boatman, he had of course to plead the need of secrecy, which was a plausible excuse. She had accepted it then unsuspectingly; but since that, and especially since the M.'s had discountenanced him, he had repeatedly urged her to meet him in other dreary, unfrequented places, to meet late in the evening, and two or three times these night trysts were to be held near some deep water ! Once the place he chose was by the Finley mill-dam, and once or twice it was to be on the banks of Middle Creek. His pretence was an opportunity to talk and plan further about their union ; but she now believed that on all these occasions he was planning her death—this opinion being confirmed by the fact that since these expedients had failed, he had presented her with a harmless-looking vial of some pleasant essence, but with a manner so strange and sinister, that she dared not use it, but carried it to a person having some knowledge of drugs, and the test had certainly detected poison.(†)

[(†) This note belongs more properly to another page, but may enter here.] A chum of F.'s stated that three Sabbaths before the White Rock murder, he and F. were there together. After looking over the crags and caves awhile, they sat down and the latter remarked once or twice: "It's a good place," "The very place," etc., and then turned it off with a jest. Doubtless he was then meditating the crime ; and Mr. J., thoughtless and irreligious, but no villain, grieved that he had unwittingly abetted it, and aided him in choosing the scene.

they were mistaken, for when her friend, Mrs. M., cried out vehemently : "You shall never see the wretch again, Polly! He'll murder you yet. You shall never meet him more," the poor, fond, weak creature sobbed out that she could not give him up ; she had rather die than that ; would as soon be killed as forsaken.

This, of course, was the language of passion ; but even in cooler moments, though often dejected, at other times the infatuated girl would express a hope of yet seeing happy years with her lover ; so that her friends were more displeased than surprised on discovering that he was again communicating with her, that new vows had been made, and an early day set for the marriage.

They soon heard all the details, for, as usual, Polly confided all to them—the odd arrangements for the nuptials, Fielding's good reasons for them, and everything, which, summed up, were about these : As she had often said, "his family were to blame for the long delay; but he was determined now to follow his own wishes, and be hindered by them no longer. Still, to provoke them as little as possible, and avoid trouble and a scene, he proposed that everything should be done quietly, and be for a time kept private ; and this was his plan : He could leave home without suspicion, as he had a known engagement with his uncle during harvest. She must leave M.'s by another route, and join him at a point beyond the bounds of their own neighborhood, and from thence they could proceed safely, as a pair of pedestrians in ordinary dress would attract no attention among strangers. After being married by an obscure 'squire, who lived on the side of the mountain, they would stop at his uncle's place that lay near its foot,* and stay till his friends became reconciled or more reasonable."

But all this was not told without many interruptions from her listeners, who over and over exclaimed excitedly that

* Now the Robinson farm.

she "should not go." She "should meet him no more. He would kill her yet—she had said so herself"; with many similar expressions. But those horrid revelations she had made formerly, Polly now seemed willing to soften or forget, and, in spite of all that could be urged, began to prepare for her morrow's journey.

The short summer's night soon passed, and the cloudless August day began. With the earliest dawn Polly was stirring, and came into breakfast ready dressed, and anxious to be gone. Arguments and warnings were tried again, but all in vain. Nothing less than force would detain her, and this they had no authority to use. And as they could do nothing more in the case, they began to console themselves with the hope that nothing needed to be done. "There might be no danger at all. Probably those shocking ideas of her lover's evil intentions in the past might have been mostly imagination. Polly was the only witness, and she seemed to make light of them now, and was trusting him more than ever. Possibly the young scamp really meant to marry her now; or, at worst, it would only prove another disappointment."

Yet with all this reassuring, Mrs. M. bade good-bye sadly and watched her out of sight with tears. It was a last adieu.

This was Tuesday, August 13th (some say the 10th), and on Saturday some thirsty berriers (boys and girls),* seeking a spring below the rocks, were frightened at the sight of a partially concealed object. It was certainly a *human form*—seemingly a woman's corpse. They all rushed homeward, pale and breathless, saying, "Somebody was dead at White Rock."

Few heard it that night, and as it was dark and rainy, nothing was done till next morning, when word was sent round the settlement. It came early to Fred and his neighbors, who started at once, meeting more and more on the way, till quite a number were gathered to go and test the story. It proved only too true. Just beneath the highest

* These were Sue F., Anne S., Bess W., and Hugh Wilson.

point of the precipice, half concealed by a shelving rock, they found the corpse, that of a woman—a fair young girl, a stranger, that no one knew. And this was the bride of Tuesday—this was Polly! Poor, trusting dupe! Poor, helpless, butchered lamb!

The weeds, moss, and undergrowth for yards around the rock, and on it, showed signs of a desperate struggle. They were broken, torn, and trampled to the earth; and among their crushed, withering leaves lay her hat and comb, and near by one of her slippers. Further on, the other slipper was found, and in still another spot her kerchief; while her white arms, from elbow to shoulder, bore the purple prints of the barbarous hands that had clutched them with savage strength, and dragged her by main force to the awful verge.

Half way down the side of the precipice, a laurel bush, springing from a crevice, had been caught at in her fall, and the dead hand still grasped the broken bough. But apparently, after all, the fiend had doubted the thoroughness of his work, and, climbing round the crags, had crept to her side, and struck the bleeding, dying girl again, to make all sure; for there were two gaping wounds on her head, and a rough, bloody stone lay near by.

Some of the company were almost unmanned, but there was no time to indulge weakness, and, covering the pitiful sight from view, they began to address themselves to what there was to do. A messenger was dispatched to Uniontown for the coroner. A detail began to cut and clear a path through the dense thickets; and another, constructed of green boughs and bands of hickory bark a rude bier on which the corpse was secured, and borne slowly down the steep, rough mountain path. At the house of M. Nixon they halted and turned in. Here the corpse was kept all night, but no friends appearing to claim it, and none knowing who or where they were, it was on Monday carried to

Hayden's graveyard, followed by a long procession, and laid by strangers' hands in a stranger's grave.

Meanwhile, as P. was only remaining away as she had arranged to do, the M.'s were content, trusting she was now a wife and her worst troubles ended. Nor did they or her other acquaintances hear anything concerning her from the bright day she started away to be married, till after her funeral, when news of the event reached their neighborhood. But as this flying rumor only stated that "a strange *man* had been found dead," Mr. M. said he never thought of connecting this report with either the bride or groom of Tuesday; but not so his wife. The moment he told it to her, she started up, and cried out in horror:

"It's Polly Williams! It's no dead man! It's Polly, murdered! Oh, Polly, Polly!"

Thoroughly roused himself now, he mounted his horse and rode away, determined to find his ward dead or alive. But hearing several times on the road that the person found (and already buried) was not a man, but a young woman, and the description seeming to answer well for Miss W., he was somewhat prepared for the truth, yet could not but watch the disinterment in awful suspense. The moment the face was exposed he recognized it. The dead was a nameless stranger no longer. Alas! too well he knew it! knew that this was Polly, the only remains of lovely Polly. Sight was proof enough for him; but doubting jurors and quibbling lawyers might demand more. And, controlling his feelings as best he could, he proceeded (aided by others) to examine and identify the dress. This had been given the deceased by Mrs. M., from a web of her own weaving, a piece of which he produced. On being compared, all saw that bars, tints, texture, were the same; and he then and there affirmed "that this was the dress Polly Williams wore from his house, and that this was her body."

But there was no time for grief; other duties pressed.

This blood must be avenged. The murderer might even now be flying, and, scarcely waiting to see the grave refilled, the major galloped away to advise the authorities.

. . . . . .

And where through all this was the lover, the groom? Among a thousand falsehoods to his dupe, he had told some truth.

He had a wealthy uncle residing near the mountain. He was expected there to spend some weeks, and he went there accordingly. And through all those days and nights that the mangled bride lay like a dead, dumb creature where she had fallen, with no watch but the frowning crags, mourned only by the drooping pines and the falling rain, he was safe and well at the farm he had told her of, from whence the dark hill that held his black secret loomed ever in view. How he appeared during this time is unknown; but a young man from his own place gave Mr. M. some account of his movements on Sunday.

M. Durby said he and Fielding were both engaged to assist this uncle through harvest; and while they were at breakfast, some one called to them that "some children had reported seeing a corpse lying under White Rock, and the men were gathering at N.'s to go and make search." Presently Fielding rose from the table and took up his hat; but instead of starting for the rendezvous, or showing any natural excitement or interest in the startling story, he remarked carelessly that he "thought he would go home." This sudden freak took every one by surprise, and all began to coax him to remain and question his motives; but, without making much excuse or reply, he persisted in his intention. Then, this young Durby said, he also was seized with a strong and unreasonable desire to accompany him; but this proposition, of course, was met by another shower of questions and remonstrance, none opposing it more stoutly than Grant Fielding himself, who raised all kinds of objec-

tions to his going; and at length waxed impatient, saying, plainly, "he did not care for his company, but would rather go alone." But seeing that opposition had no effect, he gave it over, grew more civil, and they started away together.

But very soon D. noticed that his companion seemed unlike himself, and ill at ease. He was continually looking back, and every eminence they gained would half pause, and give a searching glance in all directions; while every horseman that met or passed them seemed to startle or annoy him; and presently he proposed that they should leave the highway entirely and cross the farms. Young D., in much surprise, asked:

"What for?"

"The roads will be foul travelling since the rain."

"But the fields will be ten times worse."

Fielding said he preferred them, at any rate, and, climbing over the fence, added:

"We can take our shoes off, if necessary."

And this they soon did, walking barefoot mile after mile; and though in corn-fields, marshes, and meadows they often sank ankle-deep in mud and water, Grant would not return to the road; though when in sight of it, as they often were, he would glance at it uneasily.

But wherever they were, he seemed restless. In the midst of fields aud woods, even, would keep looking over his shoulder, and starting at every sound and shadow.

This odd, childish, fidgety behavior vexed and puzzled D., who could see no cause or excuse for it; but when, a few hours later, the officers appeared, demanding his late comrade as a felon, he saw it all.

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The lover was arrested on suspicion, and tried for the murder, the dead girl being (it is said) a second time roused from her slumbers to witness against him. . . . . But the

evidence, though abundant and of the strongest kind, was purely circumstantial; and the jury deciding that no positive proof had been given, finally acquitted him.

Some things connected with this case were, at the time, thought very singular. One was, that after a terrible death, and days and days of exposure in midsummer, the dead face should still remain so fresh and natural as to be recognizable at once. And another was, that this friend of Fielding's, who had no knowledge or suspicion of the truth, and no motive at all for going, should have persisted against his will in joining him in his long, useless walk, inwardly influenced and impelled, he knew not why, to dog his steps; follow, like a detective, noting every look and word. These, and other things, were by many considered providential, specially ordered to aid in bringing the truth to light and the guilty to justice. But when no justice was rendered, when all ended in acquittal, this explanation seemed at fault; and the why and the wherefore can never be known.

But though released by judges and jurors* as innocent,

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* The names of all connected will interest some now.

The inquest was held before Coroner Blank, by these twelve jurymen: John Oliphant, M. Nixon, Benjamin Brownfield, Sr., Col. Ben. Brownfield, Jr., Wm. Nixon, Christopher Brown, Robt. Johns, Wm. Smiley, Stephen Mackay, Jr., Jno. Knight, Jacob Nixon, Thomas Wynn.

On the 22d of August the Grand Jurors met. Names: Benj. Roberts, Tho. Coon, Alex. Hunter, Hugh Shotwell, Jos. Torrence, David Porter, James Winders, Andrew Moore, Robt. Long, James Morrison, Jos. Wood, James Downard, Jno. Robinson, William McClelland, Jos. Prior, Moses Hopwood, Wm. Roberts.

On the 22d of Nov., 1810, a jury was sworn to try the case. List: John Stack, Eph. Hewitt, Jno. Inks, David Newbern, Henry Troth, Jno. Core, Jma. Rodgers, Jno. Grindle, Jona. Morrison, Eli Hainy, Jno. Boyd, Joel Ball. Judge Roberts on the bench. Assistants, Judges Brading and Finley.

The sheriff was Jac. Harbaugh. Lawyer Ross plead for prisoner,

the community held him guilty. Public opinion was overwhelmingly against him, and veneration for law and order alone preserved him from vengeance.

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lawyer Jennings for Commonwealth. Some of the witnesses were: David Latimer, Sam'l Moser, Smith McIntire, Major and Mrs. Moss, and many others. All the principal witnesses were required to give $100 bail each, for their appearance. A desperate effort was made by the defence to prove that the deceased had fallen, or thrown herself from the precipice; but the trampled ground and weeds, the broken bushes, everything on and around the top of the rock showed evidence of a long and fearful struggle, forbidding such a thought. A late writer more than intimates that "several prominent persons busied themselves"; that "there was skillful manipulation in the case," etc. So that, though the "judge's charge to the jury was strong against the prisoner," they acquitted him.

The sheriff, who was acquainted with the family, used to relate this instance of the mother's haughtiness and hard-heartedness: When he went there on his dread business the mother saw him first, and as doors and windows were all open, he overheard her remarks. She began chiding P. about "this breach of promise case," not though for breaking his vows, but for ever making them to so poor a girl, and then for remaining where they might cause him trouble. "You had better have gone away when I bade you," she was saying, in a peevish, disgusted voice. "Now, here's an officer, and you'll have to marry her." The sheriff's blood was up, and he retorted bluntly and hotly, "It's worse than that, madam; the 'girl' is *dead*, and I come to arrest him as the (suspected) *murderer*." Then ensued a scene indeed. . . . . He had no sympathy for the parent, but the frantic grief and terror of the young sister was pitiful to see.

One thing that seems almost incredible to ladies now, is the walk mentioned as taken by Miss W., for, by the circuitous route followed, the poor girl was led that burning August day to toil over a distance of thirteen or fourteen miles. Such a long, weary way, to *die*. But such walks were not so uncommon then; for instance, a married pair living in Georges township occasionally went to Laurel Hill on Sabbath morning, enjoyed a couple of sermons, and returned the same evening, making in all a walk of some eighteen miles (some say twenty miles).

On that memorable midsummer's day there was a quilting-bee at a

Soon after the event, a stone was placed at the ill-starred maiden's grave, of the kind customary then, though rather higher. It is of gray sandstone, slightly ornamented, and bears this inscription :

"Sacred to the memory of Polly Williams, who was found murdered at White Rock, August, 1810. Aged 18 years.

"Behold with pity, you that pass by,
Here doth the bones of Polly Williams lie,
Who was cut off in her youthful bloom
By a vile wretch—her pretended groom."

By whom this stone was reared is a mooted question. The rhymes have frequently been ascribed to Samuel L.,

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house standing among the foot-hills of Chestnut Ridge ; and Granny D. used to relate that on her way to it, she saw a youg couple passing at a little distance, and starting up the hill toward White Rock. She noticed nothing particular about them, except that the girl was quite pretty, and looked hot and tired, and that both were in ordinary dress, like persons "going huckle-berrying." . . . . At the quilting, two or three of the women had each brought a little boy or girl along, and these, with those belonging to the house, soon went to ramble and play without, while the mammas and aunties worked and talked within. Both parties were soon interrupted. It might have been an hour, or less, when Mrs. B., sitting next the open door, started, and dropped her needle. "What is that?" she cried. "Do you hear it?" And she ran out, followed by the rest. Yes, all heard now. Seemingly at a distance, and yet cutting sharp and distinct through the drowsy air, shriek after shriek pierced their ears. High, shrill screams — the voice of child or woman, in wild terror or mortal pain. Every mother turned pale. The children! the children! Bitten by mad dog or serpent! Fallen from a tree! Killed or maimed some child was surely. And each thought, "Is it mine?" as all rushed out calling their names. Presently the little ones answered from the woods, and were found all safe and well. And the mothers and their friends, glad and grateful, gave them fresh charges to be careful, and returned to the house talking of their fright ; wondering if there was a case of real distress on the Ridge, or was some thoughtless wretch only feigning it. All was still now ; and pretty soon they

but this is erroneous. In searching for the corpse of the hapless girl, bearing it down from the mountain, and giving it Christian burial, he assisted, and also wrote her elegy; but had nothing to do with the monument.

The writer, living within a mile of the grave, has often visited it and examined the stone (scarcely the work of an adept), and questioned old citizens concerning its history.

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reseated themselves at the neglected quilt. Gradually the talk drifted on to other subjects, and it was not till the news went round on Sabbath morning of "a woman murdered," that they knew that they had that day heard her dying cries. As the rocks at that time were surrounded by high timber and almost impenetrable copse, the cave beneath was icy cold, as well as dungeon dark; and being seldom or never entered then with a light, if at all, the corpse, if secreted there, might have been concealed for years, or forever. Some think when the crime was planned this was the intention; but that after the deed was done, the guilty coward dared not venture with his ghastly burden within its gloomy depths, but fled with all speed, leaving her lying as she fell.

Some few have imagined that Miss W. was murdered beneath the Rock; but the general opinion, and far more probable one, is that she was flung from its top. However, there were several who were there early on Sabbath morning, who thought there was a possibility that the fall (being broken by the brush and bushes below) had not caused instant death, and that it was then the blows had been given with the "stone" mentioned before. Persons still living have visited the place repeatedly, with one who had witnessed many of these events, and could well describe them. He had seen the horrified neighbors thronging around. Seen the coroner's jury, standing with uncovered heads, silent and solemn, around the dead, and the matrons coming with napkins and winding-sheets to prepare it for removal. He had aided in constructing the bier and bearing the dead girl away; could show the identical spot where she lay; where her comb, kerchief, etc., were found, and the point (supposed) whence she had been hurled. Later, he had seen the excited crowds that had watched the trial; with bated breath hung on the evidence and pleading; cursed the compassionate jury, and threatened vengeance on the acquitted.

Most knew nothing at all, except that it was there, and had been for a "great while"; but two or three agreed on the following account, which is probably correct:

According to their recollection, a stranger from another part of the county was stopping in this vicinity, when this sad story was the common talk, and was greatly moved by it. Poor and illiterate, but with a heart full of love and pity, he marvelled that the victim of such a terrible, unavenged wrong should have no memorial, and modestly urged that something should be done; but none encouraged it. Some doubted the *propriety* of the movement; others, having neglected their own kin's graves, naturally saw no necessity for marking this one. So, finally, finding neither help nor hindrance need be expected, he set about it himself, saying:

"If no one will aid, I will do the best I can alone."

And so he did. Going to the next hill he selected a small rock, split, smoothed, shaped it, composed and engraved the inscription, conveyed it to the grave, and set it up. From first to last the work was all his own; and though neither aided nor compensated, so thoroughly was it done that, after standing the storms of seventy years, it is still firm, and the lettering legible.* Of the poor stranger, the chivalric knight who raised it, nothing more can be told; his very name has perished. And this, his work that survives him, this rude tablet reared for another, is his only monument.

Some romances, and many songs and elegies, have been founded on the fate of Miss W.; but there were two of the latter, written immediately after the trial, that were better

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* Shame to say, since the above was written, those outlawed Vandals, the relic-seekers, have begun breaking off bits of the stone and carrying it away, till a considerable portion has been removed. Its symmetry is ruined now, and at this rate, ere long not a vestige of the poor stranger's work will remain.

known than all others, and are remembered and inquired for yet. They are too long for insertion here in full; but as they belong to the family, having been written by the uncle and mother of the writer, she feels at liberty to select some verses from each, and combine them in one song, marking the initials of each writer in the margin.

POLLY WILLIAMS: a *Legend of White Rock,* by Samuel Littell, Esq., and Elizabeth Littell Custead. November, 1810.

By E. L. CUSTEAD.

Ye thoughtless, ye giddy, ye gay, ye licentious,
All ye who soft sympathy's feelings despise;
The tale that I tell, if your hearts are not marble,
Will draw sighs from your bosoms, and tears from your eyes.

I sing of fair Polly, the guileless, the lowly,
Long wooed by rich Fielding, a perjured swain,
Who, his hand to receive, was decoyed to wild deserts,
And there by her inconstant lover was slain.

By S. LITTELL.

Long rains swelled the rivers, black clouds hid the mountains,
The vales lay enveloped in misty array;
When I climbed the wet hills, and with heart-rending horror,
Beheld the sad spot where all mangled she lay.

Grim rose the huge rocks, and deep sunk were the caverns,
With thorns and keen briers the place was o'ergrown.
Above, the dark brow of the mountain stood frowning,
In the alley dark midnight had built her black throne.

Sweet girl, 'twas too rude for thy nuptial chamber,
Was it mete that a bride, on the cold ground should lay;
That the howling of wolves, and the screams of the panther,
Should furnish the songs for thy marriage day?

E. L. C.

When the day was decreed for his fell resolution,
He fondly renewed all the vows he had made.
To the altar of Hymen, he lured his poor victim;
And the pathway, he told her, lay through this lone shade.

S. L.

Long miles did she toil o'er the hot country highway,
Long climb, faint and weary, the steep mountain-side,
But bright hope still cheered her, the hour was approaching,
When the one she adored was to make her his bride.

. . . . . .

E. L. C.

How long didst thou cherish the pleasing delusion,
When, where did suspicion first enter thy mind ?
What word, look, or gesture, first startled thy bosom,
With doubts and with fears, that thy love was unkind ?

S. L.

Say, when did harsh action succeed to endearment ?
When broke on they vision, the depths of thy woes ?
How was the true lover transformed to a demon ?
His purpose accursed, how could he disclose.

I see thee all pallid, and trembling before him,
I hear thy entreaties, thy soul-piercing cries ;
Betrayed and deserted,—no helper is near thee,
From earth nor from heaven will deliverance arise.

E. L. C.

The conflict begins ! his fell hands are uplifted !
Thou art dragged to the cliff-side, thy screams are in vain ;
Grim rocks will not heed thee ; his heart is still harder ;
'Twas adamant, not flesh, which composed his frame.

No fiend more remorseless,—no demon more cruel,
With his own horrid hand, to perform the foul deed ;
To watch thy wounds gaping, to see thy blood streaming,
And yet his vile heart still refuses to bleed.

S. L.

Those soft eyes, so lately with tenderness beaming,
Now roll with wild horror, and start with keen pain ;
And soon, very soon will be sealed up forever,
No sun of to-morrow will great them again.

E. L. C.

On the cold, humid ground I behold thee extended,
No balm for thy wounds, but the fast-falling rain;
No tender companion to list to thy 'plaining,
No accents of pity to soften thy pain.

S. L.

'Twas piteous, poor Polly, that strangers' rude shoulders,
Through thickets should bear thee down to thy long home;
Rough pines of the mountain thy fair form supporting,
And no gentle relative weep at thy tomb.

E. L. C.

Come, every false lover, and gaze from this cliff-side,
Where one of your victims lies mangled below;
Tho' your vile hearts be hard as these crags that have crushed her,
Yet some bitter tears ye can surely bestow.

S. L.

'Twas the cold hand of strangers that placed thy death pillow,
That closed thy dim eyes, and thy winding-sheet gave;
No friends gathered 'round thee to sing a soft requiem,
No tear of a mother has hallowed thy grave.

Poor injured Polly, thy murderer is living,
For justice, grown weary, forbore to pursue;
By lawyers defended, by jurors acquitted,
His presence detested still tortures our view.

Ye caverns that groaned while her heart-strings were breaking,
Could ye not have concealed the poor tortured fair;
Or, your grim jaws expanding, have seized her betrayer,
And hurled his black soul to eternal despair?

Or where slept the thunder, the lightning's red anger?
Why darted it not on the scene of his guilt?
Or why was the whirlwind forbade to dismember
And mingle his bones with the blood he had spilt?

. . . . . .

E. L. C.

His soul is still held from the blackness of darkness,
The air is still stained with his forfeited breath;
But thy injured spirit shall still hover o'er him,
And thy shrieks pierce his ear in the moment of death.

White Rock, keep her blood!* let her groans haunt thine alleys,
Let this mountain lament her in sable array;
Let this brook cease its singing, the flowers drop their petals,
On the annual return of this horrible day.

Ye peris that wait 'round the graves of the murdered,
Each midnight wail forth her unparalleled woes;
Ye cold clods that hide her, lie light on her bosom,
Once torn by rough rocks, that dear flesh asks repose.

The prevailing spirit of this ballad is unmistakably fierce and vengeful; or rather, it is the fire of righteous indignation burning hotly against crime—unpunished, outrageous wrong. But whatever be its faults or virtues, in sentiment or construction, it was popular then. Its ringing tones of mingled ruth and wrath, struck the keynote of the community. There was the common thought crystallized. This was the very voice of the people; and they caught and re-echoed it on every side. It was sought after, read, recited, cried over, sung.

The hero abhorred the fame the trial had given him, and from his heart hated and cursed the song that helped to keep him before the public; but could escape neither. At husking and other bees (it is said) men talked of the crime in his presence, praised the song, and occasionally forced

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* The simple truth is enough, without one touch of fancy or superstition. And yet it might be added, that for the first decade or more, strange tales were not wanting of dread sounds echoing round the rock; of dark stains on its whiteness; blood, 'twas said, unavenged blood, that no sun can bleach out; innocent blood, that no floods wash away.

him to hear it, by one or two bold fellows holding him while it was sung. He left the place before long—and in time married a girl from G——, who ('tis said) passed fearful years with him, especially at night. These he invariably spent at home, fearing even one elsewhere, "lest in sleep he should betray the fatal secret that through life seemed like a burning fire shut up in his bones." A confession was always expected sometime; but even in age and death nothing was divulged. He lived and died unrepenting, and the secret went down with him to the grave.

Ever since this event in 1810, these rocks have been a noted resort, and they grow more famous with time. Though not easily reached, no summer passes without bringing them hosts of visitors from near and far, and so many as a hundred have been there in a single day.

Had this poor maiden suffered in a noble cause,—died a martyr for God or humanity, she would have been canonized ere now. But even as it was, the piteous story touches every heart, and can never die till these rocks shall crumble. This mighty ledge is her imperishable monument and witness. No art or time can sever the names and fame of Polly Williams and White Rock: and both will live as long as these mountains stand. As has been stated, public opinion was outraged that this hideous crime was unpunished. Nor was this mere sentiment, because the victim was so young, so fair, so helpless; the case so every way pathetic. No—though all this intensified the feeling, it was there before, and always; for in early times there was a strong sense of justice abroad. Whatever the courts did, the people had a sturdy, wholesome desire to have the innocent protected and the guilty punished. The prejudice against capital punishment was then little known; very few at that day had grown wiser than their Maker, and as His infinite wisdom had declared that the "murderer should die," they accepted His law as perfect, having no idea that man could improve it.

Nor was much delicacy or privacy then thought necessary in dealing with offenders. Doubtless it was deemed best to make crime appear as base and revolting as possible, and salutary for old and young to see the hard wages sin gave, even in this life; for here, as well as elsewhere, all penalties, from whipping to hanging, were paid publicly; and there were always enough to witness them. Long before this, when about 1796, McFall was to die for the murder of Shadrack (an old man killed in his own house), the jail yard in Uniontown was surrounded by a crowd as early as eight o'clock A.M., though the execution was not to take place till eleven. . . . . To secure a better view, many of the boys climbed into the tops of the adjacent trees, whence they watched alternately, the grisly gallows, with its heavy beam and swaying halter; and the road to the prison door to catch the first glimpse of the doomed one. But as the hour seemed to approach no nearer, Fred and another lad or two, thirsty and wearied out, ventured to descend and run to a spring at some distance. The moment they reentered the crowd, they saw by its fixed gaze and deathlike hush that the time had come, and rushed back to their tree, but were too late—only reached their places to see that the deed was done. The drop had fallen, and shrouded in his burial suit and black cap, the murderer was swinging in the air.* These boys passed on to manhood; the elder ones were married and settled in life; when they were called to assist at the inquest over the corpse of Polly W., and in bearing it to the grave: and higher than their boyish indignation had blazed against McFall, it now burned at white heat against the betrayer and assassin of Miss W. All felt that they could gladly assist the law to crush such a reptile out of life, but that privilege was denied them.

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* This bloody affray ending in two deaths, and the following one also, began, like ten thousand others, in a bar-room, where all parties had been drinking.

A little later, another case * occurred, worthy, the people thought, of a double gibbet, but neither did they see this erected. On coming home from some bee one night, Fred said everybody there had been talking of a strange story of suspected foul play in Smithfield. The report was, that a rich peddler had stopped at the "White Horse Tavern," there, on Thursday evening, for lodging, who was soon joined by Jem W. and Nic J., two former acquaintances. These men gave the travelling merchant a most cordial welcome; treated him at the bar, got cigars for all three, etc. After much smoking and drinking together, they persuaded him to accompany them to a dance at a tavern in H——; at this latter place they stayed drinking and carousing till a late hour, when all three agreeing to go and finish the night at W.'s house, they went out together into the darkness.

There was a dense thicket adjacent, and next day a man passing by reported seeing the cattle gathered round it in great commotion, bellowing and tossing the dust, as though scenting blood. Suspicion was aroused, and presently twenty-five or thirty persons hurried to the spot. The bovine detectives that were still lowing mournfully round the place, had not misled them. There were crimson stains and clots of gore scattered over the grass, and hard by they saw where a horse had been tied that had evidently reared and plunged with fright, and, following its tracks across the field, they found the bloody print of a hand on the bars.

These facts, with others, seemed to indicate that not only blood, but *human* blood, had there been shed; and everything seemed to point out the peddler as the victim. It was

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* McFall in 1796, and Fairwell in 1866, are the only two persons executed in Fayette County since its organization a century ago; but this has not been for want of fitting subjects for the gallows. No, indeed; many deeper-dyed villains than these two have escaped unhung.

known that he had been joined by reckless men in S——, and that when heated by liquor they had enticed him away to travel miles over lonely roads. He had been seen leaving H—— with them at dead of night, and he had not been seen or heard of since.

It was believed he had been robbed and murdered, and excitement was at fever heat. Fred shared in the general indignation, and felt like mounting his horse and galloping away to join the search and assist in the arrest, but at length concluded to wait for further news.

This came in a day or so, quite cool and toned down. Nothing further had been discovered, and the suspected persons laughed at the search, and readily explained everything. Said W. had found one of his horses out of sorts, and had tied it near "that thicket" till he bled it; but, being young and unruly, it had reared and plunged badly during the operation. It had bled pretty freely and run all over his hands as well as the ground, which of course had left their mark on the bars as he laid them down. And this horse's blood, and their own fancies, was what had so alarmed both the men and the cattle. As to their late comrade, he was all right, and far on his journey by this time, as he had started at daybreak.

Some believed this story, and some doubted; but as there was no positive proof to the contrary, nothing more was done. But others still kept their first opinion. The stranger was never seen again alive, and they continued to think that there had been foul play, and that the crime should have been searched out and punished; and this view the sequel proved to be correct.

A writer in G——,* who knew all about the case, says of these two hardened sinners: "They were allowed to run at large without a prosecution; but a righteous God would not suffer them to go unpunished. Jem W. was taken down on

* A. S——.

a bed of affliction, and suffered the torments of the lost. Every bone in his back became dislocated. His swollen, burning tongue lolled out of his mouth. He became a mass of corruption, and lived till the *worms gnawed his festering flesh.* No one that ever looked on him once, wanted to look again. Nic G. went West, and was hung for murdering a man there, and then confessed that he and W. had murdered a peddler long before, and sunk his body in Brownfield's mill-dam." And it is said the skeleton was found there long afterward of the unwary merchant. It was strong drink that caused him, too, to die as the fool dieth.

It might be well to close this sanguinary chapter with a quotation or two on criminals and their dues. Says a late writer,* speaking of the false sentiment of the age : "Many believe capital punishment should be abolished. . . . . So it should, provided *capital crime* is abolished first. . . . . These well-meaning philanthropists seem to expend all their sympathy on the poor, unfortunate murderer, giving little to the victim or to his widow and orphans, on whom the assassin has heaped at once an oppressing weight of grief and destitution. . . . . After all good men have said against capital punishment, ... I have been forced to the conclusion that we ought to continue killing murderers as long as they continue to kill innocent people."

. . . . . .

And the King of kings declares : "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. Ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, which is guilty of death ; he shall surely be put to death. The land can not be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it. Thine eye shall not pity him, but thou shalt put away the guilt of innocent blood from Israel, that it may go well with thee."

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* A. F. Hill.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run;
Beautiful rest, with work well done,
Beautiful slumber, so calm, so deep,
Asleep in Jesus, O beautiful sleep!"

For some time after her husband's death Bessie kept the house and everything, living just as he had left her, and might have continued thus (for she was well provided for) but for the difficulty of securing good help. Long before this, after Elza married, and little Bess was gone, she had attempted to secure reliable help by taking a young girl to keep, who did remain with her several years.

Ann S. was a tall, black-haired lass, honest and kind-hearted, but neither wise nor prudent. She learned to do some work tolerably well; but other kinds either could not, or would not, learn at all. She embroidered a cape or short-gown neatly enough, but could never make a shirt. She was fond of feeding and fussing with animals. Scarcely a lamb could bleat, a calf bawl, or a pig squeal but Ann was after it; and any commotion among the stock, even after night, was sure to take her out to see what was amiss. Nor did she mind seizing an axe and attacking the wood-pile if the fuel happened to run short, or did not suit her; but one must draw a line somewhere; and Ann drew a broad one at cucumbers. Nothing could induce her to gather the pickles if the whole lot went to seed. She always went when bidden to, and strided through the vines, but nothing came of it. Whether she was color-blind, or only queer or stubborn, she invariably returned with her vessel nearly or quite empty, saying "there were none"; she "could not find any worth bringing," etc.; though if Elza happened in the same day,

she could pick a large basket full. And, as Bessie hated waste, and doted on all kinds of winter stores, it came to be a rule that Elza should come thrice a week and gather the pickles; while her own help looked on and laughed, and wondered at her success.

Ann was no borrower, but she was the most good-natured lender possible. To want what she had was to get it. Near by lived a stout young couple, well able to work, and even to teach school, as both did occasionally ; but somehow they were very poor, and to this easy-going woman Ann lent nearly every article in her wardrobe from her hat to her shoes. When some one, deeming it no charity, chided the girl for it, she opened her eyes in surprise, asking:

"What will Mrs. C. do if I don't? She has nothing to wear!"

By and by her good nature went so far as to lead her, not to lend, but give her heart away to the hired man, who was, to say the least, no better than he should be. But in spite of Bessie's warnings, she took her own course. They left the place immediately, and what was the after fate of kind but wayward Annie, is unknown. Those who had given her a home so long, grieved over her folly ; but they never saw or heard of her again.

After this, one of Fred's girls assisted the grandame. Teddy M. often stayed with her nights, and for heavy work she employed char-women.

But she was growing old ; the care of overseeing, itself became too fatiguing for her ; and in a year or two after Annie's departure, she gave up the house to Fred, reserving only the chamber she and Paul had occupied so long, and in which he died. There she stayed for some time, and then went to Mead's to live. But after Katrina's sudden death, the motherless girls begged her to return, which she did, and remained till their grief and loneliness wore away. When she saw them bright and cheerful again, she decided

to remove to Mead's and make that her permanent home, that she might enjoy the society of the only daughter left her, and from her receive the ministrations in her declining age, that a loving daughter only can give.

The Mead mansion was pretty full by this time, without additional boarders and furniture ; but packing their own goods, children, and apprentices a little closer, they cheerfully made room for their mother. They gave her a light, airy apartment on the first floor, with south and west windows and pleasant views.

Beyond dispute, this was the coolest, warmest, nicest room in the house ; for both Elza and her husband yielded the first and best of everything to the aged parent. There she received her guests, great and small ; and there was a crowd of the latter ; for Fred's large family visited her often, Teddy M.'s small family came also ; several of the neighbors' children ran in and out, and Elza's children were always around.

For a while she went out occasionally,—a mile or two,—on a visit ; but this gradually grew more and more rare, till her longest journeys extended but around the yard, where she walked a little now and then, leaning on her staff. Several times a day she was forced to take a short rest on her bed ; but oftener was seen sitting in her low rocker, swaying gently to and fro, with her small white hands, feeble and shrunken, lying idle in her lap.

For a number of years she could do nothing, not even so much as knit or read, and this forced idleness was in itself a great cross to one naturally so active and busy ; and she had her share, too, of aches and pains, and sleepless nights. The evil days had come ; the keepers of the house trembled ; the grasshopper was a burden; yet through all the slow decline, thanksgiving abounded far more than murmurs or complaints.

Sometimes she was slightly anxious about the work or

business, indoors or out, and gave her opinion and advice freely; and occasionally rebuked pride, idleness, or some other fault in the children with great plainness of speech. But this was seldom, for she was generally satisfied that old and young wished to do well, and she took pleasure in noticing and encouraging all such efforts. There was nothing selfish, peevish, or morose in her nature to repel the young. On the contrary, all, from the grown girls with their sewing to the little ones with their toys, loved to congregate in Granny's room, and nowhere else found so sweet a retreat, or such ready sympathy in joy or sorrow. For very quiet plays, but, above all, for quiet, charming talks, this place was unrivalled.

Books were still rare, especially for the young; and such a thing as a "Youth's or Child's Paper," with or without plates, was unknown. True, the Mead library was considered large in that day, and it did contain a good many solid, grave volumes in strong, dark-leather binding, good reading for adults; but excepting school books (and they, even the readers, were very solid too), there was absolutely nothing for the children. The nearest approach to juvenile literature was the life of the immortal tinker, and two of his works, "Holy War" and "Pilgrim's Progress." Yes, there was one exception in an expurgated penny copy of the "Babes in the Wood" in prose.

Sometimes, famishing among so much strong meat, the little ones turned over some great history of England, the "Life of Mahomet," or "The Antiquities of the Jews," looking wistfully for a picture; or groped and stumbled laboriously through a paragraph here and there about Herod, Berenice, Mariamne, Hyrcanus, Aristobulus, Antiochus Epiphanes, and so on, hoping among these many names to light on some bit of a story.

It was not so bad in summer, when they were mostly out of doors; and then, too, in latter years at that season there

was the Sabbath-school library to help them. True, this was small, so that when all were present a teacher was sometimes glad to carry a book apiece to her charge, giving them no shadow of a choice. And a majority of the scholars of this day would say there was but small choice at best, deeming all those "Lives" and "Memoirs" of real persons old-fashioned, those "Sermons to Youth," "Scripture Histories," "Hymns and Allegories for Young Minds," miserably dull and prosy. But though they were grave reading, with nothing of the pious novel about them, yet they did interest and instruct that generation.

Still there were a few books in that library that even these eager, old-style country children could not admire. For instance, there was one compact, learned volume in small type called "A Warning to Churches," and when Lotta had earned a prize, a copy of this was put in her hand; a wise, good work in its place, certainly, but of what use to a small child that could not so much as read the name aright? For Lotta scudded home affronted, and told her ma that instead of a nice book they had called her out, and before all the school (as if she was a big swearer), had given her a "Warnin' to Cursers"!

However, this dearth of juvenile literature had one good effect in making the children all the better acquainted with their Bibles, which some commenced going through when only five and six years old, reading a portion daily at their mother's knee, while she plied her needle or turned her wheel. Such small folks usually went on pretty slowly; but larger ones sometimes read from Genesis to Revelation in a year, and then turned back and began it again, and so on, over and over. Though the little Meads began reading it with the youngest, and were taught to consider it their life study, they seldom read so swiftly as this.

But as it is natural for human nature to love variety and

change, though it be for the worse, so these urchins often longed for a few amusing books and every-day stories, and especially, when storm-bound indoors, would have passed many a dull hour when ma, sick or busy, forbade all noisy play, had it not been for the snug harbor and entertainment that generally awaited them in Granny's room.

As is natural with age, her thoughts oftenest reverted to the days of childhood and youth, revelling in the past, till her lips overflowed

> "With strange, old-fashioned stories
> Of gladness and glory that once were at home."

Hundreds of times she would begin with, "Once when I was young," "One time when I was a little one like you," "One day when I lived with Granny Robinson." And often it was the very tales with which that long-lost friend had charmed her infant ears, that she now in turn retold to them; mingling all with tender memories and loving eulogy of her who had told them first. And it was thus they heard "The Wolf Story," "The Last Ball," and scores of others. And oftener still she related incidents and adventures that had occurred at one time or another in her own history. Sometimes, reaching back to the very dawn of reason, she gathered up, and dwelt on, her first infantile impressions of life and death. She had lost her mother when but three weeks old, and in her third year her remaining parent was taken; and among her earliest recollections was that of a still, coffined form—of hearing a voice saying, "she had no father now," and of running, frightened and crying, through files of strangers to cling to her uncle John.

Occasionally she would say, "Once when I was at Uncle B.'s." And one of these early memories was of her Cousin Alac, who had died at fourteen. It was a Sabbath morning; the patient seemed better—was resting well; and all went down to breakfast, leaving her to watch. Presently

he awakened, and looking smilingly up at his little nurse, and then glancing at the hearth, asked for one of the apples roasting there. He took it eagerly, but the next moment paused, and silently handed it back. A practiced eye would have noted a sudden change, but the child saw nothing but that poor, tired Alac was falling asleep again, as, indeed, he was; for the astonished family circle returned to find him dying, and almost gone.

This scene, with all its features, had been impressed on her mind as with a pen of iron. She saw it yet: the aspect of that upper chamber; the faces of friends and strangers; the dying-bed; the shadowy form. Everything, great and small, without and within, from the sparkling hickory fire to the hue of the autumn sky, was fresh before her; and she painted them as things of yesterday.

And when all was over—the cold hands on the breast, the set face shrouded from view, and Alac no more of earth—she told, with what a thrill of childish grief and awe, she had found the golden russet, the last thing he had ever touched or noticed; there it lay, still marked with the pearly teeth, just as she had taken it from his hand. 'Twas but an hour ago he held it, and smiled, and called her name; but what an abysm of change and distance divided them now! . . . .

As was customary then, the funeral came swiftly on. One day, watched and caressed, he slumbered on his downy bed; the next found him gone from sight, and the chill November winds sighing above his grave.

"A little, little grave, an obscure grave," the second century is wearing on, since in that ancient Essex churchyard it was made for Alac. But through all the cycles that have passed over the forgotten mound, the love of one childish heart has kept his name from oblivion.

Often too, she talked of her only sister, buried seventy years before; and of her own four children, so loved, so

early lost; describing their words and ways and endless charms, as only a mother can; dwelling fondly on each, but longest on her first-born, who had been named for this youthful aunt, and, like her, had died at seventeen.

"Gloomy subjects," say some; but no, as treated by Granny they only seemed touching, beautifully touching, not sombre. She loved them well, but never dwelt on them too long; for as her experience had been wide and varied, her topics varied accordingly, being frequently those most cheerful—such as the happy, happy days of childhood and youth; and well could she describe the past and its pleasures. Oftenest, most fondly, she dwelt on quiet domestic joys, but did not forget or omit to also celebrate outside delights—such as the games and sports common then: the manifold "bees"; the "sleighing parties" and "bathing parties"; the "coasting and skating"; the "rides and walks"; the "weddings and infares." Yes, and the faces and fashions of the "belles and beaux" of E—— who had enjoyed them with her, and all the escapes and adventures they had passed through together. All the places she had ever seen seemed to be before her; all the persons she had ever met remembered. She gave brief, but connected memoirs of the few she had known intimately, both clergy and laity, and detached incidents from the lives of many others; and whether her subjects were public or private, great or small, she invariably carried her listeners with her. She taught them patriotism by expatiating on the sufferings and privations of the soldiers and all classes, during the Revolution, so much of which she had seen and experienced too, for her husband had been twice drafted, besides all the other troubles caused by the war. She thrilled them with tales of border warfare, and outrages committed by both parties; dwelling especially on the horror that had filled her native village, and the whole land in 1778, at the report of the destruction of fair Wyoming by

the Tories and savage red men; and again in 1781, how all their hearts had sickened at the news of the "massacre of the Christian Indians" by the worse than savage whites. Or, coming nearer home, she told the fate of her own friends and neighbors; how dear father C.'s family had been butchered before his eyes, her own young brother-in-law tortured, Col. W. burned at the stake, Miss G.—but enough of these horrors. She wished the children to be thankful that they did not live in such terrible times, but seldom talked on them long, preferring to treat of pleasanter things. Sometimes she described places—as the towns of W——, S——, R——, and others, or Bedford Springs, or scenery along the Potomac or the Delaware, etc. But oftener persons, books, and events—as "Belva P., and Her Prophetic Dream," "Dia. N.: A Life-long Sufferer," "The Doctor's Wife," "Vanity in Church Punished," "The Widow B.'s Boiled Pudding," "Mrs. D.'s Contrary Husband," "Farmer E.'s Spiteful Wife," and a thousand other things, grave, gay, or pathetic.

Books, as has often been remarked, were exceedingly scarce and dear in most places, and she told what a sensation a copy of Burns' poems made in E——, and how folks praised "Days of Auld Lang Syne," "Bonnie Doon," "Lines to Mary," etc. Truth to tell, the dear old lady herself never lost her interest in a love-song, and would quote some of these at eighty, as tenderly as a girl of eighteen. This verse was a favorite, reminding her of her own true Paul, with whom she had been rarely happy:

"John Anderson, my Jo John, we clam the hill togither,
And many a lang and canty day we've spint wi ane anither;
Noo we maun travel down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep togither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo."

If ever the younger listeners grew restive, finding the talk rather too grown-up for them, Granny could quickly

rest them with something small and chatty, about some boy or girl, and their plays and pets, sagacious animals being great favorites with old and young. A dog (belonging to a friend) of mixed blood, shepherd, Scotch terrier, etc., though having had no particular training, made himself very useful and amusing. He seemed to have counted every brute on the farm, and no other would be permitted to harbor there at all. The first thing in the morning he started on his rounds, with his nose to the ground or raised in the air, to examine if there had been any nocturnal trespassers. He noticed a strange hog, sheep, cow, or horse instantly; and often the first knowledge his master had of the stray, was hearing the commotion Spry was making in getting it out, which he frequently accomplished all himself. He was death on rats and snakes, and the distinct pronouncing of their names, especially the former, filled him with excitement. It seemed a bit as if he knew colors too, for when sent to catch a fowl, with the injunction, "Get yon brown one," or, "Get yon white one," or whatever the hue, if once the game was shown him, that special biped he pursued through all its windings and hidings, and, passing by thirty or forty others, seized the one designated. Extremely affectionate, he loved to be with his friends continually, and accompany them everywhere. No coat, bonnet, or dress could be laid out, without his being on the alert for a trip; and if a bridle or saddle was taken down, he was still more animated. And yet he never obtruded his company at all; for so delicate and sensitive was he, that if any one wished to repel him, one forbidding look and word was enough. Such affronts, especially if from his master, wounded him deeply, causing him to hide away in grief and shame till he was gone and out of sight. Then the forgiving creature would steal out, and tracking him to the public road, would lie down and watch all day long for his return; and at eve, with more than human love and meekness, would run quite a distance to meet him and welcome him home.

This fondness for his friends continuing and increasing, was, by and by, the occasion of his learning a new trick; in this way: Following the two children of the house around one day, they finally deserted him by running up a ladder that leaned against a tree, and seating themselves among the boughs. Spry, surprised and disconcerted, sat down discontentedly at the foot, watching them wistfully; and presently began to vent his feelings in a low, plaintive whimpering.

"Poor dog; poor old fellow!" cried they. "Don't you cry. We'll be down directly." But he only whined the more.

"Well, then, come up to us," said Amy. "Here, Spry; here, Spry."

"Don't tease him, now," said kind Nan. "You know he can't come."

"Well, 'twon't hurt him to try," retorted Amy. "And 'twill be such fun. Here, Spry, come here; come here!"

And the dog skipped about, and peered up at her anxious and inquiring. And, as she continued to call and whistle, point to the ladder, and pat the upper round with her little barefoot, he ran up, reared on his hind feet, and caught the lower rounds with his paws.

"Oh, he's coming! he's coming!" cried Nan, delighted; but Spry jumped off again and began to bark. Then Amy whistled sharper, and Nan called louder:

"Here, Spry; here, Spry!"

And pretty soon, bashful and whining, he made another attempt; this time reaching the third round, where he hung a moment, frightened and nervous, then slipped, and tumbled heels over head to the ground. This rather mortified him at first; but hearing his companions clapping, cheering, and shouting with laughter, he began to think it a joke himself; and breaking into joyous yelps, he laughed all over from the point of his grinning nose, to the end of

his frisky tail, rolled on the ground, raced round the tree, tore the bushes with his ivory teeth, growling and charging like mad.

When the mirth had subsided somewhat, the girls desired a second performance; but the actor begged leave to decline. He understood the order perfectly well now; but he was hot and tired, and to all their commands only responded by lying still, and wagging his tail slowly and lazily; but when they became more and more urgent, he rose to his feet, wrinkled up his black muzzle, and protested by short, serio-comic yowls, and odd, deprecating gestures, that "he couldn't climb that old ladder, and didn't mean to try; but they could come to him, and must directly." But as they refused to descend, and still kept on calling, coaxing, and motioning him to ascend, he at last resolved to join them, if he risked his neck; he would make the effort, at least; and he did.

To be brief, after much nice balancing on, and close clinging to the lower rounds, he slowly and carefully scrambled higher and higher, till he reached the top, and stepped proudly into the forks of the tree and sat down, amid the bravos of the spectators.

They patted, petted, and praised him to the skies awhile; then all went down and all ascended again, repeating this over and over till the lesson was thoroughly learned. And, as Spry was eminently practical, as well as fond and playful, he turned the new accomplishment to good account; for, after this, he often pursued the rodents into high lofts and hay-mows, before inaccessible to him, which was all the better for his master, and the worse for the rats and mice.

A gray grimalkin had a history, too; and, despite the *savants*,* Tabby had strong affections, much pride, and a

* A naughty writer says, "The cat has little pure affection for man, has no pride in its work, looks for no praise; in short, is as innocent of merit as if she had been brought up a *Calvinist*."—[Dr. R. in *Living Age*.

keen love of praise. She was a great hunter, and habitually bore her prey home, and laying it in some conspicuous place, called her owners' attention to it by running back and forth from it to them with earnest looks and peculiar cries, frequently refusing to taste it till she had received what she deemed a proper meed of praise; and had even been known to rouse her mistress at midnight to look at a fine rat. She was a pretty, delicate, silky-haired little creature, with a white breast and white feet, and a pair of large, wise eyes, from the lower corner of which two narrow, wavy, jet-black lines extended, and curved gracefully round each side of her face, making her appearance rather singular.

A sharp hand was Tab at business, patrolling the house from garret to basement, and pursuing her prey in the depths and the heights. To the tops of tall presses, and high shelves they pranced, and she dashed recklessly after; and into deep boxes, and dark barrels they plunged pell-mell together. Once, when chasing three mice in a crib, they essayed to escape through a hole in the roof, but she sprang after, clung a moment to a rafter, and jumped down with two of them in her mouth.

She opened all the doors in the house, if not fastened; and when they were, had been seen to mount a chair and yowl and shake the latch impatiently, as if comprehending the cause of the hindrance, though unable to remove it. The fastenings of cupboards she really did understand, and managed cleverly. Standing on her hind feet, she would reach up, and with one of her tiny paws turn the button aside as deftly as a child, and then with both paws tug and pull at the close-fitting door till it flew open.

The sheds and cribs were faithfully watched as well as the house; but she spent most time at the barn, which she probably considered her own special property, and where she received any of the family who happened to call, with the most patronizing politeness. If she noticed their ap-

proach in time, she met them at the door with glad greetings; accompanied them every place they went, and almost overpowered them with attentions; but if they entered suddenly, her movements were sometimes equally sudden and abrupt.

Once Mrs. M., running hastily into the first floor, was just stooping over a hen's nest, when Tab, without any warning, jumped clear from the hay-mow plump on her back. The mistress screamed, and ran, and cuffed; but Tab held the closer, and was so pleased with this new exploit, that a few days later, she swooped down on the master in the same way; and at different times others of the family were so favored. And having managed to light on their shoulders safely, she would cling to them with her snowy paws, and rub her face against theirs with delight.

Hunting was her first business; but when off duty she was eminently social, ever anxious to be near some one, but especially her mistress; she would creep into her lap, or her work-basket, and if forbidden these, would nestle down on her dress, as close beside her as possible. The friendship was warm and true on both sides; but once they had considerable of a disagreement.

With all her virtues, Tab had always been a trifle pert and saucy, never so overly fond of recognizing any will but her own; and when in the course of events four pretty kits became her property, she grew more proud and forth-putting than ever. One thing that she settled then and there was, that a tub in an out-house, however snug, was not the place for her children. Beauties like them were good enough to live under the same roof with the family, and she insisted that they should be moved in. But here the mistress differed with her, insisting just as strongly that they should stay where they were. And so they had it. Tab would move them in, one by one, and stow them away in a warm box; and madam would move them out all at once,

and return them to their nest in the tub. In a few hours Tab would carry them back, and madam would carry them out again.

After a good deal of this, the dame got a little vexed, and bundling up the whole tribe, old and young, she carried them into a high loft, put them on a soft rug, and giving the mother a light slap and a shake, bade her keep her young ones there; and to enforce obedience, fastened the door, leaving only a high window open.

For two days Tab scrambled in and out of this jail, seemingly content with the new arrangement; but on the third, as Mrs. M. opened the kitchen door, she was on the step, and instead of walking boldly in, crouched down instantly, and dropped her head on her paws. "A cat may look at a king," they say; but Tab really seemed unable to look even at her kind mistress. "Poor Pussy; what's the matter?" she asked; but puss only half raised her head, gave one bashful, timid, curious kind of a look, and dropped it again, shrinking still closer to the step. She acted exactly as though caught in some arrant mischief, and expecting punishment.

"What could ail the pet?" But just then, in spite of all her care, a kitten's tail peeped out from under her breast. Oho! here was the secret. Tab was moving again. Not stopping to contend with her, Mrs. M. passed on; and when she returned in an hour or two, the flitting was accomplished. The babes were all four in the box; and the mother hanging fondly over them, cast up such a frightened, beseeching look at her, that she could hardly find the heart to scold or rout her again.

However, the master was not so tender-hearted. "We can't keep all these kittens," he said; and before their eyes were opened, he had removed them permanently. Poor pussy, when she discovered her loss, how she did take on, searching everywhere, up-stairs and down, and filling the

house with lamentations. She looked at every one with great, sad, questioning eyes, and followed them round and round, demanding her darlings with pitiful mewings.

The children were gathering apples in the orchard, and she carried the search there, climbed into the trees after them, still crying—crying; and, as they averred, with tears in her eyes. No end of pity and caresses were showered on her, and these soothed her grief a little ; and soon another method was found for diverting it by the children.

About this time a pair of young birds of the dove species was brought in by them, and, childlike, laid on the trundle-bed, and these they showed to Tabby. She brightened up in a moment, ran to them, examined them carefully with four of her senses, and then, as the children feared, was about to use the fifth, for she opened her mouth; but no, instead, she only began licking them tenderly, now and then giving a low call, such as she had used to her own young. She could scarcely have mistaken these for them, for she was a cat of excellent judgment ; but they were small, and soft, and downy like them ; they were something to love and fondle ; and as the little waifs cuddled close to her breast, she looked down on them complacently, and soon began to sing, and finally, curling down on the bed, clasped both paws protectingly around them, and purred herself and them to sleep. Tab did many other noteworthy things; but she must retire now, to leave space for others.

A shrewd old hen had a story, too. She had trained many proper families in her time, and had always marched them proudly to the door four times a day, imperiously demanding rations, till at length she was beguiled into accepting the charge of a lot of duck's eggs. Such fowls the hen had never seen; and when the brood appeared with their broad, sprawling feet and uncouth bills, gobbling up all before them, she was in a peck of trouble.

With a low cackle of surprise and interrogation, she

viewed and reviewed the awkward squad; glanced at them askance, stared at them squarely, cocked her head knowingly to one side and then to the other; peered at them with her right eye, then with her left; but 'twas no use; strange little monsters they were, and would be.

Seeing no help for it, she gave an impatient call, and flounced away into a grove of weeds a yard high, where food had to be thrown at random, for she could not be coaxed out, but hid away for a week or more, as though ashamed to show her face. And when she did venture forth, timid and unhappy, she mostly held herself aloof from companionship with her kind, and from the house; often if approached with food, hiding herself again in the weeds.

These strange, ungainly birds, forever dabbling in mud and filth; risking their lives or catching their death of cold in the water, were no children of hers; that was flat. No, indeed, she had been duped and imposed on, and had lost faith in human nature.

Another fowl (belonging to a friend), more hasty than wise, went into business before the snow was gone; but all her careful brooding brought forth only a flock of one. Whether she had heard of the contempt poured on a "hen with one chicken," or whether simply moved by her own proud spirit; certain it is, she scorned this small beginning, and before long was singing around, and making a new nest under the gooseberry bush. The one chick kept close beside her all the time while she made her arrangements, and laid her eggs, and when she went to setting (not knowing what else to do), it set too.

When their united efforts were rewarded by a family, the sleek, white hen, rough brown pullet, and downy, yellow chicks, all came off together, and paraded round the yard an amusing sight. But this ambitious female was not content yet. It was but a small brood after all, only five; and before many weeks she determined to try her luck once

more. And when with a well-filled nest, she began setting the third time, the half-grown daughter adopted the screaming orphans. Sometimes she took them to see the mother on her nest; but much of the time led them round, and did her best to feed and protect them by day, and hover them by night. An odd, happy circle they were; a real feathered edition of "Little Meg's Children."——Or Granny would tell them about a sound fright Katrina had gotten one morning, when she had started to market before day. While passing through a wood, she was startled by a slight sound behind her. "'Twas nothing," she told herself. Nothing but the wind! But—yes it was too; for old Nell was starting and listening too. She paused to hear. Yes,—there was a sound of something moving swiftly. 'Twas coming nearer. Yes, 'twas coming fast after her! A great coward generally, Katrina quaked with terror, and putting Nell to her mettle, away, and away they dashed, like "Ichabod Crane," and the "Headless Horseman." She ran; and it ran. The faster she rode, the faster it came.

What beast or being was it? What moment would it seize her? She dared not look back. On, on she sped, over a mile, that seemed endless. Then the day dawned, a house was near, and for the first time, she wheeled and faced the foe. There the goblin stood, a sad-eyed stranger, a dear, meek-faced little colt; lost from its dam, and all in a heat, racing after old Nell.——Sometimes the dame laughed over the mistakes her petite figure had occasionally caused. Once when nearly eighteen, as half concealed by a large, long-skirted sun-bonnet, she stood under a wild grape-vine near her uncle's, two stately gents on the road to Trenton, had paused a moment, to smile and chat with this supposed country child. "What fine grapes," "Would not sissy give them some?" etc. She was much amused at these strangers, and at others who had judged that such small stature must needs belong to very tender years; but still more at

some of the children, who had sagely decided that it was a mark of great age. "Once," she said, "Flo and Lotta had been heard confabing solemnly over their dolls, about how 'everybody first growed big ; and then growed little again. Old Missie R., and Missie W., and daddy G. had got some old, and some little ; but Granny 'd got real old, and real short ; and papa and mamma, and all the big high peoples would get little and short, just like Granny when they got old.' "

If now and then, no story occurred to the grandame, it was easy for her to imagine one about something ; but she carefully distinguished between these make-believes and the real ones. On state occasions her high "chest of drawers" was opened, and her finest linen sheets and pillow-slips produced, and better still, the blue-and-white curtains trimmed with handsome fringe and netting. These reaching nearly to the ceiling, and sweeping to the floor ; draped gracefully, and tied back with blue ribbon, looked grand as a regal tent to the little folks. They wished the bed "looked that way always ; they were so pretty ; and then there were all the nice, big pictures on them, and Granny's tales about them." The first was a domestic scene ; a board-fenced lane led up a hill, to a white cottage embowered in shade, with low doors and casements, and a round window in the gable. Outside, a fair woman, with her hair combed straight back from her brow, and fastened with pins in a round knot, high on her head, sat on a bench under a tree, with a child on her lap, and two older children in short-sleeved slips, sat on the ground playing with rattles. A second female, in a long gown tucked at the knee, with a similar topknot on her crown, and a stout maul under her arm, was approaching the first, on the right : while on the left, a man was seen striding away with an axe on his shoulder. "No, no," said Granny, laughing at their mistake, "that's not a 'maul,' it's a 'washer.' . A thing used to

thump and paddle clothes. I've seen them often. Most likely this woman, and baby too, are sick, or weakly, for look how both are wrapped from head to heel in that thick shawl on a summer day. Husband, I judge, had to go for the washer-woman first thing this morning. He's hurrying off to his chopping now, and here she comes. She'll pin up that long-tucked gown before she begins to wash, I guess. See these pretty flowers; there's water near too, for here are reeds and rushes. No, that is not a barn," she says of the next scene; "it is a ship they are building. See the mighty timbers, these are masts and spars. The ocean must be just down there, and likely a city behind that woods." The next scene showed a group of tall forest trees, and a prodigious bird's nest, with three open-mouthed young ones. "Young eagles these," she explained. "There sits the mother, looking fierce enough to seize you. You needn't laugh. I'll tell you about a child they carried off directly; but here comes the father with a rabbit, or is it a lamb in his claws, to feed his babies?"

And so on throughout; she gave the real name and meaning of each group and object, so far as the artist had made them plain; and then added on as "guesses" and "maybes," the many pretty fancies they awakened in her brain. We know how much sacred lore the infant "Doddridge learned from the blue and white tiles in his mother's chimney"; and perhaps not less, though of a different kind—*i. e.*, lessons on architecture, ornithology, botany, old fashions, former customs, and what not—did these little ones learn from the bold figures and simple talks on the blue and white bed-hangings in Granny's room. What a source of pleasure they were in that time of dearth of both story books and pictures, and also——but we must omit—literally and figuratively drop the curtain and pass on.

But with all her kind, gentle ways, this was not one of the blind, fond grandmas, who can see no faults in the chil-

dren; nor was she too weakly indulgent to rebuke and warn with some severity if necessary. Did any of them exhibit a murmuring, discontented spirit, she showed them its sinfulness, and reminded them of their blessings, and that all the ease and comfort they enjoyed had come by no toil or care of theirs; all had been bought by the labor and sufferings of others. The brave fathers had fought and bled to make the land free. The brave pioneers had endured all manner of hardships and dangers to make homes for them; and now ingratitude indulged in these blood-bought homes was as contemptible as it was base. How could they (or any of the happy children of that generation) think of whining at every trifling pain or trouble? They should be ashamed to fret at this and that, and worry their parents for more and finer clothes, when those who had gone before them had patiently suffered for the commonest comforts of life. Former children, as good as they, had never *seen* store suits, such even as the poorest of their Sunday ones; nor dreamed of white hats and prunella slippers, but had been glad to be clad in rough linsey, and shod in rude moccasins or shoepacks. A sad childhood was theirs, spent in constant fear of the sound of the "war-whoop." And there was small chance to think of fashionable gowns, or of silk, or Leghorn wear for their heads, when so uncertain of being allowed to wear their scalps.

If now and then one or another of the band mutinied at the table, crossly and daintily refusing what was prepared, she had a "rod in pickle" for that too; that usually shamed, and, for the time at least, reformed the little ingrate. She would begin relating some story of real want and misery, where persons had been worn to skeletons by the pangs of hunger before being relieved, and some had literally died from starvation. Or would tell how even in their own district, now teeming with plenty, families had had to live (unlike some little folks she knew) for many weeks on

pumpkins, potatoes, dried meat, etc., with no bread and butter to quarrel with. And when they had bread, it was not the nice, light wheaten loaves they tired of, but only corn-pones and johnny-cake, made from coarse meal, grated or pounded, for at first there were not even hand-mills on the frontier. "Hog and hominy" was a proverbial dish when there was any corn; and mush and milk was the usual supper, when they had meal and milk. In lieu of the latter, they often supped on mush and sweetened water, or mush and bear's grease. As salt was $8 per bushel, and all beyond the mountain, it was a luxury not always to be had. One family being out of meat, the good-wife slew a large fowl, and being also out of salt, rinsed the salt barrel to obtain seasoning.

A wild, precarious life the first settlers had lived; strong, healthy adults endured it well, but it was very hard on feeble persons and young children, who often suffered for proper food, especially for milk. What few cattle there were, unused to the strange, rough browsing, often did but poorly, and sometimes strayed away into the deep forest till dry, at times not being recovered at all. A good cow was deemed a treasure to a family, and the loss of one a positive calamity. She could never forget how her next neighbor, Eve Y., with such a houseful of little children, had longed and waited for a cow; and with what exultant joy she had run in one day to tell her they had secured one. How proud her young ones were! How they did swarm round the gentle beast, and lead and feed and fondle it! But none rejoiced like the mother. Her little ones need cry no more for milk now. What butter she would make! what dainties cook for her poor John! Oh, a queen was not so rich and happy as Eve Y.!

But not long after this she appeared again all tears and gloom, and sinking into the nearest seat, sobbed out:

"Oh, Mrs. T., my cow is dead! My dear, good Colly is dead!"

"Ah, children," continued Granny, her dim eyes growing misty, "what times we did see then, when one could not help another! But lately come to the wilderness, we had but one cow, nearly dry, ourselves; so, though my heart ached for Mrs. Y., I could offer no aid or comfort but sympathy. All I could do was to give my pity, and sit down and cry with her." . . . .

Neither did a sulky, stubborn spirit find much quarter with the grandame. She hated it, and generally found one plan or another to exorcise it. One meeting-night,—but we should premise that preaching was then often held in private houses; and perhaps second only to the church as a meeting-place, was a large, old-fashioned, log mansion, with wide halls and long porches that stood on the east side of the road to N——. A high hill rose close behind it, crowned above with forest of oak and chestnut, and covered below with orchards; while in front broad meadows stretched away, dotted with herds and flocks. On the right of the house, the square, smooth, green yard opened into the garden, and on the left descended into a narrow dell to a pure, cold spring. The whole enclosure was shaded by tall, thick trees, and bright with roses, lilies, altheas, flowering almonds, snow-balls, etc., where birds were singing, and bees humming the summer through. Here, service was held statedly, year after year, a niece of the host often leading the music, and so ably, that an admiring wight, somewhat given to getting his comparisons mixed up badly, used to exclaimed, "Miss H. can sing,—sing like a martingale!"

But to return,—occasionally meetings were appointed at other houses, at Mr. J.'s, B.'s, M.'s, or elsewhere. And one night when it was to be at T.'s, it turned out very stormy, both indoors and out. Toward evening it began to be hinted round by the big ones, that "toes and noses would suffer to-night." "Little folks must stop at home," etc. But Susy, the little person for whom these hints were speci-

ally dropped, went on laying out her clothes, and paid no attention. But when mamma said the same, she began to lament and coax, "she'd never been to Uncle Fred's to meetin'." "They'd promised she should go and sit with little cousins." "Now they was all a goin', and she must go too." But finding mamma firm, she dropped into her low chair, and "bawled to some purpose." They tried to reason with her about the storm,—how fast it was snowing and drifting, and mamma finally drew her, chair and all, to the door and forced her to see it for herself. But 'twas no use; she only cried the more, nor did mamma forbid it. She esteemed tears nature's own best relief; and generally allowed her children to enjoy that consolation quite unchecked. And then in this case, knowing how bitter the disappointment was, she had no heart to chide. For some time after all were gone, Sue sat still in her little chair, sobbing and crying, till worn out; when weary of the lone, deserted rooms, she stole into Granny's, where she and Mattie (now in her teens) sat by a cosey fire, having one of their usual talks. But for once the conversation had no charms for Sue; and with red eyes, and pouting lips she sat down in a dusky corner, moody and miserable; giving no heed to anything; and without uttering a word, casting a chill over the whole room. Noticing directly that something was amiss, Granny inquired the cause: and receiving no reply, Mattie rose to explain about the trouble; and that Sue took it harder because all the other children were allowed to go. "Oh, well," Granny said, "the rest were larger and could go better, but such midges as Sue should not think of being out." And then both told her, "How good it was of mamma, to keep her at home on such a bad night; at home by the fire, was the very place for her, or snug in her trundle-bed," etc. Of course the remarks were well intended; but to the little one, already so sorely tried, they sounded harsh and unfeeling, and instead of being soothed

by them, she resented them bitterly, as insult added to injury ; and all unstrung as she was, burst into renewed sobbing, mingled with a flood of broken words of reproach and invective against Granny, Mattie, mamma, everybody, till the slight form fairly quivered with anger and excitement. The grandame was grieved and surprised, for such a display of infantile contumacy was quite unusual in the child. What had she better do about it? Such evil passions must not fill her darling's heart, and yet in her present excited mood penance and reproof would do little good. She hit on another plan. Leaving the child to her own musings, she turned to Mattie, and resumed her conversation ; and (singular as it seemed) this time the subject was the *Devil.* She talked of his power and malice ; how he watched and hunted for every soul. How he raged when he saw folks praying, and trying to get to heaven, and gloated with hideous joy over the bad. How glad, oh, how glad he was, when he saw any one doing bad instead of good.

Like Luther and others of past ages, she mentioned a bodily presence too. Some had thought they had seen his fearful shape, even in this world. She did not vouch for that though, but it was certain all the wicked must see, and dwell with him one day. But the good would be forever safe and blest ; for though Satan was a mighty foe, God was an Almighty friend, and would never let him have one, who loved and obeyed Him. Though the doctrine was old, the stories told that evening to illustrate it were new ; and all given together in Granny's inimitable style, had inclined Sue to glance behind her more than once, and also to prudently hitch, inch by inch, out of her dim corner ; and by the time they ended, she was truly penitent, and crept into bed as meek as a mouse.

Next morning Max undertook to report the meeting to her ; not the audience or their dress, but the service, text, etc., which he stated was all a good deal about ants. His

puzzled listener began to laugh ; but Max checked her with a frown.

"No, no ; it wasn't queer a bit, nor nothing to laugh at," he said. "The way the preacher fixed it up. It was as solemn-like as"— But finding his descriptive powers failing, he seized the hymn-book. "I'll find you what they sung," he said. And presently, with a school-boy's force, he began to read out the following :

"'The little ant for one poor grain,
Labors, and toils, and strives ;
But we, who have a heaven to gain,
How negligent we live,'" etc.

Young as she was, Sue caught the import, and the odd hymn, and text following thus closely on Granny's odd sermon, was ever after connected with it in her mind; and both left a salutary and lasting impression that kept her from outbreaking naughtiness for some time.

As the grandame so often talked of the Jersies, and dwelt so much and so fondly on past scenes and happy days in E—— Co., the children could not but think she longed to return there ; and would sometimes say, pityingly:

"You want to go back to the old places, don't you, Granny ? You'd love to see them all again ?"

But she would sigh and shake her head. "No, no, child, I could not go back now. Everything is changed. All my friends are dead and gone. I should die with melancholy there now. Oh, no ; I could never, never go back to Jersey."

Another time when talking, as she often did, of Rose, and of the long, long years of their separation, one of the juvenile group cried jubilantly:

"Oh, Granny, maybe Aunt Rosa will come to see you yet, and you'd be so glad. What would you do if she'd come to-day ?"

"Ah, child," she replied, "she'll never come ; and if she would, I could only sit still and cry."

The little folks were amazed to hear her speak of tears in connection with joy. Glad young creatures, they could know nothing of the deep soundings of a mother's heart, or of the pleasure that is akin to pain.

Bessie's feelings on most subjects were deep and strong; but gloomy thoughts not being indulged, seldom proved more than a passing cloud; and generally no one in the house, old or young, was more cheerful than its venerable head. She was very fond of reading, and also of sacred music, often asking for both; and though so weak, at rare intervals her own feeble voice was heard a few minutes at a time in some ancient chant from Solomon's Songs or David's Psalms. Or it wailed out in the condensed pathos and agony of that dirge over a lost soul: "Oh, my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee. O Absalom! My son, my son!" Or she celebrated the riches of free grace in some quaint rhyme, as,

"Come, my soul, to Calvary," etc.

Or thus:

"'Tis a mystery, no cause I see,
'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder!
That Christ should ever die for me,
That I a wretch, should saved be,
Is a wonder, a wondrous wonder," etc.

Next to her Bible, Watts' Psalms and Hymns were most precious to her, and often quoted. In one of Elza's letters to Rose, the aged parent sent but this brief message: She was "well and cheerful; at rest in mind and body; and as to the soul, a part of the 119th Psalm expressed its prevailing wish and joy better than she could herself." Thus:

"Oh that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind,
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find," etc.

This letter Rose preserved through life, and naturally felt a new interest in the grand old psalm that had been so dear to her mother.

Some time before her death, Bessie being called to part with one to whom her soul had long been knit, she parted also with this much-prized hymn-book, for the ancient friends had agreed to exchange something not new but old, as keepsakes, something old and valued, a meet memento of the old tried friendship, and of the dear old days when they had taken sweet counsel together, walked to God's house in company, and side by side sat down at His table.

Of all the precious past, nothing seemed a more fitting souvenir to Bessie than this solid, firmly bound volume of the songs of Zion ; and she gave it, a last gift with her last adieu ; for Mrs. J., less aged than herself, was about accompanying her grandchildren to a distant home. She carried the book with her there, and through all her troubled years and journeys near and far, she kept, and read, and loved it to the end.

Bessie's mind had always dwelt much on eternity ; and the nearer it approached, the more it became her theme. Much she thought and talked of the life above, and mused and questioned. Would souls made perfect, ever remember past sins and sufferings ? from those calm heights, would they stoop to recall the scenes of time ? Would friends who had loved the Master and each other, and worshipped together here, know each other there ?

These and many similar questions as to the knowledge, employments, and enjoyments of the blest, were continually rising, and were sometimes indulged, at other times checked as vain and useless prying ; for, unlike some modern thinkers, she felt assured that vision was now sealed. The Scriptures had already revealed all that man could learn of the unseen while on earth, had told all he could know of spirits and their state, till himself disembodied. And calming thus

her eager, questioning heart, she would say, "Ah, well, we see but darkly now; but by and by we shall know. Soon we will be spirits too, and then we shall *know*."

Once, when one of the children had had the good fortune to borrow a new book with three wood-cuts in it, she presently ran to the grandame, surprised and incredulous, exclaiming: "Do see, Granny, what this man in the picture is telling the folks."

Granny paused in her walk, leaning on her staff to listen, and S. continued:

"He says heaven is near us—not far off at all, but close by. Is that true?"

And the hoary pilgrim, already dwelling in Beulah, answered with a beaming smile:

"Yes, yes, 'tis true—'tis near us. 'Tis only a little ways to heaven—*only a little.*"

But though thinking and talking so frequently of a better world, and by grace living with it always in view, yet the passage thither seldom seemed otherwise to her than most dark and fearful. Her natural dread of death was very strong, and though faith whispered that he was a conquered enemy, to her he seemed a terrible foe still.

Of course she did not speak of this to the merry children, but would occasionally mention it to her intimate Christian friends, asking their advice and aid in overcoming this slavish fear of the last inevitable conflict. But after all that could be urged, she could seldom grapple with it even in imagination without some inward shrinking, and felt that its near and certain approach must fill her with dismay.

"O Lord, cast me not off in my old age," she prayed; "forsake me not when my strength faileth." And the oft-repeated cry was heard and accepted, for to such fearful, trembling souls the Father's dealings are often peculiarly tender.

It was a mild February afternoon, with a light covering

of new-fallen snow beneath, and a soft gray sky above. Hyacinths, snowdrops, daffodils, and other early bulbs were beginning to peep coyly upward. Here and there a bird pecked on a leafless tree, or flitted shyly from bough to bough, turning an eye now to earth, now to sky, and giving off and on a low, doubtful twitter, or a short, uncertain snatch of song; and all in a sly, cautious sort of way, as though to it alone had been revealed the delicious secret of approaching spring, and it was scarcely willing either to tell it or to keep it. The sun, veiled in clouds, yet giving out some hints of latent splendor, was nearing the western horizon. Without, the scene was pure and beautifully calm; within, lively and busy. Domestic affairs were going forward as usual. The young folks were planning for the future, and chatting and laughing over their work in the kitchen; and Bessie, in her usual health and spirits, passed slowly back and forth, now pausing a little to advise the granddaughters and watch their work progressing; and then returning to her own quiet room to rest an hour on her bed, or sit peacefully in her easy-chair by the fire. There was no sign or fear of change or death in the house, and yet both, *both* were near. Toward evening, Bessie arose and went out wrapped in her shawl, to walk a little in the fresh air, as was her custom on mild days. She had gone a thousand times before safely, but this evening had scarcely crossed the smooth, narrow yard once till she stumbled and fell to the ground, and, pale and moaning with pain, was carried back to her room. There was no serious injury—the shock and a sprained limb were the worst; but at her age there was little strength to endure suffering, and, weak and frightened, she refused to be put to bed, lest the motion should increase it. However, she gradually grew easier and rested a little in her chair; and Rose and Mattie, her loving granddaughters, sat beside her all the night.

Like many of the old pioneers, she had through life gen-

erally trusted less to the M.D.'s and their drugs, than to simple remedies and good nurses. On one of the latter she relied specially, and often said to Elza, "Whatever you may think of nurse G. and her skill, I choose her always in my ailments; and when my last sickness comes she must be with me." So this time, though not exactly sick, Mrs. G. was sent for as usual, as she would trust no one else to move her; and as she did not arrive that night, she dispatched Mattie again to fetch her in the morning.

She came, applied some of her usual lotions, administered a soothing draught, etc. And when, an hour later, the weary patient found herself safe in her soft, warm bed, with her tired limbs, stiff and sore, resting at ease, she could hardly believe that the much-feared disrobing and removal were accomplished. With a face beaming with pleasure, she looked from one to another, expressing her surprise and gratitude that it was so well with her. Gazing fondly at Mattie, she exclaimed: "Oh, my daughter, I am so glad you did get me help!" Then turning to Mrs. G., she thanked her warmly, assuring her that in her estimation she was better than seven doctors. She had so longed for her bed, and yet had so shrank from the pain of being moved; but her gentle touch had not hurt her at all. How thankful she was that it was safely over, and she was so comfortable, and was going to rest so well! Thus she talked for several minutes after lying down, her lips overflowing with gratitude; and still murmuring words of love and kindness to all, she fell asleep.

"All was well now," they said, and giving a few directions about the sprained limb, Mrs. G. returned home, Fred went away to his business, and the girls went about their household duties as usual; only stealing softly in occasionally to replenish the fire, and note with pleasure how deep and undisturbed was the much-needed repose. In the evening Sadie came to spend the night, and see Granny, and as she

had now had a nice, long rest, the three cousins all went in together to awaken and congratulate her. She had always been an uncommonly light sleeper, starting at every sound; but now, they were surprised to find that repeated calls did not arouse her. At first they thought the unwonted fatigue and loss of rest of the preceding night, explained this deep sleep now; but after several efforts to break it they began to be alarmed and ran for their father. But his strong, loud calls had no more effect than their own, save that once the white lids fluttered unconsciously, half raised, then instantly fell again,—and she slept on. For a moment Mr. Mead stood silent—his inward thought, "She will never waken," but to the children he said, "We will send for your uncle and Mrs. G. again and let them try." It was dusk when Paul set out, but in an hour or so he returned with Fred and the nurse, and they hasten to try their skill, but this also is vain; the sleeper is not awakened. And by and by the rest are persuaded to retire, and these two watch alone. It is now eighteen hours since she fell asleep,—and still she sleeps,—on, and on. The winter night is wearing away; the clock strikes four; when nurse G., sitting nearest the bed, suddenly breaks off the conversation and bends over the sleeper. "There's a change!" she cries, "call the family quickly!" And scarcely can all assemble till she is gone. Gone,—without mortal pangs, or parting tears, or grief, or fear. For though mercy, the great ordeal so long looked for, dreaded so long, came at last unawares. Came, and passed with all the pains and terrors so feared and shrank from through life, unseen and unknown. And this was death; proving at last, only a gentle transition. Only a sweet unconscious passing from quiet rest below, to the eternal rest above; only a sinking in peaceful slumber here, to awaken in heaven. . . . .

To Elza, the loving daughter, it was ever a matter for regret, that in all these last days and closing scenes, she, the

nearest friend of all, had no part. But so it was; for at her mother's own request she had gone away on a visit. And Flo and Lotta being now in houses of their own; and the two little sisters happening to be with them; half the family were absent, knowing nothing of the events transpiring at home, till shocked and grieved by being summoned thither to the funeral; for however long deferred, the death of one so loved and honored, is always lamented. She had nearly attained her fourscore years and ten, sixty of which she had been a member of the Regular Baptist Society of Bethel; and as was mete, the pastor of that old historic church conducted the funeral services; giving a consoling discourse from Phil. i. 21: For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. And then, the hymns* and prayers all over,—the last rites finished; she is borne to the waiting grave, and with tender tears laid beside the husband of her youth; there reunited at last, to rest together in hope, and sleep in Jesus, till time shall end.

For years preceding her death, her worldly business had been virtually settled, and her possessions mostly bequeathed, and dispersed among her descendants, and not long before that event, the remnant remaining was donated to different friends. But as she had from her youth considered the poor, so she did not now forget them, nor fail in this last division of goods in her latest age, to set something apart for the needy.† Every such article was carefully set

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* Hymns, "Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear," etc. "Why do we mourn departing friends?" and also, "Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are," etc.

† Two or three poor, hard-working women, who lived in cold hovels with large families, and scant clothing and bedding, she pitied most, and left to them among other things a valuable comfortable apiece, made, as was common then, wholly of wool, even to the wadding and thread. These heavy spreads of double home-wove flannel, so large, and warm, and strong, were most welcome gifts to

aside by Elza, and by and by duly conveyed to the owners; but her large-print Bible, and eye-glasses, she afterward redeemed, as old Mrs. C. was quite willing to exchange them for new ones. And nineteen years later the well-worn "Watts," dim and yellow with use and time, also returned to her. Mere rubbish this,—to a stranger, but not so to Elza. Coming as it did to her, from the dead, to whom it had so long been a companion; a token from her mother, and her mother's friend, it was precious. A relic to muse over and treasure. A tender souvenir of a friendship that had outlasted time, and was now ripening in glory.

And it added still more interest to the old volume for her to know that the portions most prized by its first owner were equally prized by the last; as, for instance, that this 119th Psalm, so often read and quoted by her mother, had also been a favorite of her friend's. It was found marked from end to end by her hand; and all its many parts were worn, dim, and faded with use, and blotted with tears. For this sweet sufferer had appropriated its plaints of trouble, anguish and horror of soul, and of heart-fainting, and melting for heaviness far more than Bessie, who had endured but common griefs. But on the broad truths there was oneness. Both could avow, "I love thy law, O God. . . . . Thy word is sweet to my taste. . . . . Thy precepts

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the poor rum-cursed mothers; and many a bitter night they drew them over their pale, half-clad babes, and thought of the long-buried donor with grateful hearts. They served them a great while, and one at least did double duty; for Mollie D., in showing her quilt years and years afterward, naively explained its lessened size by saying that, "One winter when Dan drank more, and provided less, even than usual; and part of the family were suffering; she had been forced to unsew the brown border, and cut both top and lining into clothes for the almost naked little sons." And she then added, too, some remarks on the dram-sellers; more true and forcible than polite. It was no wonder, poor, tried soul.

are the rejoicing of my heart. . . . . Thy commandments are my delight, and Thou art my shield and portion forever and ever." How blessed they who can say the same.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"And dwelt on former scenes and days gone by."

"We have had our May, my darling, and our roses long ago,
And the time of year is coming, my dear, for the wintry night and snow;
But God is ours through the murky night, as well as the blushing day,
And we feel and know that we can go wherever He leads the way."

Though Frederick T. had mourned the loss of his wife far longer and more deeply than most bereaved husbands do; yet, as was natural, the keenness of his grief wore away with time; and four years later he led a second bride to the altar. This lady, Maria N., was a black-eyed, black-browed brunette, crowned with a heavy coil of raven hair, and was as tall, and dark, and stately as Katrina had been small and fair. She had seen a good deal of fashionable life, and friends thought her tastes and training scarcely suited her for the quiet simplicity of a farm-house. However, she gradually learned country duties and ways, and adapted herself to her new sphere; and, notwithstanding the common opinion of the incompatibility of sisters-in-law, she and Elza were mutually attracted from the first, and became fast friends.

A few years after this second union, Frederick and his wife took a trip to W—— to visit his married daughters, and look at a farm he had near there. The new State pleased him well; so well that soon after his mother's death he rashly broke up all his old associations to remove there, and the old home went to strangers.

Once, and only once, he saw it again when years after his removal he returned to Pennsylvania, and came to his native place as a transient guest. Past middle life when he had left it, he was growing old when he returned ; for broken health, more than time, had aged him fast, making exertion that was but pastime to his compeers, painful to him.

His brother-in-law, still vigorous as most men at thirty-five, was surprised to see what trifles fatigued him, and that the two hours' walk around the old homestead was followed by a two hours' rest on his bed ; and Elza, too, noted this and other symptoms of failing, with pain. But however disease and exposure had weakened the body, it had left the mind strong and bright. Even from his couch he held his part in, and led the conversation whither he would ; and anon playfully heaping pillow on pillow beneath his head, he prepared to lead the singing. First he gave, "O thou, in whose presence," etc., to the exultant notes of "Davis"; and then other hymns and tunes that he and Elza had learned together in days of yore. And by and by "still evening fell," and all the family great and small gathered in, and they went back from music to conversation, and chatted and laughed, and discussed more topics than old "Talkative" himself.

Uncle Frederick delighted the young folks by relating one or two thrilling stories, and by reciting scraps from his favorite poets. Of new pieces, he said nothing pleased him better than "Lochiel" and "The Burial of Sir J. Moore," and he quoted,

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,"

and other fine lines feelingly.

And when, anon, the autumn air grew chilly, all with one concert adjourned to the cheerful kitchen, and re-formed the circle around its ample hearth, where at all seasons a wood-fire burned or smouldered. And there they sat, talking

and talking of the present, the future, the past, comparing, forecasting, reviewing, smiling, sighing, as the night sped by.

Ah, well might they linger long, and chide the quick-flying hours, for they were the last they were ever to spend together. The coming morning closed the visit, and, as it was never repeated by either, they met no more.

Some four years after these had met and parted, their sister Rose was called to a still sadder parting by the death of her husband, who died in his seventieth year. This marriage had proved in some respects a real love-match, for the youthful affection that their elders had mistrusted, and sought to test by a long probation, had endured every trial, and lived and lasted till age and "death did them part."

Rose, with her fine romantic feelings and o'erflowing wealth of love and constancy, could never change. And Elmer, the stalwart, matter-of-fact farmer, with his rugged strength of mind and body, though little given to melting moods or sentiment, and seemingly scarcely fitted to sympathize with a nature like hers, yet had always had some perception of its strength and beauty. The spell it had so early cast around him, no time could dissolve. It had charmed him in the freshness of spring-time, and in the "sere and yellow autumn" it charmed him still.

Far more than most wives, she reigned "sole companion of his home and heart"; for even when surrounded with grown-up sons and daughters, the house to him, seemed empty without Rose. He seldom cared to tarry long within if she was not there; and often, if absent but for a day, he would loiter and linger without in the gloaming, waiting like some boyish lover at the style, to watch and welcome her return. . . . .

Pity it is to mar this fair picture of long-tried faithful love with one dark line; but nothing here is perfect; and truth compels the avowal, that Elmer's affection, though in

one sense fond and true enough, was yet not entirely noble and unselfish, nor often rose to the height of giving pleasure at the sacrifice of his own. He liked well to be happy *himself;* and equally well, perhaps, he liked his wife to be happy, *i. e.*, happy in *his way*, and *with him;* but he scarcely relished her finding, or expecting much pleasure in other ways, or elsewhere. Probably, like many another, he would not have grieved had she quite forgotten her native land and father's house ; for the strength of her local attachments, and the depths of her filial and fraternal love, struck him rather unfavorably, as a kind of slight to, or lack of loyalty toward himself.

But there was no cause for jealous fear. There was room enough in her heart for all ; a nature so rich and full could never be changed or impoverished. And, without wronging husband or children, or loving them the less, she held the past in kind remembrance, and kept her ancient fealty to the home she had known earliest and the friends she had loved first.

The cool, practical, jovial husband, who (as is common) regarded a place none the more because it had been his father's and his birth-place and whose mother and brothers had followed, and were near him, saw nothing to recall or regret. But the young wife, with so much left behind her, and with a temperament so different, could not become so thoroughly absorbed in the present as to forget the past. And though she struggled against it, burdening herself with domestic cares early and late, and diverting her mind with company and business, yet all could not overpower memory; and often, as the slow years rolled by, she "pined in thought," and suffered all the pangs that only the exile from friends and country knows. A thousand times she visited them in fancy by day, and saw them in her dreams by night ; a thousand times purposed and pictured a glad return; but it never came. Some obstacle was always in

the way. The risk and expense of travel then was heavy. One or another of the family was often ill, etc., etc. But more than all else, it seemed to her that Elmer never really wished or encouraged the journey; and without his hearty concurrence she would not attempt it. He did not forbid it, certainly; but even while consenting to her plans, he thwarted them indirectly by raising so many doubts and fears as to their expediency and safety. Sometimes dropping boding hints as to the dreariness of home to him during her absence; again speaking dismally of the loneliness of the dear children left without a mother, and so on.

True, to some less devoted women and less sensitive to blame, all these obstacles would have formed but a slight intangible barrier, easily surmounted; but to Rose, with her high ideas of a wife's and mother's duty, it proved as impassable as a wall of iron. So, the visit would be given up, *for that time*, and she would return to her only resource, the pen; and in those crowded, close-lined pages, often traced while all the household slept, would pour forth on that *other* household, the tenderness of her heart, revealing to those earliest, but far distant, friends an intensity of feeling, disappointment, and languishing home-sickness, the depths of which none else could know or understand. Not unfrequently such letters would close with pathetic appeals for seeds, roots, or cuttings of wild flowers, shrubs and trees; for, being a passionate lover of Nature, her attachment to her native hills was scarcely less than that to her friends; and yearning for all alike in vain, she was fain to soothe the pangs of absence by cherishing something their dear hands had gathered—something that she had known and loved at home, and she found some solace and companionship in planting and watching these tiny slips and seedlings of spruce and chestnut, of laurel, winter-green, and other forms dear and familiar to her childhood.

And though here they made but a meagre show at best,

and usually, with all her care, grew gradually less and fewer; yet she loved them to the last, and grieved as she saw them drooping in the foreign soil, and one by one pining and fading away. How well, how fondly, she remembered their wild wealth of beauty at home. With what endless variety and exuberance of bloom, and freshness, and shade, they and their fair sisterhood had filled her early walks. "Aye, and filled them yet," she sighed; for—

> "Still are these treasures from thy bosom springing,
> O, far-off mountain dells."

"And sometime,—yes, surely—sometime, she would wander there again. Some day she would climb those piney heights once more with Fred and Elza. Scale the rocks, explore the caves, weary herself with blissful rambling, and return at eve laden with mountain fruits, ferns, and flowers, as of old. For one brief, blessed period, cast cankering care aside, bask in her parents' smiles, and be a child again."

And the poor father and mother read these tender, touching missives with tear-dimmed eyes; and longed and hoped for her coming; and watched and waited long; till weary and worn out, one after the other, they dropped away, and "died without the sight." And Rose, poor Rose, to her these tidings of death were heavy; to her, on whom all impressions were so deep and lasting. And then this grief was, perchance, not unmixed with the pangs of unavailing regret. Now, perhaps, she saw more clearly than ever before, what a child owes to parents; yea, what she had owed to aged parents, so kind, so tender as hers; and felt, with melting heart, that the keen pain of this trial, this long, dreary, endless separation should have been spared them, and "might have been." But it was too late now; all opportunity for filial duties was past. But there were others

waiting, near and pressing; other cares, other joys. And bravely wrestling against sad memories and useless brooding, she wisely resumed her wonted occupations, and filled her place as usual; and life went on, more empty, but as busy as before. . . . .

"Seven more summers waned," and in the eighth, after the death of her last parent, she was called to mourning again, this time for the husband of her youth. She buried him with Christian hope, and yet with many tears. His affection, if exacting, had also been *strong* and *true;* and for nearly half a century they had journeyed together, leal companions, and *lovers to the last.*

To Rose (as to all others) the passing years had brought many changes. . . . . The health of her family had improved; some were married, and all were grown. The fond, aged husband needed her ministrations no longer. Her duties to the old and the young were finished. "Rest, change, travel," said her friends, "are in order now"; and her children and her physician re-echoed the mandate. Yes, she would; and, like the freed dove to its nest, quick as thought, her heart turned *homeward.* "Home! home!" to her mountain home at last! True, she was rather feeble now to undertake so long a journey; but by travelling in her own carriage she could go by slow and easy stages; and two of her careful, loving children would accompany her. All the details were settled. The glad preparations were begun. The hopes of a lifetime were to be realized. And then, alas, health failed; she was stricken down by a lingering but mortal disease, and soon it was evident to all that the long-talked-of journey would never, never be taken. And Rose saw it too; and strove, as in many a trial before, to say, "Thy will be done." But she was growing weak and frail now, and this last disappointment was so hopeless, so bitter; as a Christian she submitted, but the poor, weak, human heart shrank from the burden, and prayed and entreated that the heavy cross might

be lightened. There was one thing still on earth that could alleviate this trial—only one, she felt, and that was a visit from Elza. And for this last boon she entreated; to this last hope she clung with all the intensity of her nature, and would not be denied. To be brief, a most touching message, dictated by herself, came to summon the sister to her side; and others, still more urgent, followed, and though the latter found much to hinder and intimidate, for she had never been twenty miles from home since she left school, and was full of fears; yet, all was finally surmounted, and she went. . . . .

The brothers, Fred and Rowland, had each visited Rose once; but these, the only sisters, had not met for almost forty years, and their meeting—their feelings—who can describe? . . . . By and by something like calmness was restored; and then, whether the invalid reclined on her lounge, or rested a little in her easy-chair, Elza's was placed close beside her; and there the sisters sat, and looked into each other's faces, and talked, the long days through. Almost a child when she left her parents, Rose never wearied hearing of them; and much she questioned of all the incidents of their lives and deaths; and much she told of how often her heart had demanded them with yearnings unutterable that could not be stilled; and she had "verily thought that she could not survive the news of their death, but must die with them." Ah, she had not then learned "how much the heart could bear." Apart from her they had lived and died, and their tombs, even, she would never see; yet, still she lived and suffered. Often feeling that it would be some satisfaction to know where they were laid, some solace to be able to visit their graves, though but in fancy; she would beg Elza to describe the place over and over, till she could recognize it and fix it on her mind; and her efforts to assist in this, by giving her own recollections of familiar landmarks, were pathetic.

"I remember," she would say, "just how our old home stood, with the creek and the great hill before it, and the peach orchard behind it. I can see the path that wound round by Ethan's pear-tree and down by the sloe-bush. I know where the tall hemlock and the seven chestnut trees stood; and where we climbed the fence into the turnip lot; and have never forgotten the sheltered bank where the wild flowers came earliest, and the wild fruits ripened first," etc.

And then, with childlike earnestness, she would ask:

"Now, where are the graves? How far are they beyond the house? In what direction from Ethan's tree? How far and which way from the hemlocks and chestnuts? On which side of the path?" etc., etc.

But, ah, dear heart, she saw and described things as they were then, and reckoned by landmarks that had long since passed away. And though Elza exhausted her descriptive powers to bring the scene before her, and strove to make her see it as she saw it, and as it was now, she but partially succeeded. Nor did Rose forget other persons, incidents, or localities; but wished to hear from every old home neighbor, and of all she had ever known, and of all the old places, too; but especially of those she had gone oftenest to with Elza. Among the earliest recollections of both (outside the family), were those of the first preachers, and of the great, solemn, sacramental meetings, and long tables, and vast crowds, at a tent* in the forest; where their parents had carried them on horseback in infancy, and to which, when older, they had often walked together hand in hand.† And well they both remembered what manner of pastoral visits these apostolic men had made; when, besides reading, singing, praying, and catechising, old and young were

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* "The tent had been replaced by a large building," Elza told her, "and named Tent Church."

† A double tree, under which they had frequently rested on the way, Rose was interested to hear, was still green and fruitful.

addressed *personally* on the *great salvation.* In such a visit Elza had been gently drawn to the pastor's knee, and, though but five years old, the tender words then dropped in the infant ear had made a lasting impression, and were (considered) the means of her conversion.

And while dwelling on these early religious privileges, they naturally recalled later ones, also ; especially those of the wonderful revival that had blessed the country in 1801–1803. They also touched on the strange "falling exercise" that had accompanied it, of which both had witnessed much; but on this phenomenon neither dared venture a decided opinion. . . . .

When the vicissitudes of life became the theme, Elza said little, for she had known few changes. Serious illness was nearly or quite unknown in her household ; and death had never entered it. But Rose had had a different experience ; wider, deeper, fuller. A wife and housekeeper at sixteen, three years later had found her an alien, parted from home, friends, child, and with a second babe on her bosom, floating "slowly and sadly" down the silent Ohio. A long and perilous journey by float-boat stretched before her ; a journey to end in fixing her at nineteen, in the lone "cabin of a wild clearing on the far Western frontier."

Here, through malaria and other unavoidable influences, her fine constitution had slowly given way, and of the large family that gradually gathered around her, none were robust. Often several were complaining together, and at times two were prostrated at once for half a year and more continuously. And there were wearisome months and nights of weeping, when through the dreary weeks mortality breathed on the heavy air, and "death looked in at the windows." Thrice he had entered. She had buried a daughter in her prattling childhood, and a son in his manly prime.

A noble career was opening before him ; a bride awaited him. Full panoplied for life's battle ; just entering its

grand arena; it was then the blow fell, and the busy forum was exchanged for the darkened chamber, and the silent dust.

Years fled, and then another passed from sight, the friend and lover of her youth was not. And all these trials and other crosses and griefs of a lifetime, that here are but touched on, or omitted entirely, Rose narrated with graphic power. And though she usually spoke of them calmly as things now past, the pitying listener could detect the deep but suppressed emotion that told how keen had been the pain, how lasting the impression. Ah, truly,

> "No deep wound ever closed without a scar,
> The heart bleeds longest."

But none must imagine that their conversation was always sad or solemn; on the contrary, it was often cheerful, and sometimes even gay, especially when they recalled the endless pranks of Fred, and all the merry days and plays that they three had enjoyed together. They laughed about the lessons he had given them in jumping, throwing at a mark, etc., in which Rose, he said, "learned well, but Elz not worth a cent." And over the time, when for some breach of the law, he had condemned Rose to an imprisonment of five minutes in the clay oven. But the jail being nearly air-tight, and the day hot, the captive was found at the end of her term half smothered. So that fun was turned to fright, and that penalty forthwith abolished.

And they talked of the "Still-House Party"; of "Whistling for the witches"; of "faithful Hetty"; "the pansy bed"; the "first rose tree"; "the first school"; the favorite mountain walks and flowers; and of squirrels, lambs, spaniels, and all their former pets, wild and tame.

In a pensive mood they would sometimes speak of the brother and sister, the gentle maiden, the laughing schoolboy who had gone first and early.

One day Rose, from some secret casket, produced a slip of paper dim and yellow with time, over which Elza bent with suffused eyes, and begged as a keepsake. It contained a few words traced fifty-eight years before in a bold, round hand. It was Ethan's; just a scrap from the long-lost brother's boyish composition.

One time or another during the visit, almost every person, place, and circumstance, ever known, and interesting to both, were recalled; and their whole lives, from infancy up, were reviewed and lived over together. And though the passing years had brought them enough of crosses and losses, and there had been sadness and tears, yet both could acknowledge their blessing also had been manifold, and every judgment mingled with mercy.

There was more poetry in the past, and on this they dwelt oftenest; yet they did not forget the present. Sometimes, like other wives and mothers, they became engrossed in a purely domestic conversation, of which husbands, children, and grandchildren were the topics; and wherein the gifts, graces, merits, and peculiarities of all were freely expatiated on. Or they compared notes on passing events and current literature, and discussed ably and earnestly the position and prospects of the church and nation, and the probable end and influence of the leading isms and issues of the day.

Each was pleased with the keen logic and sound orthodoxy of the other, and more than pleased—delighted, to find how unreservedly mind met mind; that the long, weary separation had bred no strangeness between them, nor thrown the least restraint or formality into their intercourse. And Rose also expressed her satisfaction in finding the younger sister so little changed outwardly, saying that "face, voice, manner, all seemed surprisingly natural." But alas, on herself, disease, time, and trouble, had dealt with a heavy hand; so heavy, that Elza had not this consolation;

for in this withered eld, with feeble, shrunken form, sallow cheek, and faded eye and hair, she looked in vain for one trace of her playmate ; and felt with bitter disappointment, that all semblance to Rose, the mountain rose, that had gladened her happy childhood, was gone forever. And often a "sad sense of loss, and too-lateness," made her sigh in secret, and bathe her pillow with tears.

One day another unfamiliar form appeared ; a strange, portly lady, who flung herself into Elza's arms. And this dignified, middle-aged matron, attended by her grown-up daughter, they said "was little Bess!"

And now the visit began afresh ; for these two also had former scenes to review, and a thousand things to tell and ask each other of the old life and the new. And Bess told her aunt of her husband, home, and children, and of all her fortune, good and ill; but described best her experience as an emigrant, when she had come out with her father, and of how like an alien she felt for the first few months, where every one, even her mother, was a stranger. And she told with what naughty contempt she had compared the cramped frontier cabins with the spacious rooms she had left, and how often she had forsaken the wild clearing and gone with aching heart to wander and weep by the M——i, and think of the Redstone. Sometimes she sang the song of Selkirk, making the river banks echo with

> "When I think of my own native home,"
> "In a moment I seem to be there," etc.

and similar doleful dirges ; and every scrap of that class of poetry found was preserved by her, and some verses were added by herself. The following is from her treasury; but whether this piece is original or selected is unknown. The writer has never met with it except in Bess's handwriting :

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

Afar by an ancient and shadowy wood,
Where wild-flowers were springing, my early home stood ;

And honey-bees' musical, murmuring sound
Came faintly from blossoming orchards around.
And light tones of gladness and low sounds of streams,
And wood-notes as wild as the magic of dreams,
Went up like a hymn in the morning's rich glow,
In the freshness of springtime and youth long ago.

The soft, plaintive accents of sorrow and love
That thrilled through the heart from the lorn turtle-dove;
The robin that sang on the poplar at morn,
The distant bell's tinkle, the far-sounding horn;
The deep-ringing echoes from valley and hill,
The sad song at eve of the lone whip-poor-will—
What a lingering spell of enchantment they throw
Round the home of my childhood and youth long ago.

Still memory pictures the far-away scene,
Its dim forest paths and the hills ever green.
Still brightly the light of the summer sun shines
On the moss-covered mill and its sheltering pines;
And the music of birds is abroad on the air,
And all but the friends of my childhood are there.
They ramble no longer where violets blow;
We shall meet never more where we met long ago.

A few brief, happy days they spent together, and then Bess took her departure; and this sad leave-taking of hers forcibly reminded the sisters that their own was fast approaching; for Elza's visit, that had already extended into months, was now nearing its close. To natures like theirs, such a farewell as awaited them must needs be most trying to both; and, warned by her increasing weakness, the invalid particularly requested that when the time arrived, everything like a scene might be avoided, and the adieus made as brief and unimpressive as possible. This judicious suggestion was wisely heeded; and such was the rare self-control of all parties that the much-dreaded ordeal was passed through safely, and almost calmly.

The passionate attachment to nature that had character-

ized Rose's childhood continued unabated through life ; and even during her last illness, she would frequently be borne out in her arm-chair and carried round the grounds, where everything, from the stateliest tree to the lowliest plant, interested her. Flowers had been her friends and companions from infancy, and lovingly, in sweet succession, they ministered to her through long months of pining sickness, mingled in and marked each phase of this memorable visit, and attended her to the end. March had brought the snow-drop and the crocus, when the sisters met, and June its roses and lilies, when they parted. The gorgeous bloom of mid-summer brightened and faded for the dim, fast-failing eyes once more. September came with its asters and its golden-rod ; and then beneath the greensward that covered the husband, other hands were folded, and autumn spread her charms for Rose in vain, and strewed the first brown leaves on her grave.

Toil and care were over. For one more the story was finished; earth's joys ended, and heaven's begun.

CHAPTER XLV.

"The earth is full of farewells to the dying and mourning for the dead."

Not long before Rose's death, in a quiet village near her own birthplace, a babe was born ; and this little stranger, singularly enough, was destined to resemble her very closely in many points, both in character and history. Even in her play the little Elma exhibited many of the traits that had distinguished Rose's childhood, and as she grew up, similar tastes and talents appeared.

She had the same gift and passion for music and poetry, the same intense love of nature, the same warm family affection, the same strong, unchangeable local attachments that Rose had felt, and to the same places. Elma's husband was a farmer too, and herself the mother of two children (as Rose had been when called to emigrate), when she also was led to follow her example by removing West—with this difference, though: the latter's new home was not a pioneer's cabin, but a nice, roomy, pleasant house, in a well-cultivated, fertile country—very fertile, when seasonable, but with a climate subject to great changes, as trying to health as to vegetation.

A writer once said of it (perhaps speaking a little at random): "Our State against the Union for extremes. It is the hottest, the coldest, the driest, the wettest, and the windiest of all." But, good or ill, many had chosen it as a location, as there were scores of thousands there before Mr. H. and his family arrived. Elma gave their new place a pretty name, as pertinent as it was poetic, planted the wide yard with vines and flowers, made excursions after ferns and mosses, and busied herself indoors and out to make all lovely and home-like. And she tried to become acclimated that she might be well, and strove as brave and earnestly, as Rose had done before her, to appreciate the new country and be contented and happy in it. But either her feelings were keener and stronger, or her constitution and self-control were weaker than Rose's, for she could not attain even her degree of success. In a few seasons her health began to fail; two of her babes died; she was tortured with home-sickness, and, in spite of her efforts to be strong and cheerful, drooped and faded like a transplanted flower. The broad green prairies had pleased her at first; but now, sick in mind and body, their endless sameness and tameness, their sluggish streams, and stagnant ponds and fens tired and oppressed her; and she longed unutterably for a sight of the

bold scenery, the leaping brooks and gushing fountains of her native State.

To one she wrote: "Do take your pencil and sketch half a mile of those rocks and hills, and send to me as a change." In another letter she said: "In some of your free, happy rambles, take a long look at that dear old mountain for me I shall climb it no more."

"Ah well, if I can but gain the everlasting hills. . . . . But there is little help heavenward here; very little good preaching or Christian society How I long for such privileges; no Sunday-schools as I once enjoyed." . . . . During the terrible drought there in the summer of 18—, she was tried greatly personally, but suffered most in sympathy with the dumb creatures around her. "My heart aches for the poor panting beasts," she wrote, "striving to slake their thirst at stagnant ponds, green, warm, slimy, filthy; and often driven several miles through heat and dust to secure even that. Their owners must suffer soon, for many wells are almost dry, and it is reported that they are already buying water in I——.

"You can not know what a priceless blessing you have in such an abundance of it, and so pure. Here a cool perennial spring is a luxury seldom, if ever, seen; but how common there; how often I think of them." . . . . In her illness, two springs at her early home, a thousand miles away, loomed before her like a mirage, and she would beckon and call, in her delirious rambling, for a draught from their limpid depths. "Water! water! from the little spring! A drink from the spring on the hill," etc., she would cry. It was affecting to her attendants, and especially to one, who foreboded that the journey talked of would lead but to the grave; and thinking thus, she gathered up the disjointed sentences and framed them into a sad prophetic song, or rather into a parody of the song

"Carry me back, etc.,
Carry me home to die."

"We will go East, when you get well," her husband had said. And the doctor finally ordered this journey to be taken as soon as possible. Saying privately, "There is but one hope, her native hills, her native air." And Elma grasped at the hope, and thanked heaven for the order; saying, "There is but one sacred spot here to leave,—my children's graves." All else lured her away.

Home! native land! there could be no balm like these. Health and happiness had been hers there in the past, and might be again, could she but live the old life over; settle down with her little family in the old place, with the old friends around her; the old joys, the old cares; the old church near, with its solemn service, its faithful pastor and elders, and Christian fellowship. Still feeble as an infant, yet eager to be gone; she was carried from her bed to the carriage, from carriage to cars, from cars to boat. On, on, and trembling with mortal pain and weakness, yet hoping still, she bore up through a fortnight of burning days and sultry nights; enduring with heroic courage the slow-dragging, interminable miles of that terrible journey.—At last it ended.—Home was reached at last.

It was a glorious day, the "bridal of earth and sky," when all nature seemed to rejoice and smile her a welcome. The orchard was vocal with the song of birds. The yard abloom with flowers. The cottage casements wreathed with roses and woodbine, when she was borne through its portals; but silent and unseeing, for once, she heeded them not. Slowly, doubtfully she recognized all her friends, and feebly greeted them; but that was all. She held sweet converse with none. Never once set foot on her "native heath," or even looked from the window on the hills and dales pined for so long. She had hoped, and planned, and

longed, and suffered for this reunion; but now it was too late,—too late. . . . . Of all that had charmed, or pleased before, music alone retained any power to rouse or soothe; but this she sometimes noticed, and asked for still. Once, while her friends stood around her at eve, chanting soft and low a favorite hymn, the burden of its refrain being

> "I'm going home, I'm going home,
> To sing and praise forever,"—

she almost smiled; and murmured that "to such strains, she could listen till morning." Ah, none knew how near the dawn approached,—the golden harps, the seraph's song how near! Five times the morning rose. Five times the twilight fell. Five days at home,—and then, in the darkness of midnight, and the unconsciousness of slumber, silently, without parting word, or look, or sign, she passed away. Meek sufferer, she had gained a fairer land, a sweeter home than this; and yet to blind human eyes, to weak human hearts, this seemed a dark, inscrutable Providence; an end all untimely. Just when the stormy seas were crossed, the peaceful harbor reached; anchored—safe anchored at last,—it was then the waves overwhelmed.

Oh, it was pitiful, so pitiful. Even Rose Elmer's disappointments and life-long exile, seemed scarcely so sad as this. Seemingly the long, perilous journey had been worse than in vain, the home-coming but a mockery, the fond hopes cruelly crushed!

So erring reason judged, and rebelled; and though faith taught resignation to God's will, yet it is not always easy for His tried children to submit and trust. But however they doubt and murmur against Him now, one day they will know there was a needs-be for every cross, and own that His ways were always wisest, and His time the best. And though the Christian may often cling to earth, and dread death, yet assuredly it can never be an *evil to him;* never really come *untimely,* nor bring the eternal rest *too soon.*

CHAPTER XLVI.

"And Joseph died, and his brethren, and all that generation."

"The fields with flowers a-blowing, they all behind us lie.
Our Autumn it draweth nigh.
But, O my friends, we are going to the Summer hills on high

"The winds are beating and blowing, the frost on our heads is white.
We are drawing near to the night.
But, O my friends, we are going to the morning land of light.

"Our life is a twice-told story, that charm no longer lends,
But, O my friends, my friends,
We are coming close to the glory
That never fades nor ends.
The winter brings rough weather, and into its shade and gloom
We go, and we never come.
But, O my friends, we shall gather, together in heaven, our home."

"And parted thus they sleep who played
Beneath the same green tree."

—MRS. HEMANS.

BUT these actors "stay too long; they weary us"; they must pass off, and leave their places to others. But ere they make their final exit we will glance at some of them once more. Enter Teddy M. In spite of his faults, Ted was always a sort of favorite in the circle where he had grown up; but this was wholly owing to his sunny, contented disposition, and kind, grateful heart, that never forgot friends or favors; and not at all to wealth or accomplishments, of which he never gained any to speak of; nor to personal graces, of which he had none at all; in fact, poor Teddy was decidedly homely. He was of medium height, stoutly built, with round, broad shoulders, and *well-grown hands* and *feet*. His muddyish-complexioned, square-shaped

visage, seldom cleanly shaved, was deeply lined with thought or care, and lighted by a pair of smallish eyes of no particular hue, that peered out from beneath shaggy, beetling brows. His head was large, or appeared so, from the heavy growth of coarse, bristly, flaxen hair that covered it, and stood up stoutly, defying brush and comb. His clothes (even his church suit) always looked rusty and out of style, for they were bought with an eye to economy, and worn for use and comfort, not show; and to see "young Teddy with his beaver on" was no great sight at all, for it usually hinted only that a great deal had occurred "since that old hat was new." But — then, withal, — the lack-lustre eyes had a shrewd, kindly twinkle; the homely mouth a pleasant smile; the loud voice a hearty ring; and the grasp of the rough hand was always warm and cordial. Egotistical he certainly was very; but then his manner of boasting was so artless and child-like; he praised himself in such an honest, matter-of-fact way, just as he might have lauded some other worthy man, that folks did not mind it much; and his friends only laughed, and said, "It's just Ted's way," and so let it pass, and went on liking him to the end; for an affection like his, that can be *trusted*, (pure, unselfish, unchanging,) usually begets the same, notwithstanding infirmities. . . . .

Once, after a long absence, he visited a branch of the old family that had sheltered his infancy; and it was a study to note (despite the rude exterior) with what unerring instinct the new members of it, both brute and human, detected at once the genial, sunny nature. Children dropped their play to hover near, and hang on his words. Tabby, though often averse to strangers, stroked and purred around his feet; and scarcely was he well settled in a snug corner till the cunning lap-dog raised its silky head, and after a keen glance and an inquiring sniff or two, leaped into his arms, and curled down confidingly to sleep.—He was an old man now; and those that had been the infant fondlings of his youth were no longer young, though this he could hardly realize.

"Here is one of *my babies*," he said to one, as he pressed her hand, and caressingly patted her head; then, with an incredulous air, half sad, half comic, exclaimed, "But, Sissy, what makes *your hair so white?*"

He had had another such surprise not long before, he said. A stranger, an elderly lady, richly dressed, had descended from a carriage and entered his door. Presently, seeing he did not recognize her, she had cried out:

"Oh, Teddy, don't you know me? Not know *your baby you bought for a penny?*"

And, sure enough, this matron, with children married, this faded grandame, was really the plaything of his boyhood; the wee Lida, that he had once purchased from Lois for one new penny.

And then he talked of his first pet, the little Rowland, whose brief, sweet life and early death had never been forgotten by him, saying, that though he had lost many a friend since then, and had buried children of his own, yet no trial had ever been so keen as this "first great grief,"

"For the little boy that died."

Ted M. had a rarely affectionate nature; and all those early friends, old and young, great and small, were kept in kind remembrance; and he loved, too, to visit the place where they had all dwelt together so long.

Once, when one of those long-absent playmates returned to F——, they made the pilgrimage together to the quiet, grassy graves, and to all the olden haunts, once as dear and familiar to the dead as to them; and together sought out and identified lost localities, and recalled forgotten traditions. Here was the ancient homestead. What endless scenes it had witnessed; over this worn threshold what crowds had come and gone. What laughing throngs had gathered here to quilting-bees, and sewing-bees, and spinning-bees; yes,

bees on bees, of every kind, had held their *busy murmur here.* And here sermons had been heard, and singing circles, and praying bands had met. Ah, and here life, with all its vicissitudes, had passed: the common daily life of their family, with its toil and rest, its good and ill, its lights and shadows, its births, bridals, burials, for three generations. It was dear to them "from turret to foundation." It was full, and overflowing, with memories; and every room, and closet, and recess had its story. Even the slightest trifles were suggestive and interesting to these ancient, long-parted friends.

"Here," said Ted, stooping down and gazing intently at a spot near the hearth, "here is a mark that none now above ground knows but me." The rest saw there only a small auger-hole in the kitchen floor, nothing more; but to him it brought back, in a moment, a fair picture from the past. A picture of that room, and its furnishing, and its inmates, as they were sixty years before. He saw the winter sky without, and the blazing hearth within, and the familiar forms and faces grouped around it. The gray-haired foster-parents, in their easy-chairs, on one side—Frederick working briskly on the other at a little sled; and himself, the proud owner, hovering near, helping and hindering, important and delighted. "And that was the day that this board was marred," he added; "for in boring the sides of my sled, Fred carelessly bored through it, too, and grandpa rated him for it, soundly. Ah, many a day Homer and I played with that first sled."

"This was the store-room," said another, looking through a broken casement. "On that left-hand shelf Katrina kept her sweetmeats; seven jars of preserves, of as many different kinds, stood there, besides the honey and jelly crocks, to tempt our infantile honesty." *That* room opening to the rising sun had been Elza's in her girlhood; and *this*, gilded by its setting beams, her parents'. This latter had *witnessed*

the exit of Paul in his hoary age, and of Katrina in her prime, of Rowland and Lucy in infancy, and Rosa in her girlhood. There, on the right, was the assembly-room on solemn and state occasions, where brides had blushed at the altar, and the dead had slept in their shrouds. . . . . And so on, and on, they went from room to room, up-stairs and down, from cellar to attic, still gazing, musing, sighing. But there were a thousand things to interest them without, also, and they passed on.

"Yonder," said Teddy, pointing to a tall, beautiful tree—"I knew that maple when it was but a yard high. We were clearing that field then, and I had the hoe at its root when Frederick called out to me, 'Let that one stand, Ted.'"

"And do you see that bit of crumbling wall on the bank of the creek, under the beeches and alders? That is the ruins of the old spring house we built ourselves when children. I was head-mason myself that day."

"Here you are yet," cried another, bending over the Redstone and apostrophizing the minnows and water-witches darting and sporting over and under its sparkling surface. "Here they are yet, Ted, in the same spot, and looking the same as when we played here together."

"Yonder," said a third, starting toward a clump of alders and kalmias, "is aunt Rosa's spring. Come and let us all drink to Rose's memory." . . . .

A long time they looked and loitered and talked, now going forward, now lingering to gaze and ponder. But it was growing late, and, for the last time pausing on a rising ground, they once more swept the landscape o'er, and looked a silent adieu. Then all turned homeward to their temporary lodgings, and a few hours later they also parted asunder, bidding each other what proved a final farewell.

. . . . . .

Years had passed between this visit of Ted's with his early mates and the date of this chapter; and now on this occa-

sion he greatly desired to make a similar pilgrimage to the old plantation, remarking how long he had been absent from that place, where he had once hoped and expected to live and die.

It was winter now, and the fields were covered with snow; yet despite the dreary weather and his own age and feebleness, he persisted in going, and even made a much wider circuit than usual, going over ground untrodden since boyhood.

And then having stood once more in every favorite spot, and viewed and reviewed "each memorable scene," he seemed content, and, returning, took a wistful leave of the friends, and went his way, and they saw him no more. It was his last visit. He returned to his home in O——, and died there a few months afterward.

Of the M.'s, that band of brothers, whose visit together is mentioned in a former chapter, and whose first play-place was the shady banks of the "fair Susquehanna and the blue Juniata," of the after-life of these not much can be told.

This much is known, though: that all were diligent, enterprising youth, who entered business early and conducted it ably, and with a good degree of success. Most, or all, married young, and took each his separate course; but the history of one was but brief. James, the Benjamin of the family, and a character of uncommon loveliness, died shortly after his union, leaving his bride and all his father's house to weep and bewail him with a great and bitter mourning.

The others were soon scattered far and wide in different directions, and each choosing the place he thought best, settled there for life. Dauphin moved to Western Pennsylvania; Danley, north to C——; and Warren, west to I——. The small city where the latter dwelt is a *great* city now. His home there is worth $1,000,000; and, as he was one of the early and leading citizens, a broad avenue, three miles long, still bears his name.

Robert remained in D——, and became an earnest working member of the O. S. P. Church there; a ruling elder, superintendent of the Sabbath-school, etc., but died in the midst of his days. Useful and happy in life, and bound to it by ties many and strong, death seemed hard, and his friends watched its approach with dismay, but he with calmness. The day before his last he was heard repeating,

"I would not live alway,
I ask not to stay," etc.,

and thus sweetly submissive to the Master's will, died in peace.

The mother had died at sixty-five, the father at ninety; and these two, James and Robert, who went earliest, were buried with them; and the sea holds one. But the other three, with the three sisters, who had emigrated, found homes at distant points, and lived there till old age, and there found their graves. Danley, the third son, lived and died in C——, beyond N—— F——. He survived all the other eight brothers and sisters, living to the ripe age of eighty-seven. He had been ailing somewhat before his aged wife's death, and her end probably hastened his own. Up to that time he had sat up a part of every day; but from the hour that the dear coffined form was carried to *his bedside* for the last farewell, and borne from the house, he failed rapidly.

To the loving children this parting scene was unutterably sad and affecting. But the separation was brief. Another moon waned, and he had followed her.* Both bore their sufferings with Christian patience, and found Jesus precious to the end; and near the sanctuary where they had wor-

* Mrs. Mary M. died Dec. 15th, between 7 and 8 P.M. Danley died four weeks and five days later, on Jan. 19th, at 20 minutes to 3 o'clock A.M., 18—, in the old homestead loved so long.

shipped Him so long, they rest together in hope till the resurrection morn.

Many other families mentioned in these pages scattered as early and as widely as the M.'s. Of the T. band, one daughter died in N. J., and one son in Va. Delia and Ethan lie under long-lost mounds in a deserted burying-ground in S——, Elza and Dauphin in N——. Rose Elmer sleeps in a lonely Quaker kirkyard on the banks of the Ohio; Rowland, in a crowded city cemetery in Ken.; and Frederick, the last of his generation, afar from the graves of wives and children, distant alike from early friends and later ones, was laid with strangers near a village church in Col.

So end these brief memoirs. Thus these family circles were formed and broken—parted in life, and in death divided, yet reunited now. Happy thought, that all the pious dead have met above, to part no more! Yes, though brief its history here, yet blessed be God for the Christian home on earth—yea, thrice blessed for the hope of an eternal home in heaven.

. . . . . .

It is said that some romantic people desire all their reading (even if true) to take the form of fiction—be full of titles, high-born lords and courtly dames, plots and counter-plots; while on the other hand, grave, matter-of-fact folks want all as plain and easy as A B C, and frown on even such slight fictions as assumed names and false initials. With neither of these classes, then, will the first forty-six chapters of this work find favor; but possibly the following three will please some of the latter. For though no more real than former ones, they *seem* so; because here they will read of historical events, persons, and places, and see their own and their neighbors' names.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"For the suppression of vice and the advancement of virtue, she hath done what she could."

It has been said that Mrs. E. L. Custead, long known to the public as "Narcissa," "The Woman's Friend," "The Invisible Watcher," etc., was the first writer against the liquor traffic in Fayette County; and this is probable, as it is certain that her first articles on that subject were written several years before a temperance society of any kind existed here, or had even been heard of. But with a natural womanly shrinking from publicity, these first papers were for some time only shown to intimate friends, to be read in private circles, and not printed till later, and then only under a *nom de plume*. For, as one can see, it needed much moral courage for a female to attack this hoary evil alone, this established business, deemed both lawful and respectable, and one which half her neighbors were engaged in.

It was a common statement then, that every fourth or fifth farmer kept a distillery, and this was not incredible to Mrs. C., for she saw them wherever she went, and there were four in operation within two miles of her own residence.

As great darkness and ignorance prevailed concerning this business then, many judged good citizens were connected with it, and of the owners of these four nearest manufactories, two or three, with their wives, were professing Christians, and friends of Mrs. C.'s, at whose homes she found pleasant and goodly society. But having a very pitiful, compassionate heart, there was one thing that frequently marred her comfort, and that was the knowledge that however good and prosperous her friends were, and however happy they, she, and other guests were together,

yet there were many other visitors to their premises who were neither good nor happy ; but on the contrary, both they and their families were poor, ignorant, miserable, and degraded. And who was to blame for this? Where was the remedy?

These were questions that wearied and perplexed her mind. In the course of time she found a sadly favorable opportunity for studying the whole subject, for several families of this class became her near neighbors, and a doleful neighborhood they made. The husbands, though men in their prime, who might have provided well, were habitual drinkers who wasted both time and wages at the still-houses ; and, as a natural consequence, their children, hungry and in rags, roved around, idle and mischievous, and often begging their bread from door to door.

Their wives, poor women, were wretched, neglected, despised, overworked, ill-fed, ill-clad, and many a time turned out of doors. Driven out into the storm and darkness with drunken curses and heavy blows, they were forced to seek shelter at a neighbor's, or in some out-house or thicket till morning, though some less timid would wait near till the madmen slept, and then venture to creep stealthily back to their beds and their children, fearing to leave their babes so long, and trusting that the danger for that time was over.

To these hapless creatures, to whom life was one long struggle with want, and sorrow, and shame, Mrs. C. gave pity and sympathy without end, and material aid also, to the extent of her ability, and beyond it ; and yet, after all, how little could the efforts of one or two accomplish for the relief of so many?

And the compassion excited for these at home, soon extended further; as she reflected that doubtless in every place where liquor was made or sold the world over, there such families as these were found, there such sad scenes as these were enacted, repeated, and going on forever. And the

thought that all the sin, and misery, and ruin of bodies and souls witnessed here was but as the dust of the balance compared to the sum total, appalled her soul.

"And must all this continue? Is there no remedy?" she cried in anguish of heart. The longer she dwelt on the subject, the more terrible it appeared. Something must be done to stem the flood, and done speedily; for hers was a mind and conscience that, once aroused and enlightened, could sleep no more.

But the force of education, of old customs, old prejudices, and, above all, of old friendships, was strong. What could she do? Which way turn?

After long study and prayer, a course was pointed out for her to pursue, and thoughts were suggested to her mind which she felt constrained and compelled to accept and reveal to others, for an all-powerful, all-impelling influence seemed to say, "This is truth, receive it." "This is the way, walk thou in it."

And truly this path marked out for her was not one of flowery ease, but of hard service and full of difficulties. She would be mocked and laughed at, a "busybody," a "setter-forth of new doctrines," "a woman out of her sphere," etc.; and foes would be made and friends lost. And then, too, her family cares were heavy and her health feeble; and feeling that she had absolutely no leisure for this work, and perhaps but little fitness for it, she shrank back from the task, and began to consider what scholarly man or lady of influence might possibly assume it in her stead.

But none such appearing, and the duty still pressing heavily on her conscience, she was forced to assume it herself. But as she could secure neither leisure nor quiet by day for it, she was obliged to wait up, after the rest had retired, often waiting till eleven or twelve at night, and not unseldom holding at the same time a sickly, fretful babe in her arms; and it was under such disadvantages that her

first paper on Temperance (and many subsequent ones) was prepared for the public.

Her first article was,* "An Address to all Christians Engaged in the Rum Traffic," and was a long, and exhaustive argument, but only a few of the leading propositions can be inserted here. Such as :

"If we believe God's word, then we must know, and believe, that 'no drunkard hath eternal life.' Therefore it is our *solemn duty to strive to preserve our fellow-men from the deadly snare of intemperance.*

"If, as all agree, drunkenness is a sin and a crime, then *all tempting of men into this snare is also a sin and a crime.*

"As all experience has proved that wherever liquor has abounded, there intemperance with all its kindred evils has also abounded ; therefore it is the duty of all Christians of whatever name or sex to discourage and discountenance the use and manufacture of the same. Therefore resolved, That the making and vending of intoxicating liquor as a *beverage is a high crime against God and man,*" etc., etc.

And these points, and similar ones, she went on to prove, and explain to others, by arguments both clear and convincing.

Even at that early period, she seems to have seen as well as at any future time, the full enormity of the evil ; and expresses her amazement that saint as well as sinner should be found engaged in so dreadful a trade. The distillery is mentioned by various titles throughout the paper, but all showing strong detestation—as a "Moloch," a "Famine Breeder," a "Moral Pestilence," a "Stronghold of Satan," etc.

Again a huge distillery "pouring forth its smoke and steam, and spreading its vile spirits abroad to blight and curse the land," is compared to a volcano "belching out its

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* This article was afterward printed in a New York paper.

burning lava." "Blasting, destroying monsters both; but the former, far more terrible, in that it brings not only temporal, but eternal ruin"; and so on through several pages.

When these Theses were first scattered round they made some commotion in the quiet, rural neighborhood; for though these ideas are old-fashioned, trite truisms now, they were radical and startling then; enough so as to amaze most people, and subject their author to some petty persecution and loss. The temperance star had not then arisen, it must be remembered, and though drunkenness was judged base and wicked, yet drunkard-making was not. The poor, weak, tempted inebriate was a wretched sot to be despised; but the tempter, whose liquor made him such, if of sober habits himself, was generally deemed guiltless and respectable. So, of course, this bold attempt to degrade and discourage the business, and to lower the maker and vender of the poison into the same class with the drinker, and give them a very liberal share in the sin and disgrace, was resented by the fraternity, as audacious and absurd to the last degree.

It roused the old Adam even in some truly worthy men, heirs to large farms and fine orchards. "Our brandy is a good creature of God," they said, "to be used, not abused. If some will take enough to make brutes of themselves, it is their own fault, not ours." "Stop the stills indeed! and sell our grain at half price, and let our fruit lay and rot!" "What womanish nonsense, what zeal without knowledge is this. Besides, Paul had taught that females should 'keep silence, and not usurp authority over, or offer to teach men.'" Let sister C. heed *that*.

Others really favorable to the cause, but of moderate views, thought hers extreme, and tried to check or change them,—called her an "Enthusiast," "Intemperately temperate," etc.; and even ventured to quote as pertinent, "Thou art beside thyself; much learning (or thinking) doth make

thee mad." But while such assented feebly, or with provisos, and others opposed the doctrine openly, or ridiculed it privately; a few received it cordially, and encouraged the writer to persevere, by reading her articles with interest and pleasure themselves, and by taking copies to read and talk of in other circles also. Two or three of these were persons of influence, who were also looking and hoping for some change for the better, and it was one of the three who not long after brought to the anxious "Watcher" the first glad news, that in some parts of the land the reformation had begun, and that at one point, at least, a few had formed a kind of league against Alcohol, called a *Temperance Society!* This was glorious news indeed, if true, and it was soon confirmed, and ere long a similar one was organized here,—probably in or a little beyond Smithfield.

And now, as the mighty, many-voiced public had undertaken the matter, private individual effort seemed less necessary; and Mrs. C., for one, was more than willing to relinquish her part to abler hands. Regular officers having advanced, she essayed to yield place and arms to them, and retire; but it was not permitted. "The conflict would be long and fierce," they said. "Soldiers brave and firm were needed." . . . . And thus, though she willed it not so,—so it was, that her warfare, instead of being finished, was but begun. Only a volunteer, a substitute for the first campaign, till others came forward to lead the van, then she would fall back among the rank and file; this had been her thought, but as it proved, she was detailed and "'listed for life," as one of the chief workers.

She was led into her first continuous work for the society rather accidentally (or was it providentially?), in this way. One or more of the leaders, sitting with her and her husband one evening, were speaking of various persons who kept aloof from the meetings, and on whom the new light had no effect except to embitter their minds. Some of

these were grave, useful citizens, some loose and rowdy ones; very different characters, and yet alike in prejudice, equally blinded by self-interest, and at one in their hostility to the new movement. As they would not attend the lectures, or listen to reason, how were they to be reached? "Oh," said Mrs. C., smiling, "if the incorrigibles will not come out to get their portion, we must send it to them,—send them letters full of it." "That is the very idea," cried the president.* "So we will. Almost any one would read a personal letter; and you, madam, shall be our scribe." But she had spoken playfully, and felt like demurring at being taken up in earnest. True, she had written much on the subject, and with great freedom too, but this writing to individuals was a different thing. However, she consented to think over the matter, and this thinking resulted in the production of epistles suited to all the cases that had been mentioned. These being read and approved by the leading spirits, she was engaged to write others, and as order after order came, she finally promised to fill all to the best of her ability; *i. e.*, to forward a letter to each address furnished her. And she kept her word; and so far from growing weary in this, and similar work, became more and more earnest the longer she lived, and the more she saw of this deadly evil. In one article she says, "My soul is continually harrowed up, by hearing or reading of some dreadful outrage, accident, or crime caused by intemperance." Probably she included occurrences in her own district, where different persons of intemperate habits had met untimely ends. One man after a night's carouse was found dead in the road, mangled, and partially devoured by swine. Another sot, and this a *woman* (living within half a mile of her), was burned to death, as was thought by spontaneous combustion. Some

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*A. G. Fairchild, D.D.

rushed madly and unbidden to the judgment; and two of these poor suicides had in happier days often sat at her board.

Such cases known, and worse ones read of by the scores and hundreds, intensified her hatred to the cause of all these horrors, the distilleries, more and more; and roused her to strive unceasingly, and with all her powers against them,* and everything else that tempted to drinking. They were her abhorrence, and she protested against them, and the whole iniquitous business, in season and out of season, with impetuous zeal. In all companies, at home and abroad, or wherever met, she upheld, and in all possible ways disseminated, the principles of the society, gave glowing descriptions of its high aims, mass-meetings, lectures, and music; and invited, and urged all to attend them, and see and hear for themselves; and to home missionaries, book agents, travelling merchants, and all trusty messengers, gave songs and leaflets to scatter as they went.

She was a frequent contributor to the columns of two journals, and an occasional one to several others; and wrote and published at her own expense small editions of several tracts on the subject, for distribution; the largest treating both of War and Intemperance as the two master evils, containing over seventy pages.

Few common letters ever closed without some word for the good cause, and then there was that continuous unique correspondence that she had undertaken in its service at the first, that continued through life, viz., that of writing personally to every obdurate distiller and dram-seller in the county, State, and elsewhere, so far as their addresses could be obtained. Nor did she stop at this, but also sent strong circulars to the whole clan, coppersmiths, farmers, and others

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* At first she with others had deemed the light wines, beer, etc., innoxious; but further light proving them also to be dangerous, thenceforth *Total Abstinence* was the watchword.

who, by furnishing stills, produce to feed them, or in some other way were engaged in aiding the infamous trade.

Many of these papers, and others, have already been before the public in one form or another, and as a tithe of them inserted here would swell this volume beyond bounds, only a few selections can be given at present.

This first production following, was called out in 1850 in this way. Some young gentlemen of the neighborhood having taken it upon them to review and criticise the "poets and poetry of Fayette County," Grayham, W. W. R., Ellen Douglas, Oleon, Selma, Blythe, J. A., and others, with their sonnets and subjects; saw good to begin with the "Watcher or Woman's Friend" as the eldest of the bards, and the one who had written longest and most. But while praising her noble aim in writing, and acknowledging the general force and originality of her articles, they point out various instances of faulty construction, and careless measure; and note again, and again, her almost entire neglect of descriptive poetry, the highest style of all. They say, "Mrs. Custead makes no pretensions to learning, but she is a lady of reflective mind, refined taste, and excellent judgment, with much originality and strength of conception, and expression. We should judge also that she had read much, and intelligently; for one who writes so copiously and fluently, must surely have first become well acquainted with the styles and manners of our principal classics. . . . . But though residing at the base of a vast chain of the Alleghanies, where on the one hand there is all that grandeur which mountain scenery only can afford, and on the other, all the beauties of variegated nature spread around; yet all these her muse passes by, to dwell on the ills and evils of life, War, Intemperance, etc. It is very seldom her pen touches on description, and then only incidentally." . . . . Again, "Few or none of her poems are ideal, or descriptive." Then follow a number of her songs, interspersed with candid praise and criticism, which we must perforce omit.

On reading this long article in the Weekly, Mrs. C. sat down and wrote this response to a part of their criticism, which appeared in the same paper :

MY REASONS FOR NOT WRITING DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.

Some wonder that I do not sing
The beauties of returning spring,
Of rainbow, streamlet, sun and shower,
Of rock and woodland, plant and flower,
Of mountain high and lowly dells,
Of bleating flocks and tinkling bells,
Of birds that o'er the landscape fly,
Of pearly dew and azure sky,
Of summer bright, of autumn sere,
Of winter ruthless, cold and drear,
Of hurricanes and whirlwinds dire,
Of volcanoes emitting fire,
Tornadoes sweeping o'er the plain,
And vessels wrecked upon the main ;
Of thunder-clouds, and snow-storm's path,
Where Boreas pours forth all his wrath.
  All these and many wonders more,
I oft have thought of long before ;
And while these scenes my thoughts employ,
I keenly suffer or enjoy.
  But should I write of songs a score,
It would not make one beauty more,
Or tell of all this dire distress,
I could not make one evil less.
But when I execrate the stills,
And sadly sing of woman's ills,
And when I raise my humble strain,
To tell of men in battle slain,
Of cities sacked, demolished walls,
Of thousands crushed beneath their fall,
Of shrieks and groans and pallid fears,
Of blood and wounds, and sighs and tears,
While fathers, mothers, infants lie
And raise one last and dying cry,

And pierce the sad and injured air,
And tell us *victory* has been there,
An object then I have in view,
And still that object I'll pursue.
'Tis not because I love to dwell
On gloomy images so well ;
But woes and wickedness so dire,
My inmost sympathies inspire ;
And 'tis because I would impart
Like sympathies to every heart,
That I these scenes present to view,
That you may see and feel them, too,
And when you witness so much grief,
May help me to procure relief.
This is the point I have in view,
And still this object I'll pursue.

And pursue it she did, with all her powers. At one time she addressed a strong circular to "All Coppersmiths," and one or more ringing songs also. A few sentences we quote: . . . . "My friends, your responsibility is great, for if farmers will persist in selling their grain to distillers, if distillers will turn it into spirits, if men will drink it to their ruin ; yet you can stop the whole deadly work. . . . . Make, mend no more stills for any price, ... and the trade must stop. . . . . We beseech you in the name of humanity, take pity on a sinful, suffering world, and henceforth and forever make no more stills."

"You say, 'We need the price they bring. Stills pay us well, very well.' But oh—

"Remember, my friend, when your hammer you take,
To fashion a soul-killing monster with care,
Remember, I pray you, the hearts it will break,
Oh think of the souls it will sink in despair.
The pay you receive for the Moloch you rear,
Is bribery in its most shameless display,
'Tis the price of the heart-broken widows' sad tears ;
And can you be happy receiving such pay ?

'Tis the priee of the curses and blasphemous breath,
That the drunkard pours forth, as all reeling he goes;
'Tis the price of starvation, of pestilence, death,
'Tis the price of eternal, unspeakable woe,
'Tis the price of the homicides dreadful and drear,
'Tis the price of the parricide, bloodier still,
'Tis the price of the suicides, horrid to hear,
'Tis the price of damnation, more horrible still.

"All, all these foul horrors sent up from below,
Are lodged in its bosom, and there to remain
Till the fell fires are kindled that under it glow,
And then its poor victims by thousands are slain.
The breath of the furies is fanning the flame,
And causing the ill-fated caldron to boil,
The smoke issues forth as from Tophet it came,
And scatters foul spirits and horrors the while.
The while, did I say? Ah! would it were so,
But these horrors to endless duration remain.
And can you be happy while causing such woe?
And can you be happy receiving such gain?"

A young coppersmith that she had often argued with, and reproved for his still-making, one summer left the shop awhile, not at all from principle, though, but only because the temperance movement and other causes had made trade very dull. He was poor in health and poorer in pocket, and thinking that a tinkering expedition through the country might help both and be amusing, too, he gathered up a kit of light tools and set out. Stopping the first week near Mrs. C., he called, and told her "he was an honest tinker going out to seek his fortune, and she must write him a jolly song to sing by the way." But she seeing that he was as giddy as ever, and not in the least penitent for past misdeeds, called them up before him in these serio-comic rhymes:

A WANDERING TINKER'S COMPLAINT.

I am a poor tinker, and sad was the day
When, forced from my home and my shop to depart,

I took up my knapsack and hurried away,
And sad was my prospects and sad was my heart.
I had labored at still-making many a day,
And many poor neighbors to ruin had brought;
But still I worked on, for I wanted the pay,
And of their destruction 'twas seldom I thought.
But now, since the temperance star has arisen,
And poured forth its powerful radiance around,
The world has determined to shake off its chains,
And to purchase my soul-killers no one I found.
I now thought it needful my solder to take,
And mend up the kettles and coffee-pots too;
And so to my journey I did me betake,
With little or naught but the work I could do.
But, ah! as I passed through the country around,
And strove to sing blithely, and laugh and be gay,
Much poverty, sin, and intemperance I found,
And ofttimes, alas! I could not get my pay.
They hailed me with joy as they saw me draw near,
And set me to work without further delay;
But soon they would tell me my charge was too dear,
And that they had little or nothing to pay.
"Ah me!" said the wife, when my labor was done,
"I much fear to pay you is what I can't do.
The money I saved to the still-house is gone."
And soon I perceived that her words were too true,
For now a poor drunkard came reeling along,
And with curses he loaded the trembling air,
Whilst his poor, injured consort wept o'er her wrongs,
And the children stood quivering and mute with despair.
I now turned my thoughts on the stills I had made,
I now saw the sin and the woe I had wrought.
And, oh! let me nevermore work at a trade
That to thousands on thousands such ruin hath brought.

This was by no means the style of document that gay Willie had desired; but he pocketed both song and affront debonairly, and went laughing away. Possibly this, and other serious words dropped in his ear, might have had some effect. At any rate, she heard of him afterward as a

professor in a city church and a teacher in its Sabbath-school.

Of the numerous letters to distillers, the following is inserted—not that it is better than others, or so good, but from one or two things connected with it, viz.: the person to whom it was sent was a wealthy, haughty man at the time; but the treasures of wickedness did not profit. He died poor, it was said, and heart-broken; and it was to him and for him that the well-known song, "Stiller's Confession," was first written as a part of this letter:

"DEAR SIR:—Please pardon the intrusion of an entire stranger, and believe I am only induced to take this step through the great anxiety I feel for you and others as my fellow-travellers to eternity. Some time ago a friend desired me to write to you as one who, he said, 'had withstood all the light of the temperance reformation, ... slighted the warnings of friends and the pleadings of weeping wives and mothers,' and famishing children. But when, finding a little leisure, I called to say I was ready to write, he quite discouraged it, and shocked me exceedingly by saying, 'He is joined to idols; let him alone.' But I can not give you up yet; and though I fear the Holy Spirit is about to leave you, I send you this one more warning, ... and may the Lord bless it to your soul, etc., etc. . . . . I enclose you some verses, also, appropriate to every rich, successful distiller who dies without saving repentance. Please read them with prayerful attention."

THE DYING STILLER'S CONFESSION.

I've sold all my whisky, I've made immense gain,
Have cast down the purest, the strongest have slain—
Done more for my master than robber or thief,
Filled hell with sad victims, and earth with deep grief.

I've sold all my whisky, made drunkards by scores,
Brought famine and misery and death to their doors,
Caught hundreds of souls in my well-contrived snare,
And now I am going their ruin to share.

I've sold all my whisky, sunk ships in the waves,
Driven steamboats to atoms, their crews to their graves,

Wrecked cars upon railroads, set cities on fire,
Brought plague, cholera, madness, with horrors most dire.

I've sold all my whisky, broke many a heart,
Caused weeping and woe, sped the murderer's dart,
Filled households with terror, robbed children of bread,
And the way to perdition their fathers have led.

I've sold all my whisky, and life's fleeting fast;
My sins, red as crimson, have found me at last.
I'm summoned to meet with the victims I've slain,
Forever to share their unspeakable pain.

I've sold all my whisky. Ye dram-sellers, come;
Take warning by me, and escape my sad doom;
Ccase, cease to entangle mankind in your snare,
Ere ye, too, sink down to eternal despair.

I've sold all my whisky. Ye drunkards, attend.
Oh, hasten, I charge you, your doings amend.
For I tremble to meet you on that dreary shore
Where the offers of mercy will greet us no more.

I've sold all my whisky, and vengeance draws nigh.
My days are all wasted, and now I must die.
The pit of destruction stands open for me.
Let others take warning, and hasten to flee.

Soon after this missive was mailed, the unsuspecting John Jones, living in or near Z——, one of the river towns, strolled into the post-office and received it. Supposing it from some dealer, perhaps an order for half a boat-load of his whisky and brandy, and requiring a speedy answer, he stepped into the next-door grocery where several of his friends were sitting, and, tossing it to one of them, said: "There, 'Squire, you're used to all kinds of writing. Please read that for me."

The lawyer assenting, broke the red seal, but scarcely had he begun to roll forth the strange periods before the rest pricked up their ears, astonished and amused; and the

owner, blushing and confused, started up and demanded the thing back. But "possession being nine points of the law," the other held it fast, and read the louder, only pausing to retort:

"Be quiet there, Jones. You bade me read it aloud, and I will."

And the rest cried: "That's true." "That's fair." "Go on, Squire." "Let's hear it all." "Silence, Jones!" "Give us his confession, Squire." "Go on, go on."

And so, the others cheering, and Jones fuming, it was finished; and he scowling at his laughing, mischievous chums, snatched and crushed the incendiary sheet into his breeches pocket, and strode away, vowing to "find that scamp of a scribbler and drub him well for his pains."

To another distiller who informed the public that his whisky was unusually good, she wrote the following:

"Yes, yes, my friend,

'Tis good to sharpen sorrow's smart,
'Tis good to pierce the bleeding heart,
'Tis good to make the widow sigh;
'Tis good to make the orphan cry.
'Tis good to cause a father's fears,
'Tis good to cause a mother's tears;
'Tis good for curses, oaths, and blows,
'Tis good to cause ten thousand woes.
'Tis good the dearest friends to part,
'Tis good to point the murderer's dart;
'Tis good to make the wretch to moan,
'Tis good to prompt the dying groan;
Good to make venders, drinkers, dwell
Together in the depths of hell."

But this was too much of a *good* thing; far more than the fellow cared to put in his card.

Another had "many barrels of liquor ready for sale," etc., and she kindly added the following to his advertisement:

"We have barrels of liquor full many a score,
Each holding a legion of devils or more;
All waiting and wishing for license to go,
The world to o'erwhelm with starvation and woe;
Such swine as receive them they'll enter therein,
And drag them through all kinds of scandal and sin;
Then down the deep place they will cause them to go,
And plunge in the ocean of fathomless woe."

A Uniontown dealer advertised "choice liquors of all kinds"; but she, thinking as of the others, that he had not been explicit enough, improved it in this fashion:

"We have wine, rum, and brandy, we've whisky and gin,
We have all kinds of snares and temptations to sin;
And if of good curses you want a supply,
I tell you we've plenty, come hither and buy;
And if weary of life, you should wish for a grave,
Here all kinds of sickness and death you can have;
And if down to Tophet you're anxious to go,
Our door opens wide to perdition, you know."

But somehow none of the churls would accept of her amendments. Not a soul of them ever added on the supplement.

Hearing of a wealthy man who had a large distillery, and also an inn with its well-filled bar, she sent to the enterprising gentleman a pungent letter and song, the latter beginning:

"While with avaricious mind,
Foe alike to all mankind,
He may scorn my humble lay,
And my letter cast away;
Yet it is my pious aim
Every stiller to reclaim.
. . . . . .
He who with capacious mind,
Inn and still-house has combined,
He my noblest theme shall be,
And the king of stillers he!" etc.

To a preacher who had added on to his parochial duties that of stilling! she wrote:

"Rev. sir: I have twice heard you preach at S——, and you spoke well. . . . . But in your double capacity of soul-curer and soul-killer, I think you the greatest curiosity I have seen. . . . . Your denomination think you a blot on it, ... and a great injury to the cause of religion. What a singular account you must give of your ministry at last. You testifying that you 'warned souls against sin every Sunday,' and they testifying that 'you tempted them into it every other day of the week.'" . . . . Then followed one or two songs; one beginning:

"What is it makes a preacher still?
What is it makes a stiller preach?
Why lead poor souls the downward road,
And yet the way to glory teach?" etc.

The other, on "The Eternal Closing up of a Groggery," began:

"The scenes are all ended, the tales are all told,
The songs are all sung, and the whisky's all sold;
Now songs turn to screams, and now mirth turns to moans,
Now joy turns to howlings, and laughter to groans," etc. . . .

This was a long and pretty severe espistle—as was mete. No class escaped her; she wrote to persons who built still-houses; to coopers who made whisky-barrels; to employers who served drams to their men; to liquor-sellers' wives and daughters, pleading for the drunkards' families; to the drunkards themselves; and to editors, preachers, and others, begging them to use their influence to put down the great destroyer. To the farmer selling grain for distillation, both circulars and private letters were sent, warning and dissuading them from such iniquity by all kinds of motives. Sometimes she talked of taxes, reminding them that intemperance not only doubled the num-

ber of paupers and felons, far more than doubled the sum of human want and sorrow, but also added one-half or three-fourths to their taxes. But whatever other motives were urged, she always dwelt longest and strongest on the enormity of the sin of turning the precious grain to poison at the distilleries, thus wasting the Master's goods; yea, wasting the grain a million times worse than as if they burned it to ashes. The poor inebriate, though falling through fierce appetite and sore temptation, is held guilty, and shunned and despised; but are not his tempters far more guilty? The makers, the venders, yea, and you farmers, —all you who sin in cold blood for gain—who destroy your neighbors' property and bodies and souls to enrich yourselves, are you not a hundred-fold more guilty than he? Paradoxical as it seems, it is not the drunkards who keep up drinking.

"They are too poor and besotted to carry on or aid even in so low and base a trade as whisky-making. No, it is the greedy and unprincipled part of the sober class, the keen business men, and unscrupulous farmers who are chiefly responsible. And if, as it is said, every bushel of grain distilled yields between two and three gallons of the death-water, how many thousand gallons, sir, have your harvests these many years yielded? And yours? And yours? How many drunkards has it made? How many families ruined? How much sin and misery caused that will extend through all time, and eternity too? And how will this gain, this price of blood, this price of souls, appear to you at death? How will you meet it, how meet your unnumbered victims at the judgment?"

Once, after the temperance light had dawned, a Christian farmer (in great need of money) was tempted into selling a quantity of grain to a distiller; but such gain as was mete, brought him only shame and remorse; and the remembrance of it clouded and embittered his closing days.

A sincere, though erring, child, God had granted him repentance and forgiveness, but he could not forgive himself. From this one reckless act of his, untold sin and misery must ensue. And he reflected that while he, a pardoned rebel, might be hymning cherubic strains before the throne, his poor victims would be joining in ribald song and drunken revelry around some dram-shop, pouring forth oaths and blasphemies in the fiendish fight;* be abusing their tattered, famished babes, or sunken in brutal debauch. But however engaged, still sinking lower, and ripening faster for temporal and eternal ruin. And for a little gold, his rash hand had set all this evil in motion; evil that would live after him, and outlast time itself. In the near light of eternity the thought was terrible. His friends strove to console him by saying, "He had repented of his sin, and

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* One of her stiller's letters says: "Since I began this, a woman, who, with her meagre, half-clad children, *exists* in a hut on the mountain, has called, and says: 'You can tell Mr. —— some things *his trade brings me.*' She has been turned out on winter nights into the darkness, bruised and bleeding, with no shelter but the lee-side of the cabin, and no warmth but what little she could gain by hovering close to the chimney; and she has stood there shivering with cold and pale with fear, listening to the drunken madman storming and the children crying within, and he cursing and threatening to *kill them* because they *cried* for '*mamma.*' They *locked in* with the *fiendish sire*, and *she locked out, unable to reach or help them*, should he *murder all* or *set the house on fire.* This, sir, is but one little note from her sad history; and now let me tell you what your inhuman trade did for Mr. J., once a near neighbor of mine. Having gone a few miles from here, he soon, as was his wont, visited a still-house there for a spree, and staggered away in the night toward home with a full jug in his hand. But he never reached there. Several days after, a dog carried his *head back* to the *still-house*, and, on search being made, the rest of his bones were found scattered along the pathway, mangled and gnawed by dogs and swine; and, to finish the picture, his old companion, the brown jug,—sole witness, sole cause of the murder,—lay close by."

that was all he could do. It was no good to worry any more over what could not be changed," etc. Miserable comforters! This was the very essence of the grief, there the keenness of the pain, that it was done and could never be undone.

When "Local Option" was the leading question of the day, she published "An Appeal to Voters," entreating them for this once, at least, to do their duty to God and man by following principle, not party. . . . . Reminding them that the "weal or woe of unborn generations would depend on the election, and that all eyes were on them. That a suffering world, angels, devils, aye, and God himself would watch the casting of their votes."

It was a strong paper of some length, and abounded not only in melting entreaty, but in hard sense and unanswerable logic. . . . .

A Presbyterian by birth and profession, it grieved and astounded her in her latter years to discover that, like many other denominations, her own had as yet no positive, unchangeable law excluding from it all traffickers in liquor, though the times of ignorance on this evil had long passed. This thing troubled her so much that she wrote an article on the "Duty of the Church," and sent it to one of its chief organs. But the editor found it too keen and stringent for insertion, though he was polite enough to return her a full note explaining his reasons for withholding it—*i.e.*, "thought it too severe, as the church, as a *whole*, did oppose the traffic stoutly." Near the same time, she dispatched a letter on the same subject to a young ministerial friend living at some distance, from which we quote a paragraph or two :

"O Son of man, saith the Lord, I have made thee a watchman to the house of Israel ; therefore thou shalt hear the word from my mouth, and warn them from me. If thou warn the wicked of his way . . . . and he turn not . . . . he shall die in his iniquity, but thou hast delivered thy soul."

"O son of man, I do not say that you have not warned the 'wicked man' from his way, but I do say that he has *not turned from his way*, but has *entered your church*, on condition that he will *cease from his iniquity after* he has *wound* up his *business* and *paid his debts.*"

What an idea! And how many families are to be made miserable, how many men ruined for both worlds that this wicked man may filch their money to pay his debts! Wicked debts, too, that he contracted in enlarging his human slaughter-house, and in storing it with enough grain to keep it constantly turning forty bushels daily into poison. This man, you say, confesses that liquor-making is a crime, and yet he goes on practicing it. You preach that *one soul* is *worth the universe*, and yet receive into the church one who is destroying both souls and bodies with all his might, that he may secure their money to himself. Who hath seen such a thing as this? Who hath heard it?

But says one, "He has never communed, and will not be allowed to till he winds up this business." And, pray, will he be any better prepared then? Will the robbery and ruin of a few more score, or a few more hundreds of his fellows, prove that "faith, and love, and new obedience" that mark the worthy communicant? Will the blood of more souls still, purify and prepare him the better for the Lord's table? . . . .

Oh, brother X., I assure you the reception of this rich sinner into a Christian society has disgraced and injured the cause of religion much, making the weak to stumble and the wicked to mock. . . . . No respectable session would knowingly tolerate the name of a robber, a blasphemer, or a murderer on its roll. Then why receive those who cause multitudes to commit these same sins, and all other crimes by wholesale? How can any Christian church, in this day of Gospel and temperance light, dare smuggle a drunkard-maker and his Moloch within its pale, and hope to be

guiltless while thus injuring itself, the community, and its proselyte also, by encouraging him to believe that the way to heaven is broad and the gate wide? . . . . If your charge, my brother, and others, should, for the sake of wealth and numbers, persist in such unfaithfulness, so dishonoring to God, so ruinous to souls, such churches must be reported to Presbytery; and if Presbytery fails to deal with them, Synod must deal with the Presbytery. If Synod can not effect the reformation needed, the whole affair should be laid before the highest court. But if the General Assembly itself prove lukewarm in the matter, or powerless to cast out such iniquity, tell it not in Gath; but let us all remember Laodicea, and repent and weep, lest the fate of that ancient church be the fate of ours.

When all this, and more of the same import, came down on his "Riverince's" head,* it made both his ears to tingle; but so well did he understand the writer's motives, and so much did he honor her zeal and courage, that this plain rebuke abated not a jot of his warm Christian friendship, which remained unchanged through life, or rather grew stronger.

From an Address to Young Men we select six verses, omitting five verses. These latter describe the officers in Alcohol's army, *i. e*, the makers and venders, as those who secure all the offices, honor, and gold, while the drinkers, poor and wretched, toil to pamper the pride of them and their families.

TO YOUNG MEN.

"Ye young men, so careless and gay,
Who boast you are happy and free,
Take heed as you pass on your way,
Or Alcohol's slaves you will be.

---

* Happily he was able to exonerate himself partially from the blame of this matter, though there was far too much truth in the report.

His agents in coaches can ride,
And pass his poor dupes with disdain;
And will you toil to pamper their pride,
While you creep in his menial train?

. . . . . .

"For, wretched, despoiled, and debased,
In poverty, hunger, and pain,
In squalor, in sin, and disgrace,
Are the followers in Alcohol's train.

. . . . . .

"O young man, beware of his wiles.
You think you have nothing to fear;
But be watchful, I charge you the while;
Be prayerful, the tempter is near.
Oh, fly from the dram-seller's door;
Contagion is found in his breath.
His whisky, wine, cider, give o'er,
They're pestilence, danger, and death.

"'Twill rob you of credit and friends
To drink of his treacherous bowl;
'Twill rob you of wealth, of honor, of health,
'Twill murder you, BODY AND SOUL."

. . . . . .

From another appeal to some who had been tempted to break the pledge by some miscreant, we quote, beginning with the fifth verse:

"But tell us, who did you misguide, who was it that led you astray?
Who first taught your footsteps to slide, and wander thus out of the way?
'Twas cruelty in full display, 'twas mischief with misery fraught,
And terrible will be the day when he to the judgment is brought.
But come and escape from the snare; we give you a welcome to-day.
You're welcome again to our care, more welcome than blossoms of May.
More joy 's in the Presence Divine, o'er one who returns from astray,
Than over the ninety and nine that never had wandered away."

But sometimes things occurred, even in liquor-selling, that made the most sombre worker smile. For instance, one evening, about dusk, a man rode up to Deacon Y.'s still-house with a sack of grain to sell, which, he said, "might be lumped together, as he was going further"; and being in haste, he did not stop to higgle, but, naming quite a moderate price for both sack and rye, received his pay in a jug of brandy and the rest in hard cash, and rode away.

The deacon loved money fondly, and, though owning his thousands, did not despise dollars and dimes. So this good little bargain pleased him very well, so well that before retiring he stepped out of his way to look at his small purchase again. Yes, it was a fine bargain—splendid grain and a good sack, as large and well filled as any of the long row standing in his barn,—in fact, looked just like them. And then a thought struck the deacon, and he rushed into the barn; but from said row one was gone.

"Cheated, fooled, as sure as guns!" he gasped. The abominable thief had stolen and sold him one of his own good sacks of rye, *and with his name on it, too.*

"And what did you do about it—what did you say to the chap?" asked his friend.

"Oh, nothing," laughed the deacon. "Confound him, I never said a syllable. It was too good a joke on myself."

A SHEEP STORY.

Another Dram-seller Sold.

This song below explains itself; only, it might be added, that the poor animal on finding itself in such disgrace, died the same night, as any sensible sheep might,—a total loss to the groceryman.

"'Twas on a hot and sultry day, a farmer wended on his way
The flock he had beneath his care to lead unto a pasture fair.
But as we heard the tragic tale, one of the sheep began to fail,

And could no further go.
So what to do he could not tell; he did not like to leave it there,
To die of hunger or despair, or live a life of woe.
But while in doubt he stood, a poor man passed that way,
And, as the tale they tell, he gave the sheep unto the man and bade
him use it well.
Gladly the fellow took the gift, and on his shoulder laid it,
And to a dram-shop bore it off, and there for whisky paid it.

"The sheep, which now a little rested, and not at all contented,
Ran 'round and strove for to escape, and scarce could be prevented.
Then, gazing, cried, 'What place is here? What smells so hate-
ful and so queer?
What makes the people swear and fight?
What makes them gouge? What makes them bite?
What makes them reel and stagger round,
Then senseless fall upon the ground?
I do believe it is a dram-shop!
For often have I heard it said,
That there they sell a kind of poison
That often kills the people dead.
Alas! most wretched that I be,
This is a hapless day to me;
Must I, who've led so calm a life,
Be doomed to see such deadly strife;
To hear the horrid drunkards swear,
And poison with their oaths the air?
My milk-white fleece, that day by day
Has kept me from the cold away,
Must be exposed to every storm
To keep the brutal drunkard warm;
And oft be fated too, to lay
In mud and mire along the way;
Companion of the drunkard's fall,
And wet with whisky, worst of all.

"'Then must I be by drunkards eat,
Soon as they want a piece of meat?
Oh, 'tis too much! Oh, let me die!'
She said, and heaved a deep-drawn sigh,
Then calmly yielded up her breath
And closed her wretched eyes in death."

Though generally engaged in combating wrong and outrage of one class or another, it was duty, not choice, that influenced her. Many a time, weary and discouraged, she would exclaim :

"I am sick of thinking of stillers, and whisky, and wars, and wickedness of every kind. I wish, with all my heart, I never need write of sin and sorrow again. When will the blessed millennium dawn and banish it all?"

Though chiefly known by her temperance songs and letters, she wrote with equal power on many other subjects, viz.: "On Duelling," "On Sabbath-breaking," "Lying," "Horse-racing and Betting," "Lotteries," "Slavery," "Foreign Missions," "Talents," "Enemies and Injuries," "Satan a Hard Master." Also, songs : "The Tangled Skein," "The Voyage of Life," "The Sower," "Too Late," "Lines to Jenny Lind," and several hymns, as :

"Just simply come to Christ, they say."
"Father of mercy, hear my prayer!"
"'Tis Thy Spirit, Lord, indeed!"
"Behold a sinner at the door!"
"Hear my plea, ye happy few, who the ways of God pursue," etc.

With many others that can not be mentioned now.

Her family affection and local attachments were very strong, and both appear in "Absent Friends," from which we give a verse or two :

"My friends to a far distant land have all flown,
And left me to seek my enjoyments alone ;
And ofttimes I sit and their absence deplore,
For the eyes that have seen me will see me no more.
. . . . . .
But I still remain by the dear mountain-side,
Where pure breezes blow and pure streamlets glide.
The laurel, the birch, and the evergreen-tree,
The rocks, hills, and homestead have charms still for me ;

And the graves of my parents—all bind like a spell,
And I never, no, never, can bid them farewell," etc.

Like most simple poetic natures she was fond of animals, and held a kind of companionship with all orders. Once, when writing on her usual theme, a little mouse came out and gamboled around her ; and, for the nonce, forgetting the woes of mankind, she took two pen sketches of her guest in different positions, but both most life-like. An emmet creeping at her feet, received a sonnet. And one of her sick silkworms evoked a long song. From this latter we can not forbear quoting a few lines :

"Ye ladies fair and blooming, and sprightly, young, and gay,
Who scorn the feeble insect that spins your rich array ;
With cold contempt you view it, and cast reproach on Him
Who brought it into being, and made it wise to spin.
I had the prettiest silkworm that ever saw the light,
And every morn I fed it, and fed it every night ;
Its eyes were black and sparkling, it looked as if it knew
That 'twas a noble creature, and something had to do."

The children admired it too, and sportively would say:

"Go, go, my pretty creature, and quickly bring to view
A ball of snowy whiteness, or else of golden hue ;
And when thy work is ended then lay thee down and die,
And rise again triumphant, a charming butterfly."

But by and by the worm fell sick, and its former friends forsaking it, begged her "to move the loathsome, slimy thing out of the house"; and fearing the disease would spread among its fellows, she put it out on a mulberry-tree, this being the rule of the "Silk Culturist" for the diseased. She continues :

"The chilly rain was falling, the wind was howling too,
I thought upon my silk-worm with every blast that blew ;
My room was dry and pleasant, and downy was my bed,
But my poor dying silk-worm had neither house nor shed.

. . . . . .

Its little life is ended, it yielded to the call,
Nor did what was intended—it never made its ball."

Then comes the moral about false friends forsaking in time of need, and the uncertainty of human hopes :

"'Tis thus our hopes are smitten before our work is done,
And vanity is written on all beneath the sun," etc.

She had her own trials, temptations, and disappointments to bear ; and, as we have seen, the sins and sorrows of all the world oppressed her mind ; but naturally she had a great deal of vivacity and playfulness of disposition, and sometimes these asserted themselves both in writing and conversation. With her publishers it was "diamond cut diamond"; for with several editors she had a standing *friendship*, and, for that matter, a standing *quarrel* too, because they allowed oaths to slip into their columns, advertised stills, liquor, lotteries, horse-races, and such like evil things ; and last, but not least, occasionally *declined* her communications. One week some of them came out with a witty production called "Printers' Proverbs to Correspondents," to which Mrs. C. coolly responded with another article, "Correspondents' Proverbs for Printers," quite as sharp as their own.

Talking with some serious friends on this subject, "the mighty power of the press," and how much influence the periodicals taken in a family had in forming the minds of the children or youth for good or evil, they all with one consent agreed that the office of an editor was one of solemn importance, as he stood responsible for every word and line he laid before his thousands of readers. And as so many read the secular journals who read nothing else, these, they thought, might do a good work by giving a religious column or two ; but if not, at all events their owners should see to

it that if they did not make society better, they did not make it worse by permitting any coarseness, profanity, or irreverence to soil their columns, and lower the moral tone.

The two editors best known to the company, were often culpably careless on these points, they judged. So, as usual, a half gentle, half severe, but entirely respectful epistle was dispatched to the delinquents, hinting at the shortcomings of their papers, and enclosing several articles intended to improve them.

Only one of these communications was published; but instead came out a long song on "Grumblers," telling the trials of an editor's career with two, three, five, or fifty thousand readers to please, and every mother's son of them demanding that his taste should be suited, while all the disappointed ones railed on and abused the printer, or

"Cut a caper
By dipping a 'quill in gall' to scrawl against the paper."

After giving a synopsis of the different classes of matter required by the different minds, it ends with this advice:

"Now, brother editors, pursue
The way that seems the best to you,
And let the grumblers grumble."

It was a very witty, well-selected piece, and amused everybody, the late censors included. This clique felt themselves almost singled out for punishment, and Mrs. C. flew to the rescue with a soothing jingle of rhymes in the same strain as their own, a few stanzas of which ran thus. After denying that she had maliciously

"Scrawled against the paper,"

continues:

"I did not 'dip my pen in gall,' I did not 'cut a caper';
I'm not a 'literary fool,' I have no education;
I did not learn to write at 'school,' but just by application.

My letter was not 'vile abuse'; 'twas meek, submissive, humble;
I did not 'rail,' I did not 'scold,' I did not mean to 'grumble';

. . . . . .

For sure, of all the foes I've had to trouble or annoy me,
An angry printer most I dread, for he might soon destroy me;
For if he should be pleased to fill with ridicule each column,
Before I well could write a sheet, he'd easy print a volume.
So, as it is our lot to read your paper some time longer,
I would not have our friendship broke, I'd rather make it stronger;
Because I see you're called to fill a most important station,
I'll not be angry, but will send *one more communication!*"

This same journal having inserted an urgent dun week after week, headed, "Pay up," she wrote:

"Come, pay up the printer, nor let him complain,
Come, pay him up quick, or he'll dun you again.
And why will you have him thus wasting his breath,
In dun upon dun, till he duns you to death?"

. . . . . .

Presently she introduces him complaining of his patrons thus:

. . . . . .

"To keep you reading, I toil night and day, and often get naught but my work for my pay.
Whenever I turn some creditor runs,
With threats and reproaches, with sneers and with duns.

. . . . . .

The ink-maker's angry, the landlord's severe,
And says I shall move at the end of the year;
The paper-mill master has sued me to-day,
The jail is awaiting to make me its prey.

. . . . . .

The butcher refuses to send me the meat,
The woodman the fuel, the farmer the wheat.

. . . . . .

And my journeymen printers are running away
Because I have nothing, no, nothing to pay," etc.

. . . . . .

A whole page of this she sent in, and finding she had far out-dunned them, they quickly transferred it to their first column, and forwarded it to their dilatory patrons.

When wearied out with domestic cares and mental toil, change became a necessity, she would betake herself to the lounge with a book, or to her garden, where, while engaged in some light employment, or seated under the lilac-tree, these lighter productions were at once her relaxation and amusement, fitting her to return to the serious duties of life with renewed vigor. While with her, theology and moral science took the first place: she delighted, too, in belles-lettres; and astronomy, geography, and history were favorite studies. Here, too, her propensity for rhyme came in play, for, finding it far easier memorized than prose, she threw many of the leading facts of both ancient and modern history into numbers, and then proceeded to deal likewise with Woodbridge's Geography, simplifying it also for the use of primary classes. This manuscript, consisting of 500 verses, was highly commended by various experienced educators, including Rev. G. Brown, then President of Madison College; Wm. W. Redick, Superintendent of Pittsburgh schools, etc. It was intended for publication, and probably was printed.*

As was natural, many of her descendants inherited her taste for literature, and several have written considerable; but excepting some fugitive pieces in albums and newspapers, nothing of theirs has been published, and many have not been preserved; but, judging that some of these articles yet extant will interest certain readers, we insert a few specimen verses, beginning with this elegy on the Rev. John Morgan :

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* This work was said to have been published in a distant city and sold; but from several coincidences was lost to her family. First, it was sent out without a copyright. The author died suddenly a few days later. The address of the publisher was never found by her friends, etc.

"Rev. John Morgan, first pastor of the C. P. Church of Uniontown, Pa., was born (of Welsh extraction) in Virginia, in 1806. In person he was tall and imposing, with a high, massive brow, black hair, and eyes, with a countenance that at once awed and charmed. He was a fine speaker and a faithful preacher and pastor. Died in Uniontown, Fayette Co., Oct., 1842"; and at his own request was buried near the church, hard by the pulpit he had filled so well. The funeral day was one long to be remembered. The church draped in mourning, the impressive service, the solemn rites, a whole congregation bowed beneath a great, overshadowing sorrow, in which nature itself seemed to sympathize. The fair, sunny day changed as the rites proceeded; and as evening wore on, the rain fell drearily, the autumn winds sighed and moaned, and leaden clouds shut out the sky, and hung like a pall over all. Probably the feelings of many were feebly portrayed in the following stanzas, written the same day by one of his young members:

OUR PASTOR.

"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; . . . . the faithful fail from among the children of men."

"Ah, why tolls the bell so mournful and slow?
What low, plaintive notes do I hear?
What sighs in the breeze? What sad accents of woe?
While nature herself sheds a tear.
A mournful procession moves silent and slow,
As the grave opens wide for its prey;
The watchman has fall'n, the shepherd is gone,
Consigned to his home in the clay.
Whose voice will now cheer this sacred abode?
E'en the walls seem his absence to mourn,
Who sound the glad news of salvation abroad?
Since the watchman forever is gone.
O death, thou wert cruel to snatch him away
In the morning and strength of his day,

And leave a sad flock without shepherd or guide.
Oh, why not relinquish thy prey ?
Oh, how couldst thou sunder the tenderest ties,
And leave a fair consort to mourn,
And orphans to weep in their desolate home,
And bury their hopes in the tomb?
I would visit in sorrow that silent abode,
That hides him from friends and from foes ;
Strew flowers o'er his head, and hallow with tears
The dust where his members repose.
Oh, wild winds of autumn, rave not o'er his rest,
Ye storms, shriek afar from his tomb;
And cease from your sorrows, dear friends of the dead,
For Jesus has welcomed him home."

—Rhoda L. Custead.

TO A WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Written after a long absence.

Sweet flower of the wild-wood, dear friend of my childhood ;
Once more I behold thee, all gladsome and gay,
Thy beauty the same, that my infant hands gathered,
Round my own mountain home, in life's early day.
. . . . . .
Thou art still blooming there, just as fragrant and fair,
But all that then loved thee have flown ;
And by mouldering mill, in the vale,—on the hill,
Thou art flowering, and fading alone. Rhoda C.

TO A WIND FLOWER.

Wind flower, thou art ever dear to me, for in childhood's happy day
The woodlands all around my home, with thee were fresh and gay,
And well I loved to ramble there, in the merry month of May.
The birds were singing on the trees, through all the sunny day,
The zephyr caught thy faint perfume, in the merry month of May.
. . . . . .
And friends I loved were with me then, who now are far away,
And we twine thy buds no longer, in the merry month of May.
. . . . . .

Rhoda L. Custead.

A FAREWELL TO S——LL.

"Let what will cheer our onward way, farewell's a bitter word to say,"

We shall no more assemble, around this table here,
Where God has led, and fed us, through many a changing year;
These trees our hands have planted, we can not call our own,
This house, these fields, this garden, are never more our home.
These little paths our children traced, in many a merry play,
No more their restless feet can tread, they must be far away.
The foot of some rude stranger will echo o'er our ground,
And heedless hands destroy the flowers we've trained with care around,
We'll bow no more together, around this hearth in prayer,
Where Jesus oft hath blest us, and chased away our care;
We'll kneel no more in secret here, where none but God can see,
To plead His mercy, and His love to sinners vile as we.

. . . . . .

But Jesus still can hear us pray where'er our lot is cast,
And may He guard our wandering steps, and keep us to the last.

April 1, 1850. MRS. PAULINE C. KENDALL.

FOR MY SISTER'S ALBUM.

Now in the bloom of youth, hear thy Creator say,
Yield now to Me thy heart, this is the accepted day;
Give not to earth thy love, nor to its pleasures cling,
For they will like a serpent bite, and like an adder sting.

Oh, yield to Me thy heart, I'll form it fit for heaven,
Where thou shalt finally appear, a soul redeemed, forgiven.
Then when the judgment dawns, when Gabriel's trump you hear;
And I to make my jewels up, in glory shall appear;
I then will call thee home, a child for whom I died,
To dwell with all my ransomed host, forever by my side.
May this thy blessed portion be,
Christ and His grace, so rich and free,
No other gift I ask for thee.

MENALLEN, 1854. MRS. EMILY C. RODERICK.

The two following are from Unpublished Poems, by Mrs. C.'s grandson, M. T. K.

SUMMER TWILIGHTS.

Hail, twilight! sovereign of a peaceful hour,
Sweet messenger, to weariness a dower;
. . . . . .
Thy welcome presence, bears a milder beam,
Than floods day's revelry, with golden gleam.
Thou art the parting smile, of dying day,
That hovers over when her waning ray,
In glory clad for the departing hour, fading in silence, dies on field and flower,
. . . . . .
At thy approach a throbbing world grows still, a thousand echoes die on vale and hill, ...
Borne on the straying breeze, the chiming bell, peals on the listening ear a rapturous swell.
. . . . . .
'Tis then the many mingled hopes and fears, of other days, come thronging through the years;
And seeming echoes of forgotten song, and dear remembered voices silent long.
Sweet fleeting season, 'tis reflection's hour, and from its softened glory springs a power
That renders firmer yet, the happy bond, that links us to a better life beyond.
But as we musing sit, entrancing skies, in silence fade away the vision dies;
Night's sable drapery and rayless gloom, enshrouds us like the stillness of the tomb.
But thou art welcome, Spirit of the night, come with thy dusky mantle, veil from sight
All earthly scenes, and constant vigils keep, o'er weary nature wrapped in peaceful sleep.

JEFFERSON, PA. MILTON T. KENDALL.

VOICES OF THE RAIN.

Hear the patter of the rain,
Vernal rain;
As it wakens sleeping nature, with a sweet and glad refrain;

And the tender grass is springing, over every hill and dale,
And the brimming brook goes singing
Through the long and shady windings of the vale.

Hear the murmur of the rain,
Joyous rain ;
As it falls with muffled music, over mountain, mead, and plain.
Now its soft, refreshing sprinkle, calls the hidden buds to light,
While the blossoms that o'er-sprinkle all the landscape, seem to twinkle,
And be dancing in a rapture of delight.

Hear the dashing of the rain,
April rain ;
As it sweeps the tender grasses, and the fields of growing grain.
In the fading light of day, how its murmur sinks away ;
From the shining spray that fills
All the sky,
What a glory crowns the hills,
From the splendor of the rainbow ere they die.

Hear the pouring of the rain,
Summer rain ;
As the leaden clouds are driving, o'er the scorching fields amain,
And the drooping flow'ret freshens, in its parched and arid bed,
And the forest tree rejoices, and the birds with silent voices,
For the grateful blessing, humbly bow the head.

Hear the humming of the rain,
Gentle rain ;
How it lulls to peaceful slumber, by its soft subduing strain,
While upon our couches dreaming,
Free from every fear and care, through the misty midnight streaming,
Comes the silvery rain-drop gleaming,
And the earth is growing greener everywhere.

Hear the lashing of the rain,
Stormy rain ;
With the household awed and silent,

As it smites the roof and pane ;
Now the crashing of the thunder,
In the lurid welkin dome,
Cleaves the trembling air asunder,
And we hear its voice with wonder ;
From the darkness of its far mysterious home.

JEFFERSON, PA., 1881. M. T. KENDALL.

IN MEMORIAM.

Hear the sobbing of the rain,
Autumn rain ;
As it comes with dead leaves falling,
And sighing winds refrain ;
Beats the yellow clay that covers,
Low home of friend or lover,
And the heart aches while we listen,
With a deep and boundless pain ;
To the dirges of the rain,
To the sobbing, and the moaning of the chill November rain.

Nov., 1882. To J. W. C., by E.

[For the *Waynesburg Messenger.*]

TO THE MEMORY OF J. L. I.,

WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, DEC. 13, 1862.

Oh, hushed be all gladness, for sorrow and sadness
Now reign in its stead.
Hearts are breaking with aching, hearts rending with agony,
Over the dead.
Breathe his name sadly, speak it not gladly—
He lies with the slain.
Think of him lying amidst dead and dying
Scattered over the plain.
Brave martyr ! and can it be that to *thy* memory
These lines are inscribed ?
Has death enslaved *thee?* Oh, to have saved thee
We could have died.
What fond hopes were thrilling, what dark fears were chilling
Thy warm heart that day !
Whilst rushing to battle 'midst musketry's rattle
And cannon's array.

Thine be the glory, but ours the sad story,
Rehearsing thy fate,
How on thou wert rushing, with life-blood out-gushing,
And victory elate.
And how unreserving thy young life to yield!
No braver, no truer e'er fell on the field.
We ne'er shall forget thee, nor cease to regret thee,
No, no, lost one, no.
A jewel so rare, so priceless, so fair,
Yet lying so low!
Fond hopes have been crushed, their utterance hushed,
No happy to-morrow now lingers in thought—
Our all on the altar. Let foul Treason falter
At what she has wrought.

Oh, dear honored dead, while the dirges are said,
Sadly said,
May angels be twining a wreath o'er thy brow,
And heaven be thine, even now.
No blot on thy name, we'll blazon thy fame
Yet the more.
We'll ponder thy virtues, and think of our loss
O'er and o'er.
We'll whisper it sadly when thy story we tell.
Peace, peace to thy ashes! Farewell, fare thee well.

LINDA KENDALL.

JEFFERSON, Pa., *Dec.* 24, 1862.

TO THREE BROTHERS,

Co. A, VA. CAVALRY.

Volunteers from friends afar, mingling in the tide of war,
Changing calm domestic life for the camp and battle strife,
'Mid new scenes and gay parade, let not home from memory fade.
Oft, when twilight shadows spread, comes a mother's mournful tread,
Lingering in the silent gloom of your lone, deserted room,
Kneeling by your vacant bed, tears, unmeasured tears, has shed,
Prayers, unnumbered prayers, has said.
Prayers that God's almighty power shield you every day and hour
From the snares on every side, guard you lest your footsteps slide.

Should the Sabbath-breaker say, "Join us in our sports to-day";
Should the gamblers lay their plot, say, "With us cast in your lot,"
God commands: CONSENT YE NOT.
If to tempt gay friends combine, look not on their sparkling wine.
Fly at once the dangerous spot, touch not, taste not, handle not.
Sin and poverty and shame, loss of health, of wealth and fame,
Follow in its baleful train,
And the drunkard, to his cost, finds at last his soul is lost.

. . . . . .

You have seen your comrades fall by the rebels' cruel ball,
Or at fierce disease's call.

. . . . . .

And to all, to you and I, comes at last a time to die.
Waste not, then, your morning's prime, count not coming years of time.
Ne'er may they be yours or mine.
Now, while youth and health endure, make your peace and pardon sure.

LIZZIE C., 1863.

But we must return from this digression, and hasten to close this imperfect sketch of the life and work of a temperance pioneer. Among her earliest papers (extant) this sentiment is found, "That it is the solemn duty of every Christian to strive to make the world better and happier while passing through it. Therefore let me be up and doing. My hand may become palsied, my reason lost, or death may strike. Therefore, with God's help, resolved, that I will do what good I *can*. I will do it with my *might*. I will do it *now*." Noble maxims! And that they governed her life, none who knew her will deny. And while, like all good women, she placed heart religion and home duties first, yet, unlike many, she did not end there, but, with a wide, unselfish charity, considered the welfare of her neighbors, of the community, and of the world. And while giving her warm and active co-operation in all the usual church work and benevolent schemes of the day, her interest in her own

special field was never allowed to flag, nor her labors for it to cease but with life.

Besides much other like work, her promise to deal individually with all liquor-dealers, far and near (as has been said), was kept literally. Not one escaped her whose address she was enabled to discover. Only three weeks before her end, hearing of one more distiller, she wrote to him instantly a letter that could scarcely have been more solemn had she foreseen it to be what it proved—her last warning to a hardened sinner; for, though unknown and unsuspected, her life was now rapidly drawing to a close. Even then a mortal disease was creeping through her veins. Yet this paper was written with all her usual strength; and in all subsequent ones hand and brain wrought with power and speed, as though eye or ear had caught the signal, "What thou doest, do quickly." On Wednesday, Sept. 16, she heard her last sermon, and alarmed her friends by swooning away during the service. However, they were reassured when she came down to breakfast the following morning with almost her usual alertness, and insisted that she felt well enough to drive into town on business, wishing especially to see some persons connected with the temperance work. She returned at night cheerful, but rather indisposed, and retired early, but, after a restless night, rose feeble and unrefreshed. She was feverish, too, and without appetite, and taking only a glass of water, returned immediately to her room, which she left no more till borne out in her shroud. But though failing bodily day by day, her mind, active to the last, continued to grapple with the old question, "How shall this hideous system of organized, legalized crime, the liquor trade, be crushed out?"

An appeal to his Honor, Judge G., asking his aid in the good work, had been well begun before her illness, and during its progress she once or twice left her couch and tottered to her desk, purposing, if possible, to complete and

dispatch it. But it was too late—her hand had forgot its cunning. Only a few faint, uncertain lines were traced, and then, midway in a sentence, the pen dropped, never to be resumed. Finding no strength for writing, but still longing to do something more for the Master, she had some similar but easier work laid beside her, which she performed while sitting up in her bed. And thus faithful to the end, even her last day on earth saw her making one more effort in this cause of God and humanity.

Her death was a surprise to all; for though slightly ailing for a month and seriously ill for a week, yet her sickness was not considered at all dangerous, nor were fatal symptoms observed till within two hours of her end. Very sudden it was to others; yet from the eagerness with which different projects had been hastened to a close, and from several remarks made both before and during her sickness, it would seem as if the event was not wholly unexpected by herself.

The obituary prepared by a ruling elder who had known her long and well, and the subjoined facts, give a brief summary of her character and of the scenes of the closing days, and, also, some reasons her friends had for thinking she might have had some premonitions of approaching death. As, for instance, this: Shortly before being taken ill, returning from a walk through the fields, she paused, and looking pensively over the familiar scenery, said, "A little longer, and I shall not be here."

Again, when the shortness of time happened to be the subject of conversation, she said, earnestly:

"Do improve it well, you whose lives are before you; but *mine* is well-nigh ended."

And was it prophetic that in the last periodical ever read by her in health, she first saw the poem "Nearer"?

"For I am nearer home to-day, perhaps, than now I think, ...
Nearer the bounds of life, where burdens are laid down," etc.

On Sabbath morning (the third day of her illness) she said, gratefully:

"I rested tolerably last night, and feel quite comfortable now, but not strong enough to ride to church; go, the rest of you though, all but one."

After their return she seemed stronger, and, rising, dressed, and sat some time by the south window, listening with her usual interest to their report of the sermon, and also made some inquiries about two persons lately buried, asking:

"Had they any hope for eternity?"

"They did not profess to have any," she was told; "they had lived worldly lives and died suddenly; though one had made some slight reference to the importance of religion, or a wish that he possessed it in his last moments."

Mrs. C. shook her head mournfully.

"Poor men! poor, foolish men!" she sighed.

Then, presently, with a kind of reverent, solemn joy, added:

"What a comfort it is to have been most of one's life preparing for death; I find it would be a difficult matter to begin now!"

On Monday or Tuesday, speaking of the serious illness of a friend in O——, she said:

"If you hear S. is dead, do not tell me; I could not bear it now"; and several times made some reference to "this sick and perhaps dying bed."

Another time, naming A. S., a dear, devoted friend, she said:

"Send for A. to-morrow, and if not better soon, I must send for all the children by Monday."

On Saturday, after writing and dispatching a note to U——, she turned again to her former work of sorting her papers; laying out and marking those she deemed most likely to do good if made public, etc. Her eyes were bright,

her face flushed scarlet; but, except requiring constant fanning and occasional change of position, she was comfortable, and generally busy (when not dozing); and so the calm autumnal day wore away.

At sundown, Lydia F. coming in, remained alone with her a short time. This bright child of seven summers had already been well-instructed in religion, and the grandparent now lovingly urged her to act on what she knew.

"Remember, dear child," she said, "your Creator early; pray to Him daily. Childhood is the *best* time to turn to God, and to many it is the *only* time, for they do not live to grow up. Then come to Christ *now*; He loves the little ones; He has promised to receive you."

These, and other points, she explained in simple, earnest words, till, quite exhausted, she could but add:

"Whether I live or die, remember my advice: do not neglect religion, and do not put it off. This is my best, and, possibly, my last counsel to my little Lydia."

One of the family was about entering the room, but stopped suddenly on the threshold; the scene struck a chill to her heart. True, there was no danger in the case,—the old, experienced physician had assured them of that; and yet the labored breath, the feeble, broken voice, the solemn words, were so affecting; the whole scene looked so much like a last, a closing one, that, entirely overcome, she turned back, and stole away to weep in secret. But this she considered but a weakness, and was confirmed in it, when, on returning, she found the patient not worse, but better.

She ordered lunch with more animation and interest than usual, poured the tea herself, and not only listened to the conversation, but joined in it in her natural strong tones. At nine o'clock she desired that supper should be served to the guests, and at ten requested all to retire. Some one proposed sitting up, or at least occupying a lounge near her bed, but she declined both offers as wholly unnecessary.

"Leave the candle burning, and the bell beside me, and go to your beds every one," she said. "I may sleep if the house is perfectly quiet."

All retired (though one remained wakeful to attend on her), and when all was still, she engaged for some time in earnest though whispered prayer, and seemed easy, but presently grew restless, very; yet to all inquiries replied:

"I have no pain; I need nothing; if I do, I will ring; lie down again."

They obeyed, and saw that about eleven o'clock she fell into an uneasy, yet heavy slumber; for though full of tossing and frequent moaning, it remained unbroken for three hours. Then, at two o'clock, she for the first time both rung and called; but even this seemed to have been done unconsciously; for she started when addressed, and answered, drowsily, with slow, imperfect utterance and half-closed eyes:

"I—did—not—call—you; lie—down—again. I—want—nothing—nothing—but—that—*all—the—world*—should—*come—come*—to—the—Saviour."

The strange response, the unearthly look, thrilled every heart.

"She is dying!" cried one.

Yes, there was a change—an awful change. The strange, far-off voice, the glazing eyes, the ashen hue, the damp, cold brow, all proclaimed that the hour had come. However, restoratives being administered, she revived, color returned, her eyes brightened, and her voice and whole appearance became natural again. Looking round intelligently, she inquired the "time of night," "whether any of the neighbors had come in?" and made several remarks besides those quoted elsewhere.

Though a moral heroine, she had always shrank from physical pain and danger, and had greatly dreaded the last enemy; yet now that it had come, she found, like many another timid soul, that the bitterness of death was past;

and perfectly composed herself, she essayed to calm and comfort others.

But this was but for a little while; soon she began to sink rapidly again. Her hands became cold and still, her voice failed more and more, her eyes glazed and closed. At half-past three she slept, and spoke no more. Death had come, a sweet, peaceful death; and yet this was a fair, fair world to leave.

The season was at its loveliest—earth, air, and sky passingly lovely. The orchards and gardens were laden with ripened fruit, and abloom with autumn flowers. The harvest had been garnered, and everywhere the varied hues of the late-mown fields and meadows, brown, and green, and gold, and russet, mingled and blended together, a glorious picture.

Round the home she was leaving too, nature had spread all the endless charms of mountain wilds, and the softer beauties of sunny slopes, shady vales, sheltering trees, perennial springs, and winding streams warbling forever. And how lovely was all that parting hour! The mild September breeze was floating dreamily around the eaves, and whispering softly in the locust boughs. The full moon, stealing through the open casement, watched with holy face the dying-bed, and from a cloudless sky the solemn stars looked down.

The night was far spent; already over the eastern hills the day was breaking. A new Sabbath was dawning on earth, but not for her. It was then the summons came, and the freed spirit soared away to join the new song around the throne, and begin an eternal Sabbath above.

OBITUARY.

"Died, at 4 o'clock on Sabbath morning, Sept. 27, 1857, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of John Custead, Sr., in the 70th year of her age. Mrs. C. was received into the Tent Presb. church by Rev. Wm. Wylie, D.D.,

about 1816, and gave evidence of her sincerity by a life of service in God's cause. Besides bearing her part in all ordinary church work, she performed much extra labor. An untiring advocate of 'Temperance' and the 'Peace Cause,' never deterred by opposition or ridicule, she wrote and published much on both subjects, and on other moral reforms also. . . . . As throughout life she had manifested great concern for the spiritual welfare of others, so in death it was her earnest desire that all might come to Christ and be saved. Shortly before her departure, on being asked if she wanted anything, she answered, 'Nothing; nothing but that all the world should come to the Saviour,' and this wish she repeated fervently several times. Though timid and excitable naturally, there was no distraction, no terror in death. Again and again she said to her weeping family, 'Be calm; rely on the Saviour, only rely on Him. I hope I am going to Him. I trust I am prepared; I believe my work is done,' etc. Though no ecstasy, there was peace, perfect peace. Her funeral was preached at Tent church, from Psalm l. 5, 'Gather my saints together unto me.' In many respects Mrs. C. was a remarkable woman. Possessing much intellectual power, with some poetic talent and a taste for science, art, and literature, she needed but the benefit of early training (which border-life denied her) to have given her distinction, both in prose and poetry. But her life was eminently useful; and though not wearing a chaplet of literary fame, we trust and believe she has gained through a Redeemer's merits that which is infinitely above every other—a fadeless crown and a home in glory.

"HUGH CAMPBELL."

In presenting the following elegy, some explanation may be proper in reference to some of the lines; for instance, the fourth, sixteenth, etc. Mrs. C. never left her native place, but was born,* reared, married, lived, died, and lies buried on the same farm. Another thing noticeable is, that somehow she was the one in whom all confided; for though not without some of the faults natural to her peculiar tem-

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* The youngest child of Job and Elizabeth Littell; she was born in S. U. township, November 8, 1786; married in 1814; and spent her whole life here; her attachment to her native State and county being strong and unchangeable.

perament, she was loved, revered, and trusted to an unusual degree. She it was to whom old and young came with their plans, disappointments, joys, and griefs ; and to the best of her ability she counselled, consoled, and sympathized with all. Many bereaved ones, too, came soliciting elegies on their dead, and though most busy housewives would have considered this an imposition, her compassionate heart allowed her to deny none. After writing hundreds of such verses for others, she traced this one on herself, that at her death, twelve years later, was found among her papers, and placed at the head of this tribute to her memory :

"O say, gentle muse, will you come and deplore,
And weep o'er *my* ashes when *I am* no more ;
Will a requiem be chanted, a mourning badge wave,
And yew-tree or cypress droop over *my grave?*"

MRS. E. CUSTEAD, *Oct.*, 1845.

ELEGY.

Mother, now a spirit free, I inscribe these lines to thee.
Thou whose pity never slept, weeping oft with those who wept,
Oft the mourners' woes to soothe waked the elegiac muse
Felt the wrongs and griefs of all,
Shouldst thou unlamented fall ?

Though the muse restrain her fire,
Feeling will the lay inspire,
Though no yew or cypress tree
Casts its solemn shade for thee.
Yet thy own loved mountain pine
Over thee its boughs will twine ;
Sweetest flowers of fairest hue
There shall bloom and fall for you.
And the fadeless laurel wave
Evermore above thy grave.

Where for thee first dawned the light,
Breaking o'er the mountain's height;
Where thy native hills are seen,
In their robes of changeless green.
Where the ancient orchards stand
Planted by thy father's hand;
Where thy happy girlhood's day,
With its romance, passed away;
Where thy *earliest childhood played,*
There thy quiet grave is made.
Where the Redstone's waters gleam,
Spruce and alder boughs between;
Rushing down its pebbly bed,
Oft thy truant footsteps led,
Filled and charmed thy listening ear
With its song for many a year;
Now its tones, *so old, so dear,*
Fall a *ceaseless requiem here.*

Mother, in thy home of rest,
Care and sin no more molest;
Tears are dried for griefs of yore,
Sad forebodings haunt no more.
All the evils here below,
Vice triumphant, virtue low;
Blighted joys and sorrows keen,
Clouding all life's checkered scene;
Now have lost their power to pain,
Ne'er shall grieve thy heart again.
Safe from all that vexed thy breast,
From thy labors sweetly rest.

Where the white-robed myriads raise
One harmonious hymn of praise;
Where they stand before the Lamb,
Wear the crown and wave the palm;
There thy blood-bought soul shall live
And thy ardent spirit give
In that blissful world above,
Nobler service, purer love.

. . . . . .

Till we all come home to dwell
By thy side, farewell, farewell.

LIZZIE C., New-Year's-day, 1856.

In concluding this chapter on a temperance pioneer, a question might be answered that has already been asked, and may be again—*i. e.*, "Did all her multiplied labor for the temperance reform effect anything?" Yes, we reply; in the judgment of her fellow-workers they did accomplish much good; more, it was thought, than those of any other one individual in the county. Hundreds of pages, both in prose and rhyme, printed at her own expense, or written out laboriously by hand, were scattered broadcast by her both here and elsewhere.* Some were articles tending to interest and instruct children and youth in temperance work; some to rouse and encourage fellow-members to still greater exertions for the cause; but more, as we have seen, were entreaties and warnings to makers and venders of the liquid fire, and to all in any way aiding the diabolical trade. It is not to be believed that He whose work it was, permitted one of these earnest, prayerful efforts to be in vain; yet on some the blessing was more apparent than on others. Among the most popular of the songs, perhaps, were "The Dying Drunkard," "The Rum-drinker's Wife," "The Drunkard's Son," "The Stiller's Grave," and the "Dying Stiller's Confession." Of this latter, the *début* has already been mentioned. Composed to suit the case of one person, and sent to him only, in a private letter, the public reading of it as soon as received, to an applauding company, was itself an unexpected success; but this was but the beginning of its career. It was afterward transcribed again and again, and sent to numerous whisky sinners here, and several travellers also carried copies of it to their various destina-

* Postage being high then, the pages sent out in one day cost her $2.50, besides all the labor of writing and copying them.

tions in different States, and used it against the common foe, sometimes with good effect. In all cases the song was enclosed in a short, pungent letter, and twice in particular, when this double cartridge was discharged into small liquor rings by brave temperance soldiers, the effect was remarkable; so much so that the leaders considered it the principal means of dispersing said rings, one for a time and the other permanently; the irate rumites, not thinking it prudent to push their trade in such places where, as they growled, "the temperance folks made such a cursed fuss."

Soon after being sent West, both "Confession" and "letter" were published in an Iowa paper, from that were copied into a Pittsburgh journal, and thence returned to Fayette, credited to an Iowa lady. Probably the verses have been floating round those Western prairies ever since, for recently they appeared again, without a word changed, in an Illinois paper; and, singularly enough, a copy of this particular number of a paper they had never heard of before, was wafted by chance into the family of the long-dead author, and the old song was re-read by them beside the same hearth where it had been written first, forty years before. Among those who heard of the odd coincidence and were interested in it and the verses was the Rev. H., who, insisting that the latter should not lie idle, dispatched it to another firm, who presented it once more to the public in their next issue.

As it has been published so many times in different places and papers for the last two score years, it has doubtless been read by thousands. Yet it is again given here at the urgent request of some, who insist that it and all kinds of sound temperance literature, was seldom, if ever, needed more than now, when, though much has been accomplished, so much yet remains to be done. Distilleries and dramshops, those human slaughter-pens reared and shielded by Satanic power, still curse our land. The teetotal army is

strong, and yet in some places its influence seems almost unfelt, and drinking habits are indulged more or less by all ranks and sexes—good society, so called, leading the way. Probably there is as much tippling among crowds dressed in broadcloth and satin and decked with diamonds as among those shivering in rags—perhaps more. Wealthy, refined ladies lend their countenance to wine-bibbing; legislators disgrace the halls of Congress by it, and even our Chief Magistrates permit it to dishonor the executive mansion.*

How criminal is this—how doubly criminal in those of high degree, thus to lend their powerful influence in favor of so dangerous a custom; for whether the beverage be cheap whisky bought and drank in sinks and cellars, or costly wines sipped in gilded saloons and princely parlors, the habit, the sin, and the peril are the same.

But probably some are weary of this dolorous subject, intemperance. We all are; yet while the foul spirit still rises, and will not avaunt, we can not ignore it—we must pursue it to the death. And the more one muses on its horrors, the fiercer the fire burns and blazes into righteous indignation against the whole iniquitous liquor scheme, and against the legislators who legalize and patronize it.

It is a self-evident truth that every government should protect its subjects from wrong and outrage. And can there be a greater outrage than this: where one party takes the other's all, and gives only ruin and death in return;†

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* With one or two noble exceptions.

† Says a retired liquor-dealer on the "tricks of the trade": "Few drinkers have the faintest idea of what they are drinking. For instance, more than two-thirds of the stuff sold as brandy is the meanest kind of poison, being made from an oil of cognac. Gin, whisky, porter, beer, etc., are also very largely adulterated with various drugs and dyes, such as oil of vitriol, oil of almonds, oil of turpentine, sulphuric ether, sulphuric acid, caustic potassa, benzine, nux vomica, jalap, tobacco, alum, opium, green copperas, henbane, and many

and, worse than ghouls and jackals, live and batten on the want and woe, the bodies and souls of their fellows? Why can we not see the strong arm of the law bared to strike down this stupendous crime? Why watch and wait ages for what it could give in a day? Probably there are more spirits now prepared than will be needed in all time for medicinal and other proper uses. And what we want is a grand national prohibitory statute, reaching from the North to the South, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a law strong and unchanging as the everlasting hills, that nevermore within this Union shall another drop of intoxicants (as a beverage) be made, bought, sold, or given away.

We have seen one foul blot thus suddenly swept from our land; and why not this? Shall we, as then, compromise and debate and delay, till another bloody war, famine, or some other judgment of a justly angry Deity menace the nation's life and scourge us to duty?

Heaven speed the day when our rulers shall learn righteousness and our senators wisdom; but if their aid tarries as it has in the past, we must not grow faint or discouraged, but importune them the more. *Agitate the subject continually.* Labor on unceasingly like those who have gone before us, with all classes, striving to soften or awe the hardened venders, to reclaim those already taken in their snares, and, above all, to save those still upright from their wiles. Fifty years' trial of remedies having failed to cure the evil, warns us to look more to preventives in the future, to use all means to preserve the rising generation from falling, throwing such influences and safeguards around them that total abstinence may grow up with them as a second

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other poisons. Such drink necessarily taints the blood; causes nausea, bloat, delirium tremens; bores into the coating of the stomach, gnaws the very vitals; in short, makes humanity a hopeless wreck, physically and mentally, as well as morally."—*Safeguard for* 1883.

nature. Teachers and managers in secular schools could do much to interest and enlist their pupils in this cause; and those in Sabbath-schools still more, where line upon line should be given on temperance as well as on righteousness and judgment to come; and a high-toned paper, with truthful reading, and graphic pictures on the evils of rum (and tobacco too), would tell in every school.*

But after all, home training is most important, as its influence begins first, and lasts longest. And here, parental example and maxims, conversation, books, companions, and all the nameless minutiæ that make up life, are potent for good or ill on this point, as on all others. Nor should the daily board and its appointments be deemed a trifling influence, for it is not.

While the good housewife laudably aims to have her food appetizing and attractive, a greater care is due that it be also simple and wholesome. Let her shun as poison all dishes, however fashionable, that require spirits among their ingredients; and banish forever (as a beverage) her home brewings and domestic wines.

These things are called harmless, but they are most dangerous to some. In many a refined, Christian home those highly-seasoned, thirst-provoking viands, rich, wine-flavored pastries, brandied fruit, and sparkling goblets of a fond mother's own brewing,† have not only done lasting injury to her family's health, but have often created the first fatal taste for stimulants that no after-care could quell.

The children and youth are the hope of the church, the hope of the world; lead them not into temptation. Surround them with all things pure and holy; shield them

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* Happily this has now become common; but at the time the above was written (several years since) a child's temperance paper was almost unknown, especially in the Sabbath-schools.

† This pernicious custom was, and still is, fatally common.

from the slightest approach of this great destroyer as from a pestilence ; nor can they be taught and shielded too soon, for Satan seeks them early. Mere infants, aping their elders, have been seen smoking cigarettes and sipping toddy; and a late writer testifies to having counted "four hundred boys and girls in one drinking-saloon in a single day." . . . .

In some respects the outlook is dark, and so it has often been in the past ; yet the work has always gone gradually on. Some time before Mrs. C.'s death, in calling to advise with some of the society in T——, and hear how the cause was progressing there, she was grieved to find the leading spirit in quite a despairing mood.

"A large number had received license to sell liquors again," he said, "and many professed friends of temperance had basely signed their petitions; many reformed drunkards had backslidden, and hordes of new ones were coming on continually, etc. In short, the struggle against alcohol seemed hopeless, and he for one felt like giving it up."

With her usual directness, his listener asked: "And is that what you call fighting the good fight? Is that enduring to the end? Give up the cause, indeed! Yield the field to Satan! No—never! I for one will fight on till I die."

Some good people now, like the deacon, discouraged by the strength and number of the foe, feel almost like giving up the struggle ; while others are demanding new and keener weapons wherewith to slay this hydra that all former fights have but wounded ; and others still, wisely suggest that we depend too much on our own plans, and that while earnest, persevering effort, and ceaseless vigilance, are our bounden duty ; yet we will never fully succeed in this warfare till we have more importunate prayer, and stronger faith in God. He can cause our rulers to aid us, for the king's heart is in His hand ; legions of devils obeyed His voice of old ; shall not the rum demon fall before Him now? Yea, ultimately

Dagon shall fall before the ark. Let all our temperance host, then, work and trust in God; take hold of His strength, and in His name go forward to victory!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OLD TENT CHURCH.

"Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, ... O Lord; . . . . this and that man was born in her. . . . . The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there."

According to Dr. Smith, J. Veach, and others, "in 1785 there was not a church, chapel, or preacher of any kind in Pittsburgh, or any other town west of the mountain. The churches then," say they, "were all in the country, afar from the filth and revelry of the towns. Built on some eminence beneath the spreading oaks, or in some quiet vale beside a prattling rill, or grassy spring. Fit localities whence to drink of the water of life, and hymn the Redeemer's praise in unison with the song of the birds, and the deep diapason of the forest.

Happy days when, instead of people coming to meet in town edifices, begirt with noise and smoke, and made cheerless by cold receptions, the villager journeyed joyously into the country, there to meet warm greetings, and hear the tidings of salvation in a pure atmosphere, uncontaminated by the smell of a pig-sty, and unmixed with the sound of a dog-fight. "There is poetry, as well as piety, yet, in a country church, and a country parson." Ah, yes, indeed, "God made the country, but man made the town"—and who dares to despise His glorious work, the free, glad country?

Probably the first of these rural sanctuaries in this vicin-

ity, was the one that stood on the M—— Road, on land now owned by S. Robinson, Esq., and where only a few scattered graves, named and nameless, now mark the spot.

Some claim this lowly cabin chapel as the first meeting-place of the Presbyterian body, afterward known as the Tent and Union Congregations. However, this is disputed by others; but whether they ever convened at this particular place or not, it is certain that they had a regular place of assembly a mile or two from it where religious service was held at a very early day.* This was in the adjacent groves near the site of the present church, where a commodious tent was always prepared for the minister. Hence the name, Tent Church.

Dr. Powers, the first pastor settled west of the mountains, was its founder, as he was also of three other Fayette Co. churches, viz.: Dunlap's Creek, George's Creek, and Laurel Hill. He was here as a missionary in 1773–4, and organized some of these churches the first year, but others not till later. As has been stated, all town professors then had their membership in the country. Those of Brownsville at Dunlap's Creek; of Uniontown, at the Tent, etc. Where these congregations worshipped during the winter is unknown, unless in private houses, for there seems to have been no permanent church building erected here till about 1792 or a little later. The one built then was of hewn logs, 35 feet square, with a gallery, and stood some 20 feet west of the present one.† This was replaced in 1832 by a brick one‡ 40 feet by 60, and costing $1,800. The land for

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* The early worship in these groves is described in Chapter XXV.

† In the removing of the old structure, two men, Henry Dimond and Thomas Hadden (the latter a ruling elder), were instantly killed.

‡ Among the men employed on the new building was one so profane, it was said, that he was wont to say, jestingly, "Boys, I'll swear more oaths into these walls than ever the parson can pray out."

site and cemetery was donated by D. Dimond, and the writer is indebted to A. Stewart, Esq., for the original deed that, with all the endless preamble of the law, setteth forth that—

Whereas . . . . this Indenture witnesseth that the said Daniel Dimond and Christena, his wife, for, and in consideration of the sum of 25 cents, to them paid by the Union Congregation of Presbyterians, etc., have granted, bargained, and sold . . . . to said congregation for the purpose of building a House of Worship, and likewise a school-house for the teaching of the children of said congregation and others, the following described tract of land; . . . . to have and to hold . . . . with its appurtenances by the said congregation and their heirs forever for said purposes.

In witness, the granting parties have hereunto set their hands and seals, etc., etc.

DANIEL DIMOND, [Seal].
CHRISTENA DIMOND, [Seal].

Sealed and delivered in the presence of

WM. CUMINS, } Witnesses.
THOMAS GRAHAM, }

[Seal of Fayette Co.]

Recorded in the office for said county, in Book E, page 208.

Witness my hand and seal of said office, this 31st day of January, Anno Domini 1800.* ALEX. MCLEAN, *Recorder.*

In 1866, this second church was remodeled, and repainted, etc., and this remained with little change, till 1878; when on Sabbath, April 14th, it was destroyed by fire, only the blackened walls remaining. Unlike Europeans, who glory the more in churches centuries old, some outsiders said, "It has stood forty-six years; that is long enough. It can not be a great loss." But to the Tent Congregation, half decimated as it had been by deaths and removals, it was a serious loss; and a heavy trial in more senses than one. Yes, to those who had worshipped there from infancy, and whose fathers, and fathers' fathers, had worshipped there be-

* Some of these old figures seem to read 1800; some 1805. Which is the proper rendering?

fore them, this old sanctuary was precious; hallowed and endeared as it was by a thousand sacred associations, and tender, touching memories, that no stranger could feel or understand.

But as no one could be blamed for the trouble, and grieving over it could not profit; little time was spent in worry or weeping. Shall our sanctuary lie desolate? was the question for the rulers and counsellors,* and they said, "Nay, let whosoever is of a willing mind bring an offering; go to, and we will revive it out of its dust." And all the people answered, "It is well said,—we will revive it again,—we will arise and build." And having a mind to the work, build they did, and in such earnest, and so favored by Providence that all was finished by mid-summer, and a fortnight or so later it was rededicated.

This first joyful service was held August 4th, just three months and twenty days after the fire.

A great crowd assembled on this occasion, filling the house to overflowing—present from different motives,—some to rejoice with the society, and offer their gifts, or congratulations; and others to look with curiosity on the fair phenix, arisen so suddenly from its ashes.

Generations, one after another, have come and gone since the Gospel trumpet first pealed through this primeval forest, and this virgin soil was first set apart; consecrate forever to the worship of the Triune God, hallowed by the prayers of the living, and the sepulchres of the dead. May it remain ever so. Here, through all time, may dead souls find life; and here, weary bodies sink to peaceful graves. Here, in every age, may worshippers meet to praise and pray; and faithful heralds preach the truth as it is in

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* Among the most zealous were the elders and trustees, J. Smith, Alex. Dyarman, Col. James Robinson, and others, who began to plan its rebuilding in two hours after its destruction.

Jesus, and take the cup, and break the bread in His name, till He come.

The Tent founded by Dr. Powers, and served occasionally by him, Dunlap, D.D., Jennings, D.D., and others, has had during the century and more, *i. e.*, 108 years of its existence, regular preaching almost continuously, and generally by its own settled pastors. Never given to change, this church has called but eight pastors since its organization, and has had but twenty-seven ruling elders: viz., pastors—David Smith, J. Adams, Wm. Wylie, D.D., A. J. Fairchild, D.D., J. C. Hench, D. B. Rogers, S. S. Bergen, M. C. Bailey. Elders—James Orr, Jno. Bell, Jos. Hadden, Jno. Core, S. Salsbury, Benj. Lawhead, Wm. Nixon, Abr. Stewart, Alex. Dyarman, Thomas Hadden, Elial Freeman, Ken. Duncan, Ben. J. Blackford, Hugh McClellan, John Smith, F. H. Oliphant, John Richards, Josiah Vankirk, T. F. Towl, S. Duncan, H. Humfries, Wm. Pastories, Sam'l Robinson, J. W. Burchmal, J. Thomas, C. Smith, S. P. Custead. Of the seven pastors installed here, from 1780 to 1880, only one remained on, serving till death, viz., Dr. F., of whom a slight sketch seems but proper :—

Ashbel Green Fairchild, the sixth and youngest child of Lent W. and Jemima Fairchild,* was born at Hanover, N. J., May 1st, 1795. Being left fatherless in his eighth year, his training devolved on his mother,† who, like Hannah, early dedicated him to the Lord, and to His special service. And so strong was her hope and faith, that her

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* Pages from her diary, and letters to Ashbel, and other papers, all breathing the spirit of piety, are still extant in her own handwriting, and were once shown to the writer by Mrs. J. P. C. of F.

† From all that is known of Mrs. F., she appears to have been a devoted Christian, who daily walked with God, and constantly taught her children that religion was the first,—the great concern, and her faithfulness was rewarded by seeing them all hopefully converted early.

offering was accepted, and that God would graciously lead her son not only to receive the truth himself, but also preach it to others; that (in spite of many difficulties) all his education throughout was conducted with this high and holy aim in view. At the age of thirteen he began his classical studies at Morristown, N. J. In 1812, entered the senior class in Princeton College, and in 1813 received the degree of A.B. In 1814 he made a public profession of religion in the Presbyterian Church of Hanover, and the same year, entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton. In April, 1816, he was licensed to preach, and in September, went on a six months' missionary tour in N. C. In 1817 he went two months on a mission field in a part of N. J., and six months more on a mission tour on the Monongahela River, and the upper branches of the Allegheny.

He was appointed stated supply to George's Creek Church, April 21st, 1818, for half his time, and in July was ordained an evangelist.

On the 12th of May, 1820, he was happily married to Miss Eliza McDougall, of Newark, N. J., and two years later was instal'ed pastor of three churches, George's Creek, Morgantown, and Greensboro. In 1827 he resigned the latter two charges to become pastor of the Tent, to which he gave half his time, till 1854, when he resigned George's Creek also, that he might devote his whole time to the Tent, and Fairchance, then considered one with Tent,* of which he remained the greatly attached pastor till the relation was dissolved by death.

Besides being a frequent, if not a constant, contributor to the religious periodicals of the day, Dr. F. was the author of several well-known works, viz., "Life of L. A. Lowry, missionary to India," "What Presbyterians Believe," "Scrip-

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* Tent and Fairchance were considered one church, with two church buildings.

ture Baptism," "Unpopular Doctrines," and the "Great Supper." The latter especially has long been a standard doctrinal work; and it, if not others, was reprinted in the Old World.*

Dr. Fairchild was a faithful, laborious minister for forty-eight years, thirty-seven of which were spent as pastor of the Tent; where, as long as health permitted, he visited his scattered flock regularly, held catechetical and Bible-classes, and frequently preached during the week at private houses. His last sermon was preached on the evening of May 22d in the Baptist church at Smithfield, from "This is my beloved, and this is my Friend," and it was during this second service of the day that he was taken with his death sickness. This discourse, so full of Christ, was well-nigh his last testimony for Him, for though he lingered some five weeks after being taken ill, the disease inducing great languor and drowsiness, he spake but little—nor were dying words necessary.

Once, though, when a friend was reading to him the 23d psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," etc., he added, fervently, "He is my shepherd,—mine."

To another, who was hoping to see him better, he replied, "Yes, if the Lord has any more work for me to do,—He will raise me up again."

But though fully resigned to God's will whether for life or death, yet it was the latter that he expected; and so far as his weakness would allow, he set his house in order; and like the patriarch, gave directions concerning his burial. As was characteristic of the man, he desired that his funeral should be conducted quietly, without unnecessary expense

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* Loyal and patriotic; ever the ardent friend of his country, the dire necessity of a terrible internecine war, where brother slew brother, and blood flowed like water; preyed on his mind and body, and as some thought shortened his days.

or delay, and with no pride or parade whatever.* From a rather exhaustive report, prepared by the writer at the time, (for an absent friend,) the following condensed account is taken :—

July, 1864 : DEAR EMILY : . . . . Your former friend and pastor, Dr. F., died at his home near Smithfield, on Thursday at midnight, June the 30th, 1864, and his funeral followed on Saturday, July 2d, at ten o'clock. At an early hour the parsonage and grounds were filled with a great, silent, solemn assembly, gathered from far and near, to pay the last honors to the dead, and to look, many of them through blinding tears, their last adieu.

Laid in his study, surrounded by his books and papers, and dressed as in life ; face and form looked perfectly familiar, and the countenance beautifully calm and fair, as though touched with heaven's own peace. . . . .

The farewells over, and the coffin closed, four of his ruling elders † as pall-bearers drew near and bore him forth ; the attending clergymen preceded the hearse, the relatives came next, and a large part of his three former charges, with the citizens generally, moved slowly after a great procession.

Its destination, George's Creek Church, reached,—Dr. Wilson read the 23d Psa., a favorite of the deceased ; Rev. J. Purington (Baptist) prayed, and H. O. Roseborough preached from, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."‡ After this able and

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* It was said lest the affection of friends should lead them, in this matter, beyond the bounds of what he considered Christian simplicity, he specially requested that all expenses for both coffin and stone should be kept at as low a figure as propriety would permit. Headstone not to exceed $25, and other things to correspond with it.

† These were Alex. Dyarman, F. H. Oliphant, J. Smith, and H. Humfries.

‡ Hymns used were 512–513 : "Why should our tears," etc., and 526, "Why lament the Christian dying."

touching discourse, Rev. Samuel Wilson, D.D., of Dunlap's Creek Church, the early friend of the dead, arose to close the service, with an address of which the below is a slight epitome. Dr. W. began: "I fully indorse all that my brother has said; and in adding a few remarks, my motive is not to inflate pride or vanity in survivors, or merely to laud and admire him who has gone from earth. I speak not of his form, though tall and portly, and beautiful to a proverb. Nor of his mind, though it was clear, acute, and grasping; nor of his scholarship, though equalled by few. Nor of the grace of his manner, nor the charm of his conversation. Nor yet of the great grace that filled his heart and life, making him a wise counsellor, a faithful minister, a man greatly beloved in life and in death. Great,—pre-eminently great, he was in all, yet I praise not him, but God; who so richly endowed him with the choicest gifts of nature and grace, and lent him to us so long; set him a fair luminary in our midst, a bright and shining light before our eyes; while almost half a century has rolled round. Yes, my friends, no one capable of appreciating noble talents, profound learning, elevated piety, and distinguished usefulness, can doubt that 'this day a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel.' I may sum up his character as brother R. has done. 'He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.' Yet let none imagine that we claim perfection even for him; or that aught he had was his own. Nay, and could his ransomed soul look down from its heaven of rest, and speak to us to-day, how emphatically would it deny, and rebuke such a thought; for none believed more fully and unreservedly in the inability and nothingness of man; and in the all-sufficiency of Christ than he; or for every gift, spiritual and temporal, gave more unfeignedly to God the glory. May each one of us follow him, as he followed the Master; like him, wear out our lives in His service, be faithful unto death, and at last receive the crown. But I

must close. Other duties await us. We are called to yield back the gift to the Giver; to put our friend and our acquaintance into darkness, and bury our dead out of our sight. Let us pass to the waiting grave."

This was made west of the church, beneath the sheltering boughs of a wide-spreading tree, a beautiful rock-maple; and the long procession moved thither in the same order as before. They laid him to his rest with kindred dust. It was finished. The last sod cast; the last touches given to the smooth, high-heaped mound; and then, as the sexton paused, and stood still, a solemn strain of music stole on the ear; as the choir, grouped at the sleeper's feet, sang in tones clear, and tender, and soft, and low, this solemn requiem:

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide," etc.

. . . . . .

As the last lingering notes died away on the summer air, heads were bared and bowed, and with hands upraised above the new-made grave, the impressive voice of Doctor Wilson was heard again:

"Having committed this body to the dust in hope of a glorious immortality at the resurrection of the just, we commend ourselves to God."

Then followed the apostolic benediction: "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ. To whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

It was over; and all turned away, many of his charge weeping sore, and sorrowing most that they should see his face no more; and even the most careless were ready to

testify, "He has ever declared the whole counsel of God, warned us night and day with tears," and

"Preached as a dying man,—to dying men."

Whether we hear or forbear, there has been a prophet among us; and if we perish, on our own heads be our blood.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Variety 's the spice of life."

Though this little volume is in no sense a history, yet as most of the places and events mentioned in it belong to what is now Fayette, and many of its characters lived and died within its bounds, it may be proper before closing to say something of the county itself, and to notice some of the things that have made it classic and historic ground.*

Fayette County was organized, 1783, at the close of the Revolution, and named in honor of that noble friend of America, De Lafayette. It has an area of 824 square miles, being thirty miles long and twenty-seven wide. It is bounded north by Westmoreland County; east, by Somerset County; west, by Greene and Washington; south, by Mary-

* There is a great charm in fireside tales and legendary lore in general. But to test their truth and secure accuracy, many solid volumes have been consulted, as "History of Pennsylvania," "Life of Washington," several different histories of the United States, "Doddridge's Notes," "Old Redstone," "Western Pennsylvania," "French and Indian Wars," late Cyclopædias, "The Monongahela of Old," and many others. Passages quoted from these will invariably be enclosed in quotation marks; but, to save trouble, page, chapter, and even title, will often be omitted.

land and Virginia, separated from them by the famous Mason and Dixon line. The surface of Fayette is finely diversified, and strongly marked by four rivers * and two rugged mountain ranges, 2,500 and (in places) 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, besides several detached ridges which rise between them. "Laurel Hill bounds it on the east, dividing it from Somerset; and Chestnut Ridge, the most western branch of the Allegheny chain, extends across the middle in a southwesterly direction. It is a land of streams and fountains. The Monongahela River, rising in W. Va., flows along its entire western border. The Youghioghany, flowing through Maryland, enters Penn. east of Laurel Hill, and, breaking through both the great mountain

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* ORIGIN OF NAMES.—On these, tradition offers the following as facts, which they may probably be. Long ago a hunter and trapper, having strolled away from the camp, was kneeling on the banks of an unknown stream to drink, when a guttural voice broke the silence. "Yough!" it said, "Youghio!" Springing to his feet, he seized his rifle, and, spying an Indian on the opposite bank, fired, exclaiming tauntingly as he fell dead, "Now, redskin, yough! again, will you?—youghio again." And so the hunters called it the "Yough," or the "Yough-again" River, and others followed their example.

CHEAT.—In early times, it is said, an emigrant, wishing to locate beyond the Monongahela, reached it (as he supposed), and with some difficulty crossed it, but soon was stopped by another stream. Seeing a cabin near, he hailed the owner with,

"What river is this?"

Settler: "The Mongehale."

Emigrant: "Oh, no, I crossed that a piece back."

"No, you didn't," returned the other, laughing, "for this is it, and by the trail you come, you could not see it till now."

"Why," said the stranger, "what did I cross, then? If I didn't see the Monongehela and cross it too, I'm cheated finely. That other pesky branch is a *cheat*."

Both men told the joke, and, being repeated again and again, this beautiful stream became Cheat River.

MONONGAHELA AND ALLEGHENY.—These are Indian names, the latter (perhaps both) signifying in the Seneca tongue, "Fair Water."

ranges, and tumbling over various rocky ledges, forms wild and picturesque scenery at Ohiopile Falls and other points. It flows N.W. through Fayette, and unites with the Monongahela in Allegheny Co. The Cheat rises in Randolph Co., Va., and, flowing through the southwestern section of Fayette, enters the Monongahela at Point Marian, whence they flow on like the Gulf Stream—united, yet divided; for the fair, stainless Cheat, with the dignity befitting the Old Dominion, mingles not with its neighbor, but, holding its crystal waves aloof, glides gracefully down on one side, while the turbid Monongahela rolls silently down the other.

"There are also many important creeks, as George's, Indian, Brown's, Cook's, Dunlap's, Redstone, Big and Little Sandusky, Mount's, Jacob's, etc.; besides various runs, as Jennings', York's, Brown's, Middle, Hall's, Oswalt's, Gabriel's, with many others, named and nameless, and springs cold and pure, and *priceless*, without number.

"The soil in the N.W. is highly productive and well cultivated. Other parts are more adapted to pasturage. Limestone and building stone and sand abound; also much of the best quality of that peculiar kind of flinty sand required in glass-making is found and used in the county, and exported elsewhere. The mountains contain vast strata of fire-stone and fire-clay, large quantities of which are used at home, and also shipped abroad. Lead of fine quality also exists there, as it is well known the Indians had one or more mines among the hills; but so strictly did they guard their secret from the whites, that though two or three bold pioneers made many efforts, at the risk of their lives, to track them to their treasure, the principal vein was not found then, nor since. But the specialty of Fayette is her beds of bituminous coal and iron ore, which seem well-nigh inexhaustible,* making the land containing them very valuable.

* But public health and comfort peremptorily demand that some decided means be used to consume the smoke and soot, which are

Some farmers, retaining the surface of their soil for cultivation, dispose of the mineral beneath, realizing for it alone from $100 to $125 or $140, according to quality. Others, disposing of both, receive $200 or more per acre. For some uses, this coal is superior to all other, so that Fayette, or (as termed) 'Connellsville coke' is famed throughout the Union."

The number of furnaces, forges, foundries, nail factories, coke-works, and other branches connected with them, within our borders, with the number of employés, amount of capital invested, proceeds, etc., is immense, but the exact figures can not be given here.

While the climate, like that of the State (and of many other States too), is variable, and subject to sudden changes, Fayette has one feature peculiar (in force, at least) to herself, and that is the "Mountain Storm." This windy tempest, haunting the most western peaks of Chestnut Ridge sweeps only a narrow belt of land at its base, perhaps twelve or fifteen miles long, and from one or two, to six miles wide. Its approach can usually be foretold with almost complete certainty, being heralded generally, by one or two unerring signs.* A stretch of cloud, leaden-hued, or black or gray, seen hovering long on the eastern horizon, hanging persist-

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becoming a nuisance, which, according to good authority, will not (without effort) be soon abated. Says a late writer: "Our iron ore is well-nigh inexhaustible; and official estimates state that there are still more than four thousand million tons of coal in Fayette County." Four thousand million! Enough to foul the air for ages to come, and grow worse continually.

* An old dame, so patriotic, and fond of all things bold and strong, that she felt a kind of pride even in the Mountain storm, and "scented the battle from afar," used to exclaim: "See, boys! Old Chestnut has donned his war cap. He's brewing his breakers now. Hear his pines moaning. He'll charge on us soon with all his guns." In her excitement, the good old auntie mixed her metaphors badly, we see.

ently over the mountain tops, is one harbinger. Or the initiated mark a warning note among the pines—a murmur, soft at first, and low, but increasing gradually more and more in volume, till it swells into a solemn roar, as loud and continuous as the sound of the ocean, which it closely resembles.

Sometimes all this goes on in the heights above for a day or a night, while in the plains all is clear and calm. But more frequently in a few hours scouts begin to arrive—small, quick puffs that dash down the hills and back again in a twinkling. After a space another comes and goes, and then another, gradually appearing at shorter intervals, and a trifle stronger. Little audacious gusts begin to flap the curtains and flare the lamps, or fling-to the shutters with a saucy bang. But by and by an ominous sound, louder and nearer, betokens that the whole aerial camp is breaking up, and the main body moving; and down it comes with howl, and shriek, and roar, bellowing like all the bulls of Bashan.

When the storm is of a severe type, the smoke whirls down the chimney, houses shake, and corn-shocks and rail fences strew the ground. If very severe, great gates are driven from their moorings, barn-doors go down, and occasionally an unfinished building careens, or a roof takes wings. In very exposed positions, an iron bar and staples are sometimes deemed necessary to secure an eastern door; and if the wind is accompanied by rain or snow, it forces them through the smallest crevice, leaving many a seemingly snug attic more or less wet, or ankle-deep in snow.

Though always loud and boisterous, some of these storms do little injury or none, and some years they scarcely appear at all. But usually one or more may be expected annually, some time between November and March.

Though to a careless observer nothing seems more wild and outlawed than the mountain storm, yet those who have studied it most, aver that it has its own fixed laws, and keeps them, too, as well as most other habitants of our county.

They say it only comes when expected, after giving faithful warning. It remains a certain period, which is either twelve, twenty-four, or forty-eight hours, or, at rare intervals, seventy-two hours.

It ceases at the same hour of the day or night that it began, and it retires as it came, slowly and by degrees—only the order is reversed : the great blasts go first, and the little gusts follow last. Certain periods have been mentioned as its duration ; but of course it does not blow a gale during all that time, but comes and goes, and varies continually. Now it is moderate, then high, then low ; now here, now there ; now returning with the roar of a tidal wave, anon receding and dying away to a whisper. But even at the worst, it is never so severe as to prevent men from going out to attend to their stock, and partial lulls often occur, lasting an hour or two, which make it quite tolerable for the milkmaid's duties. And then there are always calms between the blasts—little oases of quiet where the vexed ear can rest, lasting for a few seconds or for several minutes at a time. But with all its warnings, and calms, and lulls, this high-toned visitor is an unwelcome and dreaded guest ; though it is surely but a trifling evil compared with the cyclones, water-spouts, tornadoes, etc., that visit other States. Fayette Countians may well endure the mountain storm for the mountain's sake ;* for the blasts it brews, though fierce and rude, are brief, while the pleasure it yields has no end or bound. If not reaching sublimity, it is lofty enough for majesty and beauty ; and beautiful and majestic it is at all times and seasons, whether robed in the greenness of summer, the grandeur of autumn, or the snows of winter—whether flushed with the rising sun, or bathed

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* During a drought, the mountain is often veiled in clouds, and soft showers cheer the dwellers near its foot, that those of other localities never share.

in its setting glory; at morn, at noon, at eve, by sunlight, moonlight, starlight, forever solemn, grand, majestic, always beautiful as a poet's dream. For nothing less than the moaning main, the deep, deep sea, would we give our "goodly battlement of eastern hills." No, scarcely for the bold Atlantic, would we change our priceless heritage, our grand old Alleghenies.

But to return to our former topic, the storm. Long ago the masters used to explain this phenomenon by prosing about currents of warm air and cold air, vacuums, and what not. But none need puzzle his brains with that further, for here is another explanation easier to understand than that, and far more romantic, if not more authentic. We are indebted to S. T. W., an adept in Indian lore, for this version, which, at the risk of spoiling, we condense thus:

"Ages agone, when the red man ruled this land alone, a Shawnee chief was pursuing the chase over these hills, attended by one of his braves called Black Eagle. The latter, being a mighty warrior himself, disdained a secondary position, and, moved with envy and ambition, resolved to murder his master and assume his honors himself. Watching his opportunity as they ran together along a rocky ledge this day, he pushed him headlong from the precipice, and, when the rest arrived, assured them that the chief had fallen by accident. But they gave no credence to the story, and, so far from accepting him as head of the tribe, boldly charged him with the murder.

"Descending, they bore the bleeding body upward, and laid it on the rock before him; and there, in the very presence of the dead, Black Eagle denied the crime. Standing on the verge of the ledge from whence he had hurled his master, he raised his hand toward heaven and called the Great Spirit to witness his innocence, or, if guilty, to shut his soul out from the Happy Hunting Ground and turn it into the wind.

"The sun was setting. Clouds were gathering round. The wind was moaning through the pines, and, as the false oath left his lips, it rose to a gale, and swept the perjured murderer from the cliff, and, with a terrible shriek of despair, he fell to the depths below. As his haughty spirit left the body, *it entered the wind*, which instantly rose to tempest height—such wind as warrior never felt before. It swept out from these hills six miles over Black Eagle's own hunting ground, but no further. And thenceforth he was the Storm Chief, and this wind was known as the 'Mountain Storm.' And ever after, whenever it rose and raged, the tribes knew that the ghost of Black Eagle was abroad, and, mingling in all its ravings, they heard his dying cry.

"Of the original owners of this country we know but little ; but when white agents and traders first penetrated the wilds of Fayette, both it and the adjacent counties were the hunting ground of the Six Nations* (sometimes called Mingo or Iroquois), and of their allies, the Shawnees and the Delaware Indians. . . . .

"But that these wandering tribes had been preceded by a different and more civilized race seems probable, from the remains of fortifications which are very distinct from any built by the tribes named, or by any of their modern compeers. These old forts are numerous in Fayette County ; and that they (and others of the same class) are very ancient is shown by many facts. . . . . The Indians themselves disowned them, and could give no satisfactory account of when, by whom, or for what purpose they had been erected. . . . . The surrounding forests are chiefly oak, but the trees within these forts are of large black-walnut, wild cherry, etc. Some of these trees growing around and over these mounds, indicate an age of from 300 to 500 years, and these

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* *i. e.*, Senecas, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras.

are evidently of the second or third generation, as they are standing amid the decaying remains of others of the same kind," seeming to indicate that 1,000 or 1,500 years may have passed since these mounds and forts were reared. . . . . "No stone were used in their construction ; . . . . and among them is always found some old pottery made of clay and crushed muscle-shell ; generally bowls holding from one to three quarts.

"These forts were of various forms: square, oblong, triangular, circular, semicircular, and their superficial areas range from one-fourth of an acre to ten acres. These sites were generally well chosen for defence and observation, and, in this county, usually crown the highest and richest hills. A very noted one was at Brownsville, containing (some say) ten acres of land, and known to thousands as 'Redstone Old Fort.' Another noted one is on the banks of the Yough, near Broad Ford. Two or three were on the State road, south of Perryopolis. There are several on the high ridge between the river and Plumpsock, where very large human bones have been found. One, containing six or eight acres, overgrown with black-walnut, is on the summit of Laurel Hill, where the mud-pike crosses it. There are two near Geneva ; one two miles northeast of it, the other at Flint Hill. There were several near Middle Run, and one on Gen. Beeson's land, two miles east of Uniontown. One a mile or so west of Fairchance, where many relics have been found.

"At or near this place, a farmer some years since, in ditching, came on a solid stone floor of some extent, and several roads, some of them macadamized, leading to it. Further on were the ruins of a large village, with specimens of well-finished pottery, and other kitchen utensils. The well-made, much-travelled roads, and other things here, indicated that this prehistoric race had been a numerous and civilized people. . . . .

"Fayette County being rather a hunting ground for the New York and Delaware Indians than a dwelling place, it contained but few towns. But there was one in German township, one near Plumpsock, and one four miles from Uniontown, near Abr. Brown's. . . . . Indian graves, twenty or thirty together, heaped over with stone, were once numerous here, some of the bones indicating men from six and a half to seven feet tall. Mingled with the bones were arrow-heads, spear-points, and hatchets of flint and stone, nicely formed and finished. In an extensive cemetery near the Yough, J. Cottom found under a stone a curious antique chain, consisting of a central ring with five chains two feet long, branching off from it, each ending in a kind of clamp, large enough to enclose a man's neck.

"They had evidently gone through fire, and most probably had been used to fasten captives to the stake. There are (or were) many more of these strange earthworks within our bounds; but omitting them, we will only add on this subject, that having examined a great number of these ancient remains, not only in Fayette County, but at Maritta and Newark, O., at Grave's Creek, Virginia, and elsewhere, we feel assured that they are all the work of a race far superior, and long anterior to the Indians."

But *who?* Some have advanced the theory that these mysterious builders might have been the posterity of that lost nation, the ten tribes of Israel; offering as proof, that in some of the oldest temple mounds, stones had been found engraved with disjointed Scripture texts in some Eastern language closely resembling the Hebrew. One large hewed stone, it was said, bore seven or eight of the ten commandments, half engraved on one side, and half on the other; and these had here and there a word changed or omitted, as though lost or forgotten during the lapse of ages. . . . . But this idea of their origin, like many others, is only conjecture. Whether these wise builders were the sons of

Shem, Ham, or Japheth, whether Christian or pagan, or who they were, whence they came, or whither they went, is all uncertain, and perhaps "will forever be unknown."

But to return to the Indian, of whom, unlike the race last mentioned, we have some certain things to write. "These untutored children of the forest were considerable astronomers and geographers and excellent engineers. They had their regular hunting trails and war-paths hundreds of miles long, and as distinctly marked as our State and county roads, and often better located.

"The most prominent, and perhaps the most ancient of these Indian paths across Fayette, was the Catawba, or Cherokee Trail, leading from the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, etc., through Virginia and Pennsylvania, to New York and Canada. After uniting and intersecting many other roads, it crosses the Warrior Branch that leads from Tennessee and Kentucky, and enters Fayette at Grassy Run. And while the Warrior Branch passes by Wm. Gans', James Robinson, Sr., etc., and intersects the Redstone Old Fort trail at Grace Church; the Catawba keeps on its own course through C. Griffin's farm, by Long's Mill, Ashcraft's Fort, Alfred Stewart's, Tent church, and Diamond's Spring" (now J. James'). From this spring, where generations of red men have camped, rested, roasted their venison, and slaked their thirst, the Trail kept nearly in the route of the present Morgantown Road, past J. Thomas', R. Allen's, C. Smith's, to J. Laughead's, 'where it turned across Hellen's farm, passed close by Rev. Wm. Brownfield's, thence through Uniontown over the Old Bank House lot, crossing the creek back of the jail, it passes north of the public graveyard,—on past Mount Braddock, crossed the Yough, where General Braddock's army forded it, from thence up the Allegheny to the heads of the Susquehanna, into Western New York, then the empire of the Iroquois,—or Six Nations. This great Cherokee or Catawba Trail, including its Warrior

Branch, is the only Indian road of note which traversed Fayette northward and southward ; as the majority of their trails ran eastward and westward from the river, to and across the mountains. But passing over all others, we will only notice the most famous ; and that is, Nemacolin's Trail, which led from Cumberland, Md., to Fort Du Quesne. This trusty, well-known Delaware chief lived at the mouth of a stream long known as Nemacolin's Creek ; and when Col. Cresap arrived here in 1750, as agent of the Ohio Com., he engaged him as director, desiring him to choose for him the best and shortest route to the Forks of the Ohio. There were many paths and trails,—better or worse, all leading to the Ohio ; but the old Indian, with more shrewdness than many a modern engineer, chose this route ; and assisted by the other Indians, he opened the way by blazing trees, and cutting and removing others till a respectable pack-horse road appeared through the dense thicket. Four years later Washington and his troops used the same road, and repaired it as far as Gist's ; and the following year, 1755, Braddock and his army followed, repairing and widening it still further ; and then by a false freak of fame the highway of the Delaware received the name of the English General, and the stream he owned and loved, that of an English trader.' " Dunlap's Creek, and Braddock's Road are household words,—but who now knows that Nemacolin was owner of the first, and master engineer of the second, or even remembers his name? . . . .

"For various causes this county seems to have needed fewer settlers' forts as a protection from the Indians than most other sections ; still there were a number, some of which will be noted by name. There was one on the Col. Gaddis farm, two miles south of Uniontown. This was probably erected by Col. G.,* as he was an early settler,

* This Col. Thomas Gaddis and Jeremy Gard were both early and noted pioneers ; also M. Hopwood.

and a man of large public spirit. This is said to be the first block house built in Fayette, dating back to 1758 ; and strangest of all, it is still standing, in a good state of preservation,—Bazil Brownfield, who has owned it for many years, affirming that every log placed in it by those earliest pioneers is there still, and sound. McCoy's Fort stood on the Eli Baily farm, in South Union Tp. . . . . Ashcraft's Fort in Georges was in the vicinity of a high knob which commanded a view from the mountain to the Monongahela, and from the Cheat hills, far northward. In times of danger this eminence, and the trees on it, were climbed daily by watchers who swept the country with anxious eyes to detect the smoke of camp-fires,—this being the dreaded sign that Indians had crossed their border. Once on spying the rising smoke, the scouts, as was their wont, dashed down in hot haste, and mounting their horses, galloped off, each a different course, to give the alarm, and soon from every shop and farm, and lonely cabin, men, wives, and children rushed to Ashcraft's Fort. Arms and provisions were hurried in, doors were barred, bullets run, and with guns ready loaded they waited the foe. But lo! no foe appeared. Either the scouts had for once been mistaken, or the war-path this time lay in a different direction.

"But at another time, Mrs. Ashcraft had a small battle there all to herself. Hearing a wild turkey's call, she seized a rifle and started to the door. 'Take care!' said the wary husband. 'Don't you mind going to hunt turkeys, you may find a red skin.' Mrs. A. paused, but hearing the sound again, and again, as natural as possible, she looked out just in time to see some bronze object dodge behind a tree. Sure enough it was no fowl, but an Indian imitating one, and then peeping slyly out to see if his ruse had decoyed any one from the Fort. The bold Amazon raised her rifle, and the next time he showed his head, fired, and the poor wretch fell dead ; and thereabout, with two or three

suicides, and other outcasts, he lies buried. Pierce's Fort stood on the Cherokee Trail, four miles northeast of Uniontown, and Fort Burd was built on the site of Redstone Old Fort. There was one near Merrittstown, and another in Springhill. A large one called Lucas' stood near the 'frame meeting-house' in Nicholson Tp., and another of the largest grade on Sandy Creek. This one was called Morris' Fort, and is mentioned in 'Doddridge's Notes.' . . . .

"This region of country had been visited by traders, both French and English, as early as 1748; some say much earlier; but the first actual white settlers in Fayette County were Wendell Brown and his sons Mannus and Thomas, who arrived here between 1751 and '5. They took up a fine tract of land in German Tp., where their descendants (in part) have ever since resided, and their first cabin here was built on the part lately owned by Emanuel Brown. Christopher Gist was the second pioneer-citizen; for though here in 1750, he did not locate at Mount Braddock till 1753. Col. Thomas Gaddis was here too, betimes, as his Fort dates back to 1758. Near the same time Charles Brownfield,* an Englishman, came out; his wife was the sister of Col. Burd, and from them descended a wide-spread family.

"Of the seven sons of Charles B., Empson, Richard, William, and Edward, afterward emigrated to Kentucky, while Robert, Benjamin, and Thomas remained here. It was said Empson was the first storekeeper in Beesontown, and the first owner of the Jehu Brownfield farm, and also so many adjacent farms that he could ride to Smithfield on his own land.

"Robert's son, Robert, was the father of Basil B.; and Benjamin was the father of Col. Ben. Brownfield." The latter lived to a great age,† and often talked of the changes he

* Some old records call it Bloomfield.

† Col. Ben. B. died Oct. 7th, 1880, aged one hundred years, six months and seven days.

and his father had seen; described the dense tangled forest, alive with game, that had covered his own farm and all the county; only dotted here and there with little cleared spaces and the attendant cabin; pictured the stampede caused by an Indian alarm, when all the scattered families of South Union snatched up their babes, seized whatever else they prized most, and dreading momentarily the sound of the war-whoop, fled to Gaddis' Fort. Or he told of the wild beasts, bears and other kinds, then infesting the mountains; when, instead of the music of silver cornets, parlor organs, and pianos, the settlers had listened nightly to the howling of wolves and the screaming of wild-cats and panthers. And sometimes, if driven by hunger, these grim neighbors had descended (as his father had witnessed), under the cover of night, to prowl around the cabins of the lone pioneers. . . . .

Mrs. Watt* was another early citizen of Fayette, who lived to see mighty changes; died Oct. 16, 1882; would have been a hundred years old in November.† The Troutmans,‡ too, were here very early, when, as the old gentleman used to say, the great want of the country was more able-bodied,

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*Mrs. W. possessed an interesting keepsake in a copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield," a parting gift from her soldier brother, and taken from his knapsack as he was starting to the fatal field of Waterloo. Mrs. W. was a professing Christian eighty years, sixty of them in the Tent Church.

The Gists and some other settlers left their new homes during the French War, not returning for some years; and so great was the dread of the Indians, that few permanent settlements were made here till 1765.

†More than a hundred of Fayette's pioneers lived long, dying when between 85 and 98. And even at this period, quite a number of her living citizens have counted their fourscore years, and are still healthy.

‡John Troutman, the last of his name in Pennsylvania, died Nov., 1882, aged 95.

reliable settlers; and so welcome was a new one that incidents like this occurred: One spring morning a large landholder walking out over one of his tracts, found an unknown man there, chopping vigorously.

"Halloo, stranger," he cried; "what are you about here?"

"Trying to make a living," was the sententious reply.

The owner drew near, and looked him over while they talked; marked his frank, fearless eye and direct replies, and firm, resolute bearing.

"Fair kind of chap," was his mental comment. "Make a good frontiersman." Then aloud: "Well, mister, I reckon you're mistaken; this is my land. But then I've plenty more, and we're pretty lonesome here in the woods; so clear away, and build your cabin, and I'll make it yours, safe by turf and by twig." So the bargain was sealed, giving a fine farm of 200 acres for a neighbor.

But knowing but few of these earliest pioneers' names to a certainty, we will change to another topic that is historical and interesting to every loyal Fayette Countian; *i. e.*, "Washington's First Battle-ground," etc.

"When the English were preparing to take permanent possession of the country near the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, they dispatched some 80 men (some say only 40) to construct a strong fort there. But before it was finished 1,000 French and Indians, with 18 pieces of cannon, bore down on them, forcing them to surrender the fort to them, which they finished and called Fort Du Quesne, after the Governor of Canada. This was on April 17, 1754, and was considered the first overt act of the French War. This aggression was warmly resented by the Colonists, and a few weeks later Lieutenant-Colonel Washington was dispatched with some Virginia troops to retake the fort. He passed along the Nemacolin Trail, repairing it as he went, aiming to reach the river, ship his

stores and artillery by water, and, as soon as reinforcements arrived, march on to Du Quesne. On the route, Washington, with five others, descended the Yough some distance to see if it were navigable ; but voyage and hopes ended at Ohiopile Falls. . . . .

"Various reports reached him daily of parties of the enemy being on the way to meet him ; and on the 24th of May the half-king of the Senecas sent him a letter that 'the French army was moving on him.' And he then fell back to the Great Meadows and began to fortify. . . . . On the 27th, the half-king sent another message : 'Fifty Frenchmen under M. La Force had arrived, and these friendly Indians had tracked them to their hiding-place.' . . . . Taking 40 men, Washington marched to the Indian camp, six miles, through rain and thick darkness, and, after a council with the Seneca king and his men, they all marched on to the attack. On the morning of the 28th, Jumonville and others were killed and scalped by the Indians, and La Force and 18 others made prisoners ; Washington then returned again to Fort Necessity. . . . .

"Six days after this first skirmish, another detachment of French and Indians, 900, or, as some historians say, 1,500 strong, appeared. When within 400 or 500 yards of the fort, they saluted it with a discharge of musketry which did no injury. At first Washington formed his lines without, in the meadow ; but failing to draw the foe into an open encounter, retired within his lines, which he defended bravely for ten hours, a violent storm prevailing all the while. But the Colonists being so few in number, only 300 or 400, and almost destitute of food and ammunition, were at length obliged to accept the offer of a parley, that De Villers had twice tendered them. But though besides his disadvantages as to numbers and resources, his horses and cattle had all been stolen, making retreat as difficult as defence ; yet the boy colonel acted with such singular coolness and cau-

tion, as to secure better terms than many a veteran general. Indeed, the French commandant seems to have been a very fair sort of man (and good-natured, too), for after drawing up the papers (in French), he modified them again and again in Washington's favor, till the latter could ask no more. And then, all parties accepting them, they were signed amid torrents of rain by the dim light of a candle, by Captain Mackay and Colonel Washington on the English-Americo side, and on the French, by M. de Villers.

"The substance of the capitulation papers were: (1) The English flag must be struck at once. (2) The French officers taken in the former skirmish must be returned to Du Quesne, and hostage given till their arrival. (3) The English must leave their artillery, and bind themselves to make no further establishments on the French dominions either there or elsewhere. (4) The garrison should retire without insult or outrage from the conquerors, and with permission to return at some future time to remove any effects they chose now to conceal and leave there. (5) They must evacuate the fort next morning at daybreak. (6) The troops should file out with all their stores, and baggage, and one swivel gun, and march away with drums beating and colors flying.*

"These were the honorable terms given by M. Coulin de Villers (the half-brother of Jumonville) to Washington, but the latter having no means of conveyance, nothing could be taken but the arms of the men, and a few articles that were indispensable. Even the sick and wounded had to be carried by their fellows. The cannons lay there rusting for many a year, but part, or all, were at length shipped South, to belch forth their thunder on the 'Bloody ground' of Kentucky.

"It was on the 4th of July, 1754, that the Colonists left

* This seems more like a triumph than a defeat.

their fort at dawn, which was entered and destroyed by the French the same day. . . . . Through all his after years, Washington loved this place, and at his special request the 'Fort' and the land around it (234 acres) became his own, which he kept till death, and mentioned in his last will. It was not strange he loved it, for it was a lovely spot, and destined to be evermore classic ground. It was here, amid the evergreen hills of Fayette, that his life's work and his fame, the fame of a hero for all time, began. Here were his first battle-fields, and here, on them, the beginning of the French War. At the attacks on Jumonville's camp and Great Meadows, the first blood flowed, the first blow fell, that initiated the French and English War in America, lasting nine years, and agitating two continents, from the headwaters of the Ohio to the banks of the Ganges.

"And moreover, here (say the savants), on these blood-stained mountain heights, seeds were germinated from which eventually sprang the revolt and independence of the Colonies, and the horrors and triumphs of the French Revolution, when each party met retributive justice for the wrongs done the Indian and other weaker nations; and proud, imperious Britain, and light, godless Gaul, were made to gather the fruit they had planted, and reap as they had sown."—(J. VEACH.)

But these old-time camps, and places of interest, deserve more than a passing notice; and we condense and quote from a late writer the following description:

"The Fort stood ten miles east of Uniontown, on the mountain ridge known hereabouts as Laurel Hill, and was built in a glade (or natural mead) called Great Meadows, on the banks of a run bearing the same name, and enclosed about one-third of an acre. For sixty years after, its embankments remained some three feet high—showing its form to have been an obtuse-angled triangle. And even now, after one hundred and thirty years have passed, if the

traveller will leave the national pike between its milestones 52 and 53 to Cumberland, and walk some three hundred yards south, he will find the spot, and may still trace the mouldering lines, and imagine the scene. The action began with the English troops in the glade before their fort, Captain Mackay's men holding the outside trenches, and the French charging from the wooded eminence on the northwest, toward the road. But afterward the French took a nearer position on the east-southeast side, and the English retired within their lines. When Washington abandoned his new fort at Gist's* (whither he had marched after the Jumonville fight), and fell back to Great Meadows and began enlarging and strengthening the one there for the attack; mutiny among his troops, instead of brave fighting, might have been expected. Half famished, and well-nigh exhausted with hard labor and forced marches over the rocky steeps, up which (for lack of teams) they had by main strength dragged and carried the heavy guns, the poor fellows had meantime lived eight days without bread,† their only rations being lean beef without salt, and a sup of rum. Then they were few in numbers, almost destitute of ammunition. A powerful foe was approaching. No marvel they called their forlorn hope *Fort Necessity.* The land around it is now cleared and cultivated; and as Pennsylvania presented it at an early day to Gen. W., she long since called it by his name, Mount Washington.

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* The French, hearing of this new fort, rushed on all night, and surrounded it at dawn of July 2d, and poured in a general fire, but, finding the prey had escaped, pursued it to Great Meadows, guided by a deserter from the English camp. On their return, they stopped long enough to demolish this unfinished Gist Fort too, and, having burned all the settlements there and wherever they could find them, marched back triumphantly to Du Quesne.

† Some writers mention a few rations of miserable bread; others say none.

"Dunbar's Camp, six miles from Uniontown, lies three hundred feet below the summit of Wolf Hill, one of the highest points of Laurel Mountain, which is 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is visible from many places in three counties. There are two fine springs near the camp, below which the soldiers dug a pond, to have abundance of water; and into this 'Dunbar the Tardy' threw 50,000 pounds of powder, etc., before his notable retreat.

"Jumonville's Camp is half a mile south of Dunbar's and five hundred yards east of Braddock's road. It is surrounded by a wall of rocks twenty feet high, which are (or were then) surmounted by a dense laurel thicket. Few but an Indian would have discovered it; for there is not a place above ground in Fayette better suited for the concealment of spies while they watched and counted Washington's little army that was soon to pass that way.

"Tenacharison's, the Seneca half-king's camp, was two miles further south, about fifty rods north of the Great Rock, and near a beautiful, unfailing spring, since called Washington's Spring." But this was a piece of robbery that the great General would never have wished or approved of; for it was not his camp or spring, but the chieftain's, and should have been called after its owner. It was from him that Washington had twice received warning letters bearing the very information he most needed. It was to this camp he came with a chosen band, through rain and darkness, to council with the trusted owner, who had served him well where his own scouts had failed; and it was from hence that this brave, faithful ally led him with wary step to surprise the hidden fortress and the lurking foe.

To Washington and to the English, Tenacharison was ever a faithful friend; and here in his own camp, at least, the Seneca king should be remembered. And it seems but simple justice that this fountain, his own sweet mountain spring, should bear his name, Tenacharison.

"Other persons of note, both whites and Indians, who figured around Fort Necessity in 1754, might be named. Among the latter were Monacatootha, an Oneida chief; Shingiss, a Delaware chief; Queen Aliquippa,* and the prince, her son, etc. Including squaws and pappooses, there were two hundred Indians that kept near the fort, and retreated with the English to Virginia.

"Among the distinguished whites, surgeons and officers, were Dr. Craik, the friend and physician of Washington till death, and Dr. H. Mercer. Both were Scotchmen, and the latter was an actor on the famous and fatal field of Culloden. These two both became landholders in Fayette. Among the officers were Stobo, engineer of both forts; Van Braam, Hogg, Peyronie (a French Protestant Chevalier), Polson, Muse, Mackay, Stephens, Lewis. All these were captains or majors, and most of them afterward rose to eminence of some kind. The two latter became generals in the Revolutionary War.

. . . . . .

"It was in November, 1753, that Washington, then in his twenty-second year, had first been sent along this same mountain-route on horseback, with guide, interpreters, servants, tents, baggage, etc., going as envoy to note the numbers and designs of the French about the Ohio, and to warn them off. . . . . But the youthful Colonel and his paper mandate had no sort of effect. The next year he was sent again with shot and shell to force them away; but as we have seen, with no better results than before. And the following year he was dispatched again the third time on the same errand, as aide to Gen. Braddock, the

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* "Queen A.'s home was where McKeesport now stands. She is mentioned by Washington, in 1753, as having taken offence at him for passing her house (or tent) without calling. On returning, he made her both a visit and a present or two; and thus her Majesty's wrath was appeased."

bravest, but most unfortunate of leaders. But the conflict between these two mighty nations was now to begin in earnest, with the fair fields of America at once the arena and the prize. France was ready and smiling; and England, enraged and determined, poured forth her stores with liberal hand, marshaled her bravest troops, and called out her most trusted generals. . . . . The united armies, English and Colonial, marched from Fort Cumberland on the 7th, 8th, and 10th of June, 1755, commanded by Major-General Sir Edward Braddock, Colonel Sir Peter Halket, Colonel Thomas Dunbar, Major Sir John Sinclair, and eighty-five other commissioned officers. . . . .

"As soon as they crossed the borders of Fayette County they began to be harassed by flying parties of the foe. Orme's journal says,* June 24th, 1755: 'We passed a camp just abandoned by 170 French and Indians, who had left many threats, bravadoes, etc., against us written on the trees. June 25th, passed Fort Necessity; the sentinels fired on some spies; same day three of our men were shot by them and scalped. Gen. B. bade our troops to retaliate, and even offered a bounty of five pounds for every scalp brought in. June 26th, camped at the Seneca King's Spring (Washington's); saw another camp of the enemies',—their fires still burning. Had left more threats and taunts on the trees written in both French and Indian; the latter had marked the number of scalps taken from our party. Their leader is M. Sieur Normanville. June 27th, marched to Gist's; and encamped near Washington's ruined Fort there. June 28th, camped near Yough R.,' etc., etc. By the number of the encampments mentioned, they seem to have spent some eight days marching, and repairing roads through Fayette County; and Dunbar, with his 850

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* Only a few sentences from Orme's interesting journal can be inserted.

men, did not leave it at all"; but on reaching the lofty heights of Wolf Hill, encamped by its cool fountains, and there remained. . . . . "Braddock's and Halket's command, the main divisions of the army, crossed the Monongahela, on the 9th of July, gayly uniformed, with burnished arms, and floating banners, looking so proud and brave, that Washington was wont to say that, 'he had never seen a more animating sight.' They were now within eleven miles of Du Quesne, the Fort they were marching so confidently to retake, but they were destined never to reach it. They had but just crossed the river when the enemy approached, and a battle instantly began that lasted from 1 o'clock P.M. to 5 P.M. Only a small body of French appeared at first, and would have been soon overcome, and probably their whole army routed, had it all fought in the open field; but while the former met them fairly, their savage allies lay completely concealed in two ravines eight or ten feet deep, and from thence poured in from both sides a constant and deadly fire from their 600 unerring rifles.

"This fearful and destructive charge from a *hidden* foe, thinned the foremost ranks fast, and threw others into confusion. . . . . Some charge the soldiers with cowardice, but this scarcely seems just when it is known the action lasted four hours; till more than half their number lay dead or wounded, and the remnant were without leaders, nearly all the latter having fallen. Braddock had four horses killed under him (Orme says five), and had just mounted another, when a ball shattered his right arm, and entered his lungs. There had been terror before his fall. There was panic now. The drums beat a retreat. Washington, the highest officer left, strove to give it some semblance of order, but it was a headlong flight. Stores, cannon, 25,000 pounds of specie, precious papers, nearly everything was left. Those who escaped lost all but the arms in their hands, and some even these. Washington, too, lost

many valuables. He had but just left his bed where he had been confined over ten days with fever, yet eagerly entered the battle, though very weak and emaciated; and escaped unscathed, though he had two horses killed under him, and four bullets through his coat.* . . . . By ten o'clock that night part of the broken army reached Gist's, and the wounded officers were laid around the Spring, to await aid from Dunbar's camp. Braddock was suffering intensely in mind and body, but withal did not forget others. As soon as supplies arrived, he forwarded a portion to those left behind, and ordered more wagons and troops from Dunbar to fetch off the wounded. But few, or none, who had been left on the field in the flight were ever recovered. Some poor creatures had crept away into the thickets, and died unaided, and unseen; but the more part had perished under the scalping knife and tomahawk, and others still at the stake.† The dead were left unburied on the bloody field, and here their bones lay bleaching for many a year, and some were found a full league away. . . . . On the 11th, the wounded General and the few with him reached the camp (Dunbar's) to find that, too, in wild disorder. Some had already deserted; others were sick and wounded; and all were panic-stricken. With such material, Dunbar was scarcely to be blamed for not waiting to risk a second battle, which he judged would only prove a second defeat. Probably (under the circumstances) a general retreat was inevitable; and it was agreed on. Braddock's sands were ebbing fast, but orders were still issued in his name, and in obedience to

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* Years after, an old chief told Washington, that he and his warriors had aimed and fired at him a great many times that day; and that he had now come a long distance to see and honor the man that could not be killed in battle.

† Col. S., a prisoner at Fort D., reported seeing eleven or twelve of Braddock's men led in naked and fettered, who were tortured and burned at the stake on the north bank of the Allegheny.

these, the cannon were spiked, shells bursted, 150 wagons burned, and baggage and stores of all kinds scattered or destroyed. Of all the vast supplies carried there with such toil and expense, nothing was taken away save a few light wagons for the disabled, two swivels, and what little was absolutely indispensable.

"The demoralized army began its march on the 12th, and on the next night encamped two miles west of Fort Necessity. Here Braddock died; and on the 14th of July, 1755, wrapped in his martial cloak, was buried at dawn. Washington read over him the funeral service; and, the better to conceal the grave and preserve it from desecration, it was made in the road, and all the troops and teams were marched over it. Washington designed erecting a monument there, when peace was restored; but, one war following after another, no opportunity offered till 1784, when he returned for that purpose, and made the most diligent search. But, to his great regret, the spot could not be found.* . . . . In 1820, some men, in digging and repairing the road, came on to some remains and military trappings designating the rank of an English major-general. All unwittingly they had found the long-lost grave of Braddock, made sixty-five years before.† Some of the bones were carried off by different persons as relics, and the rest were reinterred under an adjacent tree, without stone or coffin, as before.‡ The former, the scattered bones (it was said), were

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* Washington and Braddock seem to have been friends as well as brothers in arms.

† A short time after the English retreated from Dunbar's Camp, the insolent victors arrived there and completed the work of destruction; and (except small Indian raids) this was the last body of hostile troops that ever invaded the soil of Fayette County, this of July, 1755.

‡ The spot is now enclosed, evergreens are flourishing,—and a simple, painted board points it out and reads—"Braddock's Grave."

afterward collected by Abr. Stewart, and forwarded to Peal's Museum."

And thus ends the story of the daring, but misguided hero of the French War. What a reward this, for forty years' service for his country! Is this England's gratitude? Is this fame and glory? . . . .

After this doleful, bloody nine years' struggle closed, and settlers by the thousands began to throng to Fayette and the adjoining counties, another war began of a different kind, which caused no end of strife and bitterness, and lasted twenty years. This was the "Boundary Controversy," which was finally ended by Lord Baltimore and the Penns agreeing to engage competent persons to draw the line carefully and mark it permanently, by setting stone posts every five miles. These, it was said, were brought from England, and bore the letter P on one side, and V and M on the other.

"To execute this difficult task, two noted London astronomers were chosen, who arrived here in 1763; and the work, which they performed wisely and well, received their names, being ever since known as Mason and Dixon's line.

"This southern boundary of Pennsylvania, and of Fayette County as well, has several striking peculiarities, and is without a model or a fellow on the continent. It is sometimes confounded with the familiar line 36—30; but that has neither the beauty, accuracy, or historic interest of ours. *This* has a history of over one hundred and twenty years, spreading out over more than half the old thirteen States, and sinking deep into the very foundations of their being. . . . . It abounds in artful remedies for inconvenient limitations, and bold encroachments on vested rights. It bounds the sovereignty of four States, each as tenacious of its laws as of its soil. Kings, lords, commoners, English, Swedes, Dutch, Quakers, Catholics, slaves and freemen, figure in the story with dramatic effect; and along this disputed border scenes of riot, invasion, and murder have been enacted. Here,

before its establishment, endurance and evasion were put to their highest tests; and in tracing it, science achieved one of its most arduous undertakings. In intricacy and interest (at least), this subject, that we but touch on, is inferior to none in American history.

"A few years later, in 1780, Pennsylvania passed her abolition law; though, with her usual grave conservatism and Quaker dread of strife, she made the change gradually, in this way: enacting 'that all colored persons born after March 1st, 1780, shall be free-born, but, if duly registered, may be held as *servants* till they are twenty-eight.' To many this new law was hateful, and, to avoid it, they removed to Va., Ken., or further South, where their pet institution seemed as fixed as the soil." But one thing was certain and unalterable: into the Keystone it could come no more. And this added a new interest to our State and county boundary; so that, in the course of time, Mason and Dixon's line became famous over Christendom as the Rubicon 'twixt North and South—as the Northern limit to the slave power, as the firm bulwark of freedom, against which the loud, angry waves of slavery dashed and broke in vain. Mr. V. adds jestingly:

"And should we not love our noble boundary well? For is it not owing to this well-drawn line that our fair Philadelphia is not what Cressap insolently termed it, 'a pretty Maryland town,' and we ourselves to-day Marylanders or Virginians?"

This vexed "boundary question" being now settled, the county began to flourish. Towns were laid out, and manufactures commenced. Beesontown or Uniontown was laid out in 1768 by Henry Beeson, a Quaker. Once when Mrs. B. was all alone in her cabin, she saw several groups of hostile Indians skulking in the bushes, and was greatly alarmed till she overheard one of the old warriors * telling the others

* Of course the chief spoke in broken English.

that "Beeson was one of Penn's men, and that his family must not be molested"; on which they all passed on peaceably.

"Brownsville was located in 1785. The site was owned by Colonel Cressap, who sold it to the Browns. On a stone in an adjacent cemetery may still be read: 'Thomas Brown, once the owner of this town, departed this life, March, 1797.'

"Perryopolis is situated fourteen miles north of Union, on a fertile tract of land of 1,650 acres, that once belonged to Washington, and still bears his name. Laid out by Hersey and Burns. Connelsville, by Z. Connel, 1796. New Haven, by I. Meason, 1796, etc., etc. Of many others, neither date nor founders are known.

"The first paper-mill here was erected on the Redstone, four miles east of Brownsville, 1796, by J. Sharpless and S. Jackson. . . . . The latter, having praised the Excise Law, and dubbed the Whisky Boys a scrub Congress, was arrested by them, and brought before one of their meetings for punishment. He would surely have been injured in person, property, or both, had not Judge Breckenridge been his friend. Mounting the stand, he calmed the mob by a flattering harangue, in which he adroitly hinted that so large and august an assemblage could punish the culprit sufficiently by an ill name. 'Yes,' he cried, 'let us repay the fellow in his own coin. Let us dub him a *scrub Quaker*, and let him go.' And so they did.

"The first Western glass works was founded by Meason (or some say Nicholson), 17—. Coal, our great specialty, though used in England in the 9th century, was first discovered in America by a French Jesuit in 1679. It was mentioned by traders in Fayette in 1748, but was little used for many years. Coke-making was begun here near the Yough, early in this century; but in 1841 there were still but two ovens burning, and in 1855 not over one hundred

ovens in all Western Pa., while this county alone now numbers them by thousands on thousands."

Iron.—The first iron ore ever found or manufactured west of the Alleghenies was in Fayette County ; and to one of its citizens, John Hayden, belongs the honor of both. A brother Jerseyman, he often called on Paul T., to talk of the comforts of the home they had left, and of the privations and prospects of the new. One theme of which he never wearied (though his listeners did), was the want of iron.* "Iron ore must be here, somewhere," he would say. "It is here, I know, and I am looking for it in all my walks ; and mark my words, we will find it yet."

But as he was only thinking of, and seeking the red Jersey ore, he was unsuccessful for some time. In the autumn of 1790, he made a small lime-kiln, and, after burning it the usual time (needing lime immediately), he took out some of the stones and plunged them in water : but they would not slack. After repeated trials, finding them still as hard and heavy as ever, the subject that seldom left his mind long occurred to him. *Ore, ore*—might not this be some new kind of iron ore? Some particles of the stone, crushed to sand, lay at his feet, and quick as thought he snatched his pocket magnet out, and touched the *débris*, and—yes, the atoms stirred like life and clung to the magnet. His heart beat fast. Here it was! This must be iron ore! But then it was so odd-looking, so different from any kind he had ever seen. For fear of mistake, he would make no stir, but go quietly and test it at some smithy. Gathering up some of the blue stones, he rode from shop to shop ; but not one of the faithless, churlish Vulcans would permit the experiment. "It was all nonsense," they said. "There was no ore here, everybody knew." But, not disheartened, he

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* Old people used to say of W. Pa.: "A very fine country but it can never prosper, because there is no salt nor iron there."

pushed on to another shop. Here the smith was a Jersey friend, and he cheerfully lent his hearth and everything for the trial. After long heating and hammering, sure enough, out came a strong bar of iron, as large as a harrow-tooth!

Proud as a king, Hayden mounted his horse, and, carrying his piece of metal, and a lump of the ore with him, rode to New Jersey to engage aid to build a furnace on his farm. But like the smiths here, none would listen. . . . . "He then returned to Philadelphia, and, on making known his discovery there, was so fortunate (or unfortunate) as to secure as a partner, John Nicholson, the State Comptroller. Together they built Fairfield furnace about 1791–2. And in 1794 Hayden, assisted by T. Wynn and W. Squire, built Fairchance. . . . . But eventually Nicholson, his patron, went down, and Hayden followed; and John Oliphant, Sr., and F. H. Oliphant, his son, succeeded to his furnaces and his fame. . . . .

"Though Meason, profiting by his absence in search of aid, started a furnace a year before Fairfield, yet it may be set down as certain, that John Hayden in 1790 discovered the first ore west of the mountains, and made the first iron."

A town now decayed, but then noted for business, was founded by him, and in maps and history still bears his name, as does also an ancient cemetery. The latter is not far from his furnaces, some two miles north of Fairchance, and a mile or less west of Fairfield. And here, a few yards south of the oft-sought grave of Polly Williams, lies another, unmarked, unnoticed, unknown; and this, to the disgrace of Fayette County and Western Pennsylvania, is that of her great benefactor.* It is near the scene of his discovery, and hard by the spot where he died

* Hayden died in the summer of 1835 or 1836 at an advanced age.

in age and penury; for the vast industry he inaugurated, though benefiting thousands, and a lasting boon to the country, only impoverished himself. A grateful land should have rewarded him in life; but it is too late now; and yet common justice demands that public benefactors should be remembered. The forge and furnace men, at least, should rally and save their pioneer leader's name and grave from oblivion by erecting there strong enclosures, and a noble monument. And it would beseem their craft, and be a most fitting tribute to him, its first discoverer, if all were built of iron, his own imperishable iron.

"The first rolling-mill was run at Plumpsock by Lewis and Meason. The first gun factory was carried on at Haydentown by Baker and Gallatin, where, besides many other things, arms were manufactured for the Government.

"The first post-office in Fayette was started probably about 1795–97. It is certain there was none here till after the Whisky Insurrection of 1794. For a long period Pittsburg post-office was the only one west of the mountains, and letters were directed there for persons in Fayette County, and for citizens of Kentucky, and for other distant points. A chance traveller's kindness was the only dependence for receiving mail, and it is no marvel that friends then, were often years without tidings of each other."

A FEW OF FAYETTE'S DISTINGUISHED DEAD.

From old records, etc., we condense and extract the following: "N. Gist, made a Colonel by Washington in 1777; afterwards a General in the Revolution. Col. J. Paull, a brave officer and soldier at 18. He was in 'Crawford's Campaign,' and many others. . . . . While sheriff he had to attend to some of the Whisky Rebels, and also to the murderer McFall. M. broke jail, but was retaken in Md., and though Chadwick lived two days, he was sentenced to

death and hung* a mile north of U., Nov. 10, 1794. Col. P. employed Ed. Bell as hangman.

"Col. W. Crawford, an intimate friend of Washington's, was a Captain in the French War, etc. He was a cool, brave man, and needed all his courage, when, in 1782, he led his famous campaign against the Indians, was taken captive June 10th, and burned at the stake with tortures too horrible to write. After enduring the agony for two hours, he besought Simon Grity† (who had often sat at his board) to end it with a bullet; but the Seneca with a brutal laugh refused. Many of the widows of his men lived hereabout; *i. e.*, in Union township, after the campaign; but the Colonel's home was near the Yough, where its ruins were pointed out as late as 1833.

"Gen. Ephraim Douglass lived in Uniontown, and was treasurer there for fifteen years. The great scarcity of money made the payment of taxes a grievous burden, and the collection of them extremely difficult and unpleasant; but that this county was prompt with her quota, old notes and receipts still show; but we quote but a part of one:

"COMPT. GENERAL'S OFFICE,
"PHIL., *Sept.* 9th, 1786.

"SIR—The honorable position Fayette County holds by the punctual discharge of her taxes, reflects high credit on officers and people. . . . . We ask nothing of you. You have anticipated our demands, and your example will have a good influence on others. . . . .

"JOHN NICHOLSON.

"To EPH. DOUGLASS, Treas. of Fayette County.

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* Wild urchins, who liked to tease others, used to repeat this stanza:

"McFall, for what did you hang, McFall?
And the ghost said, 'Nothing, nothing at all.'"

And when twitted for fibbing about the dead's talking, could retort, "I didn't say he talked. Sure, I told you he said nothing at all."

† A half-breed.

"Mr. D. was a General in the Revolution, and in 1777 was made a prisoner by Cornwallis, and suffered great privations. In 1783 he went on a very dangerous mission to the Indians around Niagara, and made it a success. In time he became so expert in their language and manners, that once, painted and dressed in their garb, he in sport joined their council and spoke, an old sachem asking, 'What chief is that?' D. was a kind, liberal man to friends in distress.

"J. Smilie was an early and favorite statesman of Fayette; kept in office thirty years. He was more than that,—a devout Christian.

"Col. Alex. Maclean surveyed the land, and advised Beeson in the laying out of Union; became Register and Recorder in Uniontown, did no end of business (much gratis), and died there poor and honest.

"George Wilson, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Revolution. A life-long Presbyterian. New Geneva was founded by his son, and called Wilson's Port.

"Albert Gallatin,* born at Geneva, Switzerland, 1761; came to Fayette while yet in his teens, and has been justly termed one of her most eminent men. . . . . One of the very few who never wished political distinction nor sought for honors and office, yet both constantly sought him; made a Senator under Washington's reign, he remaind a leader in Congress for three terms. Under Jefferson and Madison, he was Secretary of the Treasury, filling the office for twelve years with pre-eminent prudence and ability. . . . . He was sent as Foreign Minister to England by Madison; to France by Monroe, and to England again by Adams. . . . . Served the nation faithfully in the Senate, in Congress, in the Cabi-

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* "Gallatin was related to Necker, also to Madame De Stael."—*Old Notes.*

net, and as ambassador for thirty-six years. A true lover of America, he at one time served as a volunteer, advancing money from his own purse for the support of the suffering garrison. . . . . He hated and opposed slavery ; favored education for all ; . . . . did more than any other man to quell the 'Whisky Boys' peaceably ; originated the idea of the National Road, etc., etc. He also took a prominent part in the reception of Lafayette. When, fifty years after the Revolution, that patriot returned with his son, George Washington De Lafayette, a grateful people met him everywhere with cheers, feasts, and music, making his journey through the twenty-four States one perpetual triumphal march ; and no place gave him a warmer greeting than Fayette County, Pennsylvania. At Uniontown, especially, great preparations were made for this high day, May 26, 1825. Just before the court-house a tent, elegantly festooned and decked with flowers, sprang up in a night. Splendid arches overhung the streets ; troops paraded, flags fluttered, and drums beat. At noon Gallatin and guard arrived, and were escorted by the military to Walker's Hotel; and at 5 P.M. a great procession moving, and a discharge of thirteen guns, heralded the approach of the nation's guest.* . . . . At the fairy pavilion the ladies, robed in white, and wreathed in roses, waited *en masse* to greet him with waving kerchiefs and sweetest smiles ; and Gallatin received and embraced him, his own, and his country's friend, with a warmth that brought tears to the General's eyes. Then the former gave a lengthy but fitting address of welcome ; and the Marquis responded in a neat speech, in which, among other things, he referred to the honor done him by the county's name ; praised its great improvement, and the courtesy of its capital, Uniontown. At night the town was

* "After the war Congress donated to this true friend (Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Mottier, Marquis de la Fayette) $200,000 and a township of land." He died in 1834.

illuminated and a gay time had; and next morning Lafayette left with Gallatin and a numerous escort for New Geneva, stopping also at Smithfield. At Gallatin's elegant home (Friendship Hill), a high feast was held, and on the 29th the General left for Pittsburg. . . . . He spent a year in America, and before leaving paid another, and last visit and adieu to Washington's grave.

"In his latter years, Gallatin became banker for the Astors in New York ; but though so thorough a business man and statesman, he was also a finished scholar and writer. His official reports are models of clearness and conciseness ; and even at 85 his powerful papers against the 'Annexation of Texas,' and the Mexican War, were the strongest and most unanswerable of all the utterances that caused the overthrow of the Democratic party. He died in 1849, aged 88 years. And while the love of freedom, truth, and purity abides with us, his name and character will be revered."

Robert Baird, D.D. Of this good Presbyterian divine a New York writer says: "Dr. B. was a native of Fayette, Pa., and a student of Madison College, Uniontown. A diffident, sensitive boy, he shrank from strangers, and though he loved learning, would rather have stayed at home on the farm, where his country dress and manners would have suited better, ... than among so many strange, polished students. But he is not the first great man who has worn homespun, and been churned through college by a good mother. . . . . A wise and useful man, he has been sent some eight or ten times to Europe as envoy from the churches, and has in many ways attained an enviable celebrity at home and abroad."

"Andrew Stewart and Lyt. Dawson were also favorite sons of Fayette; statesmen whom she delighted to honor and kept long as her representatives in Congress, the former 18 or 20 years. Freeman Lewis, Rev. Wm. Browenfield, Gen. A. McClelland, Gen. Beeson, R. P. Flenniken (Minister to Den-

mark), and Gen. Howell, were distinguished citizens, besides many others too numerous to mention. Skiles and Beeson were about the first or second merchants in Uniontown.

"Of the first doctors, this list mentions none earlier than Dr. Samuel Sacket, the two Merchonts, Hugh Campbell, and McCall. Of jurists, their honors, Judge Addison, Roberts, Baird, Ewing; and lawyers, Ross, Jennings, Willkins, Austin. Preachers: many of their names have been mentioned; but those of Fleming, Asa Shinn, C. Elliott, Bascom, and Brown should be added. All these were Methodist clergymen, and the last three were presidents of Madison College.

"To the jurists' list we would add the name of J. Veach, who, in one of his many interesting articles, gravely makes this 'palpable hit' at his own profession: 'In the old times, when our courts were held at Beesontown and elsewhere, the sturdy yeomanry from Cheat and George's Creek, from Redstone and the Yough, resorted to its sittings more to hear the news and exchange greetings than to foment disputes, or testify against their neighbors' honesty or good names. Of such suits as fill our courts now, there were almost none. And our county was seven years in existence before it had one resident lawyer!' The higher law of love and kindness* was more in vogue then than now. Judging from their actions, some of our pioneer fathers did keep the golden rule, did as they would be done by, followed justice and mercy and loved their neighbor as themselves, though there was no court to compel, no prisons to threaten."

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* Among many instances of unselfishness, this one should be noted. Once in those early days, a poor stranger from Md. was lying in Fayette County with a broken leg; and despite all the kindness shown him, grew very homesick. So what did these good Samaritans do, but freely offer to carry him home in a hammock! And so they did, eight of them bearing him up and down the steep mountain paths to his friends in Hagerstown, Maryland. Their names were copied, and should follow here, but have been mislaid.

Schools.—Though Penn had stipulated for education throughout his realm,—and that it should be free to the poor; yet no general system for this was begun till 1833.

Of the early teachers, most are now forgotten; but the names of a few who once figured in South Union Tp., some after the Free Schools began, and some before, were R. Sprowl, A. L. Littell, J. Watkins, B. Hayden, R. Morton, J. Dorsey, Wilmot, Fleming, Cambee, Mont Brun. All, it is said, were fair scholars and teachers, and some of them are still remembered well. The latter two were of Gaelic blood; C. was a broad, jolly fellow, in a green flannel coat, who seemed to read character at sight. "A bad boy," he said of one, the instant he crossed the sill, "a real mischief." And sure enough, this was the lad who made it lively for his teachers, and himself too; for if by any chance he escaped a switching one day, he usually got two the next to make it up. This C. was probably over-gay for a teacher, and partial to the prettiest girls. A good penman and carver he, as several trees hereabout used to bear in bold, round letters this rhyme: "John C. Cambee, 18 and 33."—M. B. was tall, pale, and slender; and his dress rather of the "shabby genteel" order. Fine seal brown cloth; but shiny, threadbare, and darned. He kept a long rod, but used many other penalties too. Small girl idlers, he stood in the corner, with faces to the wall. Boys of the same size were sometimes graced with a pair of leather spectacles that seemed much more amusing to the spectators, than to the wearer, who often bawled aloud. Older culprits were often made to "hold the books,"—*i. e.*, stand with the right arm extended perfectly straight, and hold a weight of from two to four books in the hand. This was his worst punishment, and it was a hard, injurious one, that both parents and pupils complained about. Monsieur's penmanship was exquisitely neat and fair; and as a copy, he sometimes wrote this—

"Oh breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unheeded, his relics are laid," etc.

And at times he murmured the same couplet to himself. Withal he was a bad sleeper,—flinging his arms aloft, and often groaning, and crying out at dead of night. So his host, deeming the lines original, and putting that and this together, began to half fear that his lodger was privy to some dark secret. But oh, no,—the poor dominie was only fond of poetry by day, and too fond of pork and mince-pies at night.

Messrs. F. and W. were both gentlemanly youths, who impressed the school at first sight, by their easy manners, and new store-clothes. One, a Yankee Presbyterian, had an odd way of calling his pupils, by pointing at, or nodding to them, because he could not remember names; was a small, mild-tempered man; kind, but firm and orderly. F., the other, was a large, florid, easy-going youth, who did not approve of overwork for himself or others; but gave short lessons, and long recesses. Nor was he unduly severe on little asides carried on during session; for but lately a boy too,—he liked a bit of amusement himself. One of these he found in reading, "Thinks I to Myself," "Laugh and grow Fat," and such-like. Occasionally he livened up the students, by reading a few pages from the former aloud, and he, and they, all laughed together; though if the mirth grew very obstreperous, he checked it up. In spite of all the nonsense that winter, considerable was learned; and though some old fogies thought this school hardly "fair to middling,"—the youngsters deemed it prime. Another teacher here, from some cause best known to himself, one day fell asleep in his chair; and then of course all kinds of pranks soon began. By and by, the increasing tumult aroused him; and instinctively seizing his rod he started to his feet; but he found no mob to quell. All was silence,

and guilty and innocent alike were intent on their books. Who, and how many deserved punishment, was the question,—one of time and trouble. So to save all this, and yet make *sure* of the culprits, he whipped them all—the entire school—handsomely, and well satisfied, returned to his seat and his nap. But after this little game had been played a time or two more, the victims mutinied; and the next time they saw him fast in the land of Nod, they winked at each other; and tiptoeing out, one by one, they ran home. And the churl felt foolish enough when he opened his eyes, to find only empty space, with none to growl at, or dismiss but himself. In some schools the rod was flung at the offender's feet as a token that it must be borne back to the owner, who was grimly waiting to use it; and occasionally three or four unfortunates, all grasping it at once, marched up together. These crestfallen kinds of processions were highly entertaining to the rest, till their own turn to officiate came. A few were cruel enough to call a boy out publicly, and order him to the woods to cut a rod for his own back, forcing him also to lay off his coat—but not many. Some kept a dunce-stool, and a fool's-cap for the idle, or made them promenade round the stove, or squat under a bench like a toad. Others ferruled the hands severely, or pinched, and boxed ears. Nearly all kept the "in and out" paddles hanging by the door; but despite these, two or three often got out at once; enough to hold a social chat, or play a quiet game. "Then there were the high-schools, for though there were no colleges, academies, libraries, apparatus, endowments, ... almost nothing now thought essential; yet there were high-schools even then, in the best sense of the term." These were all, or mainly, taught by the Presbyterian clergy in their own cramped cabins; and one such in Fayette County, we describe by quoting from that rare book, "The Monongahela of Old," this passage: "We have before us a newspaper of 1794, containing

an advertisement * by Rev. J. Dunlap,† afterward president of Jefferson College, and William Littell, Esq. (afterward a lawyer and author of eminence, setting forth that they had opened a school in Franklin Township ; where they teach 'elocution and the English language grammatically, together with the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, geometry and trigonometry, with their application to mensuration, surveying, gauging, etc. Likewise geography and civil history, natural and moral philosophy, logic and rhetoric.' 'Boarding and washing may be had at reputable houses in the vicinity at the low rate of ten pounds per annum,' etc. How long this nursery of literature and science continued we know not, ... or who, or how many were its students ; it was, however, for a while well sustained, and several of the clergy and other professional men who rose in this country and in the West, in the close of the last century, there received their learning ; among the former was Rev. G Hill, father of Col. A. M. Hill."

But, dropping schools high and low, we turn to churches. A few of these were mentioned in a former chapter ; but here the rise of all the sects in Fayette (so far as known) will appear together.

The Quakers and Dunkers, though they never became very numerous here, came early, and had a good influence on the settlement. Regular Baptists were also early comers, some here in 1766–8. Rev. H. Crosby was preaching for them in 1770–1. Church at Smithfield was organized 1780,

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* In reading "The Monongahela of Old" we have been much interested ; and especially by this old-time advertisement, as we here very unexpectedly came on a scrap of family history,—said Dr. D. having been a valued friend, and William Littell, a near, though long-buried kinsman.

† Dr. Dunlap was the Presbyterian pastor of Laurel Hill and Dunlap's Creek Churches.

with 34 members—Great Bethel, at Uniontown, being perhaps considerably earlier. Presbyterians were among the first settlers, and two of their ministers came out on a missionary tour here in 1766. Rev. James Finley was also a pioneer preacher. Their earliest deed for church property (preserved) was given by Jas. Caldwell, 1773. The first Methodist society seems to have started here about 1780. Bishop Asbury preached here to a great congregation in 1784; and four years later Conference met in Uniontown, and Mrs. Ann M. not only furnished a place for the meeting, but entertained the whole body, the bishop included. They held their first camp-meeting near Jennings' Run in 1805. Their growth during the century has been marvellous. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church originated in the South in 1810, and was started here, 1833, by Rev. J. Morgan, Milton Bird, A. M. Bryan. The Protestant Methodist Church arose here in 1829–30, Dr. George Brown and Dr. Basset being two of its eminent leaders and defenders. Disciples Church was started here in 1827, by Rev. Alex. Campbell, formerly a Presbyterian minister. The first Catholic society was organized in Brownville about the beginning of this century; but the advent of the Episcopalians, Mennonites, and some other sects, is not known. Among the latter are the Lutherans, though it is known they arrived early—some say built the first church (*i. e.*, log-cabin) in Fayette Co. Rev. John Stough, a good and able divine, was their first stated pastor, and his memory is still cherished. Rev. S. was pastor 50 years; preached 10,000 times, confirmed 1,516, baptized 3,000, married 481 couples, attended 400 funerals. Some seven or eight years since, two venerable members from O—— called on John Troutman, their relative, inquiring about their reverend ancestor's life and work; and with him for guide and companion, all three of the ancients drove to G—— to see his farm and church, and visit his well-marked grave.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS IN F——.

At the Tent Raikes Centennial, the credit of the first Sabbath-school in Fayette was given to Menallen township, and the honor of founding it to Miss Rebecca Stewart (sister of A. Stewart, Esq.). Miss S., it was stated, first gathered the idle children into an office in her father's yard, where she taught them the "Old Story" from the Bible, the Westminster Catechism, and Watts' Hymns. She had no library, no pictures, no papers—nothing to entice or amuse, as picnics, excursions, and Christmas trees; nothing but these two grand, solemn old books, the Bible, and an earnest, loving heart. And yet her school prospered and increased till the place was crowded; and then, to make room for all, she removed it to the barn. After a while Dr. C. and others began to ride out from town occasionally to encourage her and give a word of exhortation; but for some time she carried it on unaided and alone.

The second school was started by M. Finley, in or near Salem; and the third * by Ken. Duncan, Wm. Nixon, and Elial Freeman, at Amity, or, as it was oftener called, "Ore Bank School-house." Sometimes there was prayer-meeting after school here; and at other times many, both teachers and classes, went on to the Tent to preaching. Against they reached home, some had walked six miles; but they felt fully rewarded.

However, before long a Sabbath-school was started at the Tent, which continues to the present day. For many years it began at eight o'clock, and, after a short recess, Bible-class and public worship followed.

According to the best records accessible at present, the dates below are nearly or quite correct as to the rise of the

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* This school had a small library. Most of the books were very grave and solid, but they were read.

following organizations in Fayette: First Sabbath-school started about 1825; first temperance society,* 1828–9; first female missionary society, 1837–8. This old-fashioned sewing-circle deserves more than such brief mention. Dr. F. was a warm friend to missions, and led others to feel a like interest. One of his first converts west of the mountains died on the foreign field (India), and, influenced by her devotion, and aided by his wisdom and zeal, many of the ladies of his charge early espoused the cause. They met monthly for a long period; but how many they numbered, or what dues they paid, is unknown. Both must have been considerable, though, as we find their contributions amounted to from $100 to $120 annually; and occasionally it rose to $150 per year. Middle-aged, old and young met together; but the principal part were of the former class—careful mothers and housewives, busy Marthas cumbered with endless cares. Yet in their quiet, unostentatious way, these pious, self-denying women did a good and (considering their means) a great work for Christ. And though they have long ceased from their labors, and their places know

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* Both Smithfield and Springhill claim the honor of this first society; but let it pass. At all events, it was begun thereabout. The meeting was led in prayer by Dr. Fairchild, and addressed by Dr. Campbell; and then the pledge was read and presented to the audience. It was signed by many of the leading citizens, several of these being wealthy farmers, whose principles were tried the following harvest, when "no rum, no reaping," became the cry. Some, perhaps many, offered this compromise to their hands: "No drams, but more than the price of them added to your wages." Some angrily refused this, and went home, vowing profanely that "the grain might rot before they would reap it." But others, after a little demurring, accepted the terms, and, masters and men going to work with a will, the harvest was generally gotten in in good condition, despite the desertion of the rumites; and the faithful workers went to rest every night sober and well, and each with an extra silver piece in his pocket.

them no more, yet their example remains, and their record is on high.

So much for county facts, and figures. Now pardon a fragment of State statistics, culled from solid histories, late cyclopædias, and other high authorities. Yet, to be frank, will say these are added for a definite purpose—*i. e.*, are here not so much to instruct the young or entertain the general reader, as to enlighten or *extinguish* certain malapert or misguided critics we wot of, regular successors of the naughty spies, who have the marvellous assurance and ill-taste to be frequently making up an evil report of our good land. These have called Pennsylvania "slow, drowsy, old-fashioned; have laughed at her stunted towns as 'little but ould,' standing still forever, or decaying gradually like stumps in a clearing; have sneered at her lack of enterprise and progress, called her land rough and poor, her whisky rings strong, her legislators weak or rascally, her courts corrupt," etc., etc., and have complained that, "with all her sins and shortcomings, her silly natives (especially Fayette Countians) were fond and proud of her." Oh, well, good people, these benighted natives, with a broad patriotism, love all their country too, every section passing well, but naturally love Sylvania best. They plead guilty here, and promise no amendment. They have State pride, and expect to keep it; for, despite all that can be urged against her, false or true, she is still a State to be proud of. The key-stone of the original arch, she was in many things first in importance among the thirteen; and now when nearly half a hundred States and Territories surround her, is second to but one in population, and *second to none* in health, beauty, loyalty, and historic interest. One of the best agricultural, and best cultivated States, she is also first in manufactures, as to number, and capital invested. Her mineral wealth is unbounded, her forests wave like Lebanon, her valleys grow every (almost) tree good for food or pleasant to the sight;

her pure, cold waters are inexhaustible, her lumber and iron trade is immense, her petroleum lights the world.*

As to eminent men, she owns by birth, or adoption, a Franklin, Fulton, Morris, Gallatin, Rittenhouse, Taylor, West, Stephens, Blaine, and other undying names. As to grand and picturesque scenery, and famous places a full proportion are hers; and the proudest street in America bears her name. A New York author even goes further, saying: "This is the promenade of statesmen of every land, and in some respects the most historic street in the world, is this thoroughfare of our Federal Capital, Pennsylvania Avenue." "The cradle of American liberty,—Philadelphia rang in her natal day; here the immortal Declaration of Independence was penned, proclaimed," and remains forever. "Here, the first Congress convened, and continued to meet for a decade," and here all tribes and tongues from the ends of the earth, and the islands of the sea, thronged to celebrate her Centennial. "Pennsylvania was foremost in resisting British aggressions, and led in all the momentous events of the Revolution." In great political contests it became a proverb, "As goes the Keystone, so goes the Union." Each party sought her aid in peace, and in war no less. In the French war her sons fought bravely, and in every war since. "In the late Rebellion, of all the States, she was most imperilled, and her moral and physical power in determining the question of war was exceptionally great. . . . . In the dark winter of 1861, her Governor was first called to speak officially, defining the relations of his State to the border States, and to the General Government. It was a time when a mistake would have been a crime, and its consequences immeasura-

* These notes on Pa. belong properly to Chap. XXV., under the motto, "This is my own, my native land," but, having unfortunately been omitted there, may enter here; for, being chiefly quotations, there is no vanity in saying they are too good to lose, and can stand on their own merits anywhere, whether in their proper niche or not.

ble; . . . . and all the States of the North waited for his utterances to guide them, and the South paused in the mad tide of revolt, to wait the position of the great central Commonwealth. Curtin spoke: 'Come peace, come war, Pennsylvania stands by the Government,' and all her loyal sons cried amen, and first of all, flew to the defence of the endangered capital. Pennsylvania was represented by her sons when the first rebel shell struck Fort Sumter, and when their last volley re-echoed round Appomattox, they were there; and in every important intermediate battle, whether on land or sea, none stood firmer than they. Always prompt with her quotas, the Keystone sent nearly half a million * men against the Rebellion, yet thrice it invaded her soil; on it the storm culminated, its topmost wave dashed against her capital, and as was mete from thence, where the blood of freemen from eighteen loyal States hallowed her soil,—from glorious Gettysburg the Rebellion staggered backward to its grave. . . . . But another retrospective glance,—another distinction, Pennsylvania is the only American colony ever planted without outrage and bloodshed, and hers the only national treaty ever made without an oath, and the only one ever kept inviolate.†

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* "In all, Pennsylvania's troops, ready equipped, amounted to about 400,000,—50,000 of whom perished, and 100,000 returned disabled by wounds or disease."

† "England owing Baronet Penn $80,000, gave this tract in payment. Being a natural grass and woods country, where besides ornamental trees, over thirty-five species of valuable trees for timber flourished, Penn for this reason, *i. e.*, the extent and variety of its forests, named it Sylvania, and the king (Charles II.) prefixed the other syllable, in honor of the father, Admiral Sir Wm. Penn. Armed with the royal charter, Penn reached his grant in 1682, but feeling that the Indians were the real owners, he summoned the tribes to meet him at Shackamaxon, now Philadelphia, and repurchased the land of them, giving them their own price, and adding many presents besides. And then, instead of ejecting them from the twice

Founded by a good and brave man, who sought to benefit the natives, not rob, murder, or banish them, he kept perfect faith with the chiefs, and treated all as friends and brothers, and it was then that these poor savages, melted and amazed at such kindness from a 'pale-face,' vowed,—'We will live in peace with William Penn so long as the sun and moon shall endure.'* The colony thus planted in righteousness, was dedicated to liberty, justice, and mercy; where education and freedom of conscience were to be enjoyed by all, and the oppressed of every name find a refuge."

All citizens, red and white, were exhorted by Penn as children of one Great Spirit, to worship Him devoutly, and live in peace and love together; but should any disputes arise, provided that they should be settled impartially by a jury of six English, and six Indians. Then (before Howard's work), prisons were usually hideous dens of disease and torture; and exile or death was common even for small offences; but this enlightened legislator enacted that convicts should be lodged decently, and (as far as possible) be taught and reclaimed as well as punished, and capital punishment he forbade entirely, except for murder. In short, all the laws of his Dominion were at once so wise and merciful, and yet so just and firm, that it became the model of other nations, and has always held high rank in the confederacy. True to the impress of the master-mind, Pennsylvania was one of the first States to abolish slavery, and engage in works of philanthropy. She is noted as being singularly rich in hospitals, refuges, homes, alms-houses, asylums, and all manner of public charities, while her very

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bought land, permitted them to remain if peaceable, and occupy it jointly with the whites; for said he: 'The Great Spirit who made us all, knoweth that I do heartily desire to do you good, not evil, and serve you to the utmost of my power.'"

* This bond of friendship remained firm for seventy years, till broken by the whites.

prisons are industrial and educational institutions, and moral reformatories. Her colleges vie with the best; her free schools* dot every district, and Christian churches for high and low, rich and poor, everywhere abound, and her Soldiers' Orphans Schools crown her with glory. Yes, while several other States† following her example have done something for a part of the destitute, Pennsylvania was the first one to begin,—the only one to complete and carry on a thorough system to succor all. To the Keystone, through her war-Governor, the Solon of the West, it was left to revive, if not originate, the noble law,‡ making the patriots' orphans the nation's wards. To every departing soldier, Pennsylvania said: "If you fall your dust shall be returned to rest with kindred dust,—your children shall be cared for, and so far as possible both pledges have been redeemed." The latter, the aiding of the soldiers' families, began in 1864. At first, only the fatherless were received, but gradually the sheltering arms were extended further and further, till not only the destitute orphans of every Pennsylvania soldier and sailor, white or black, who died in battle or hospital, was welcomed, but also the children of those who had been disabled in the war, or had died since from diseases contracted there, were gathered in, and as the State's protégés,

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* A late report says: "The public schools of Pennsylvania now number nearly 20,000."

† Connecticut, and probably other places, have aided some of their soldiers' orphans by private efforts; but the following seem to be the only States that made appropriations for the cause. Ohio has one Soldiers' Orphans' School; Mississippi has one; Minnesota has one; Iowa has three such schools; while good old Pennsylvania has established in all, and generously supported, forty-seven or forty-eight of these institutions where her orphan-wards are trained till sixteen, and then placed in comfortable homes.

‡ Ancient history mentions a somewhat similar law as having been passed in Athens 2,500 years since by Solon.

fed, clothed, educated, and lodged in handsome halls, surrounded by beautiful grounds, to pass a happy childhood, till sixteen years of age. And these noble asylums are not only safe refuges, and thorough educational and industrial institutions, but refined Christian homes as well, where the pupils are most carefully trained for both worlds; health, minds, manners, morals, souls, all are watched over with sleepless vigilance. From rules concerning the latter, we condense and quote. "(1) The laws of Pennsylvania being based on the principles of Christianity, regular instruction in religion is an indispensable element in the proper education of all her children." "(2) These orphans are not only to be instructed in good morals, but in the Christian system itself, as found in the Scriptures, ... the origin of that system, and due reverence for its Divine Author." "(3) There shall be grace before meals, and all shall habitually attend Sunday-school and public worship on the Sabbath, and family worship every night and morning, this consisting at least of Scripture reading, singing and prayer." "(4) Every child sufficiently advanced, is to be supplied with a Bible and hymn-book, and teachers by precept and example shall influence all to read them understandingly, and join in songs of praise. Other reading is also abundant, religious papers and books being regarded as indispensable. The practice of individual prayer by the pupils on retiring to rest, and arising, is to be taught and encouraged, though not forced." "(5) No pupils in these schools are to go out to attend night meetings; nor shall any undue means be used to get up a religious excitement among them, or effect an ill-considered profession of conversion; this momentous step being better left to the times and influences of the Divine Spirit, promised to faithful and prayerful instruction, etc. In short, no pains is spared to fit these orphans, physically, mentally, morally, for the stern duties of this life, and the enjoyment of the better one above. By this noble sys-

tem 14,800 of this class have already been received and educated at a cost of $7,641,264.16, and the good work (begun in '64) still continues, and will go on till 1890, when the last such child will have passed beyond the years of dependency."* Happy children of a generous Commonwealth; doubtless wherever scattered they will love their native State, cherish the memory of her orphan schools, and bless the name of their founder, the "soldiers' friend," Gov. Andrew Gregg Curtin, of Pennsylvania. So much for the Keystone, and the half has not been told. "Boasting," says one; "Arrant spread-eagleism," cries another; "Honor where honor is due," say we. But now, the loyal heart relieved, the ruffled wing may be smoothed, and descending from this lofty excursive flight we turn to lower themes.

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* Fayette has one of these schools, begun September 19, 1866, in Uniontown, but in '76 (for good reasons) removed four and a half miles east to Dunbar's Camp, on the mountain. Here the pupils have all the advantages of a first-class school, and beautiful Christian home; and also enjoy the privileges of a boundless play-ground, 3,000 feet high, among scenery at once so grand and historic, as to draw hosts of tourists and pleasure-seekers every season. "The cost in all has been $260,183.13, and it has received 788 scholars." That its location and sanitary regulations are all that can be asked, we need no better evidence than that out of nearly 800 pupils, but nine have died from disease during eighteen years, and three from accidental causes. Adjacent, is a handsome, gothic, stone chapel, built at the principal's own expense, and in it a memorial window bears this inscription, "Uniontown Soldiers' Orphans' School, 1866, Jumonville, 1876." The principal and proprietor is Rev. A. H. Waters, a veteran educator, and at once the teacher, pastor, and father of the fatherless, whose care for their welfare, temporal and spiritual, and prudence and faithfulness in all things, has been tried, and proved beyond all controversy. To Rev. W., the writer is indebted for the use of books, Annual Reports, etc., from which many of the facts concerning this system were derived.

CHAPTER L.

CONCLUSION.

Peace, peace, no more, step down and leave the stage; "stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once." *Exeunt.*

Some characters in this work we have followed from infancy to age and death,—some have had a shorter notice, some the briefest mention; but even the latter class, and others connected with them who have not been named at all here, were once well-known citizens, and had each a history of his own.

Some of these, averse to change, spent all their years on the same farm, and there under their own soil, on sunny slope, or in shady grove, lie buried to-day. But other restless souls emigrated early, till of large connections, not one of the name or race remains in the county or State.

Life with some who went, and with some who stayed, passed placidly by; but with others proved very eventful. Wealth changed hands,—the poor became rich, the rich poor; nameless waifs rose, old names went down, broken reeds grew strong, and strong pillars trembled and fell. And there were wild adventures, tragic deaths, and strange sepulchres. Some died on far-distant battle-fields, or in Indian massacres, and sleep,—none know where. Some sunk by crime or misfortune to prisons and alms-houses, and descended to paupers' and felons' graves. Three fell by the lightning's flash, four were killed by angry beasts, five perished in the flames. The turbid waves of Mad River swept one away, the broad Pacific holds a second, and the deep Atlantic rolls over another. The Southern Ocean, and the jungles of Africa have received our dead, and—but why go

on, this must suffice here ; though worthy of a volume,—these must wait some future bard or abler chronicler.

As it is a stereotyped remark, "No one reads prefaces or introductions," so none have been offered,—but perhaps an explanatory sentence or two may be tolerated here, in this closing paragraph. Some have inquired, "Are these sketches all founded on facts?". We answer, "Yes,"—or rather they are the facts—pure and simple, as received from old, reliable citizens, the children of the pioneers, who were themselves the eye-witnesses or actors. Dates have often been omitted, names both of persons and places are generally assumed, etc. But excepting such slight variations, the book is true from title to finis. Every event described occurred, every character was a real person. Every actor (down to the children's pets, woolly, furred, or feathered), so filled its place and played its part.

Such were the times, the fashions, the customs, that Rose and Elza knew ; and thus the fathers lived in by-gone days.

FINIS.

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